

John Symonds.

TERENCE's
COMEDIES:

Made *ENGLISH*.

WITH HIS

L I F E;

AND SOME

REMARKS at the End.

By Several H A N D S.

L O N D O N:

Printed for *A. Swall* and *T. Childe*, at the
Unicorn, at the West-End of *St. Paul's*
Church-yard. 1694.

John Johnson

THE
COMEDIES

IN
ENGLISH

WITH HIS

SELF

AND SOME

REMARKS at the End

By GEORGE H. AND S.

LONDON:

Printed for A. Smith and T. Cadogan at the
Theatre at the West-End of St. James's
Church-yard. 1794.

THE PREFACE.

S*ince long Prefaces are lately much in Fashion upon this and the like Occasions, why may not we be allow'd some tolerable Liberty in this kind; provided we keep close to our Author, and our own Translation of him. As for our Author, wherever Learning, Wit or Judgment have flourish'd, this Poet has always had an extraordinary Reputation. To mention all his Excellencies and Perfections were a Task too difficult for us, and perhaps for the greatest Criticks alive; so very few there are that perfectly understand all of 'em; yet we shall venture at some of the most Remarkable.*

To begin with him in general, He was certainly the most Exact, the most Elaborate, and withal the most Natural of all Dramatick Poets; His Stile so neat and pure, his Characters so true and perfect, his Plots so regular and probable, and almost every thing so absolutely just and agreeable, that he may well seem to merit that Praise which several have given him, That he was the most correct Author in the World. To compare him with Plautus, the other great Latin Comedian, we may observe that Plautus had more Wit and Spirit, but Terence more Sense and Judgment; the former's Stile was rich and glaring, the latter's more close and even: Plautus had the most dazelling out-side, and the most lively Colours, but Terence drew the finest Figures and Postures,

and had the best Design; the one pleas'd the *Vulgar*, but our Author the Better sort of People; the former wou'd usually set his Spectators into a loud Laughter, but the latter steal 'em into a sweet Smile that shou'd continue from the beginning to the end of the Representation: in short, Plautus was more lively and vigorous, and so fitter for Action; and Terence more grave and serious, and so fitter for Reading. Tho' Plautus's Beauties were very extraordinary, yet he had his Faults and Indecorums very frequent; but Terence's Excellencies (tho' possibly inferior to some of the others) were more general, better dispers'd, and closer continu'd; and his Faults so inconsiderable, and so very few, that Scaliger said, There were not three to be found throughout the Six Plays. So that our Author seems to want nothing to make him absolutely compleat, but only that same *Vis Comica* that Cæsar wishes he had, and which Plautus was Master of in such a high degree. We shall determine nothing between 'em, but leave 'em good Friends as we found 'em.

This may be sufficient for our Author's Excellencies in general; for his particular ones, we shall begin with his *Stile*, a thing he has been admir'd for in all Ages, and truly he deserves it; for certainly no one was ever more accurate, natural, and clear in his Expressions than he. But to be a little more particular in this Matter, we shall give you some few of our Author's Excellencies in this kind under three or four different Heads.

And first, We may observe of his Words, that they are generally nicely chosen, extreamly proper and significant; and many of 'em carry so much Life and Force in 'em, that they can hardly be express'd in any other Language without great disadvantage to the Original. To instance in these following. *Qui cum ingeniis conflictatur ejusmodi. Ut animus in spe atque in timore usque ante hac attentus fuit. Nisi me lactasses amantem, & falsa spe produceras. Pam. Mi Pater. Si. Quid mi Pater? Quasi tu hujus*

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hujus indigeas Patris. Tandem ego non illa caream, si sit opus, vel totum triduum. Par. Huius Univer- sum triduum. Quam elegans formarum spectator sem. Hunc comedendum & deridendum vobis propino.

We shall next take notice of one or two Instances of the Shortness and Clearness of his Narrations; as that which Tully mentions. Funus interim procedit sequimur, ad Sepulchrum venimus, in ignem posita est, Fletur. Another may be that in Phormio. Persuasum est homini, factum est, ventum est, vincimur, duxit.

Another remarkable Beauty of his Stile appears in his Climaxes; where every Word is Emphatical, heightens the Sense, and adds considerably to what went before. As, Hæc verba Mehercule una falsa Lachrymula, quam oculos terendo miserè vix vi expresserit, restinguet. Quod ille unciatim vix de demculo suo, suum defrudans genium, comparat miser.

The last thing we shall give any instance of, is the Softness and Delicacy of his Turns; of which many might be produced; but we think these few may be sufficient for our purpose. Ehen me miseram! Cur non aut isthæc mihi ætas & forma est, aut tibi hæc sententia. Nam si ego digna hac contumelia sum maxime, at tu indignus qui faceres tamen. Nam dum abs te absum, omnes mihi labores fuere, quos cepi, leves, præterquam tui carendum quod erat. Palam beatus, ni unum de sit, animus qui modeste isthæc ferat. Aliis, quia deficit quod amant, ægre est, tibi, quod super est, dolet. And as for the Purity of his Language in general; we find it very much commended even by Tully himself. And One of the Moderns is not at all out of the way when he tells us: That the Latin Tongue will never be lost, as long as Terence may be had.

Our Author's Excellent Latin is now the greatest Cause of his Esteem, and makes him so much read in the World; but for certain, he that reads him purely for his Latin

sake, does but a quarter read him; for 'tis his Characters and Plots have so far rais'd him up above the rest of the Poets, and have gain'd him so much Honour among the Criticks in all Ages. His Stile, tho' so very extraordinary, in a great measure may be learnt by Industry, long Custom, and continual Usage, and has been imitated to a high degree by several; and indeed this was but as rich Attire, and outward Ornaments to set off a more beautiful Body. But in his Characters and Manners there it is that he triumphs without a Rival; and not only Dramatick, but all other Poets must yield to him in that Point. For these are drawn exactly to the Life, perfectly just, truly proportionably, and fully kept up to the last; and as for their being natural, Rapin says, That no Man living had a greater insight into Nature than he. The more a Man looks into 'em, the more he must admire 'em; he'll find there not only such Beauty in his Images, but also such excellent Precepts of Morality, such solid Sense in each Line, such depth of Reasoning in each Period, and such close arguing between each Party, that he must needs perceive him to be a Person of strong Sense and Judgment. His Deliberations are most compleat, where all the several Accidents, Events, Dangers, Casualties, good and bad Consequences are fully summed up and clearly urg'd; so are the Answers of each Person as perfect, where every thing is so well fitted, so home, and so natural, that if one shou'd study upon 'em never so long, he cou'd scarce find any thing more to the purpose. He had a peculiar Happiness at pleasing and amusing an Audience, perpetually keeping 'em in a most even, pleasant, smiling Temper; and this is the most distinguishing part of his Character from the rest of the World; his Pleasantries were somewhat Manly, and such as reach'd beyond the Fancy and Imagination, even to the Heart and Soul of the Audience; and what is more remarkable yet,
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one single Scene shall please a whole day together; a Secret which few or no other Poet ever found out.

And as we have scarce found one Man in the World that equals him in his Characters, so we find but very few that cou'd come up to him in the Management (we mean his Art and Contrivance) of his Plots. We are sensible that many have been so foolish as to count his Plays a bare Bundle of Dialogues dress'd up in a neat Stile, and there all his Excellency to consist, or at least that they are very ordinary and mean; but such senseless Suppositions will soon vanish upon giving an Account of the Nature and Perfection of 'em. He well understood the Rules of the Stage, or rather those of Nature; was perfectly Regular, wonderful exact and careful in ordering each Protagis or Entrance, Epitasis or working up, Catastasis or height, and Catastrophe or unravelling the Plot; which last he was famous for making it spring necessarily from the Incidents, and neatly and dextrously untying the Knot, whilst others of a grosser make, would either tear, or cut it in pieces. In short (setting aside some few things which we shall mention by and by) Terence may serve for the best and most perfect Model for our Dramatick Poets to imitate, provided they exactly observe the different Customs and Manners of the Roman and English People; and upon the same account we beg leave to be a little more particular in this Matter, which dispos'd us very much to this Translation.

The Nature of his Plots was for the most part grave and solid, and sometimes passionate a little, resembling our Modern Tragy-Comedies; only the Comical parts were seldom so merry; the Thinness and clearness of 'em somewhat resembling our Modern Tragedies, only more perfect in the latter, and not croud'd with too many Incidents. They were all double except the Hecyra, or Mother-in-Law, yet so contriv'd that one was always an Under-plot to the other: So that he still kept perfectly to the first great

Rule of the Stage, the Unity of Action. As for the second great Rule the Unity of Time (that is for the whole Action to be perform'd in the compass of a Day) he was as exact in that as possible, for the longest Action of any of his Plays reaches not Eleven hours. He was no less careful in the third Rule, The Unity of Place, for 'tis plain he never shifts his Scene in any one of his Plays, but keeps constantly to the same place from the beginning to the end. Then for the Continuance in the Action, he never fails in any one place, but every Instrument is perpetually at work in carrying on their several Designs, and in them the design of the whole; so that the Stage never grows cold till all is finish'd: And to do this the more handsomely and dextrously, he scarce ever brings an Actor upon the Stage, but you presently know his Name and Quality, what part of the Intrigue he's to promote, why he came there, from whence he came, why just at that time, why he goes of, where he's a going, and also what he is or ought to be doing or contriving all the time he's away. His Scenes are always unbroken, so that the Stage is never perfectly clear but between the Acts; but are continually join'd by one of the four Unions. Which according to Mon. Hedelin are these; Presence, Seeking, Noise, or Time; and when the Action ceaseth (that is, upon the Stage) and the Stage is clear'd, an Act is then finish'd. Then for Incidents, and the due Preparation of 'em, Terence was admirable: And the true and exact Management of these is one of the most difficult parts of Dramatick Poetry. He contrives every thing in such a manner so as to fall out most probably and naturally, and when they are over they seem almost necessary; yet by his excellent Skill he so cunningly conceals the Events of things from his Audience, till due time, that they can never foresee 'em; by this means they are so amus'd with the Actors Designs, that the Poets is unknown to 'em, till at last, being all along in the dark, they are surpriz'd
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most agreeably by something they never look'd for : And this is the most taking and the most delightful part of a Play. We might insist much more largely upon each of these Particulars , and upon several others , but at present we shall content our selves with saying that these Plots are all so very clear, and natural, that they might very well go for a Representation of a thing that had really happen'd ; and not the meer Invention of the Poet.

There are two or three remarkable Objections against our Author which we can't but take notice of. First, 'tis said, That he has not kept to the Unity of Time in his *Heautontimorumenos*, or *Self-Tormenter* ; which contains the space of two days. Then, between the second and third Acts, there's an absolute failure of the Continuance of the Action. These are generally believ'd by several Men, and such as are famous too ; and some to vindicate Terence the better have added another Mistake, That the Play was always acted two several times, the two first Acts one, and the three last another. But 'tis plain from all Circumstances, that the Action began very late in the Evening, and ended betimes in the Morning (of which we have said something in our Remarks at the end) so that the whole cou'dn't contain about Eleven hours ; but as for that of the Cessation of the Action, 'tis answer'd two ways, either by the necessity of Sleep at that Interval, and consequently no Cessation, or (which is more probable) by the Persons being busie at the Treat at Chremes's House, that being a necessary part of the main Action. The two following are Mr. Dryden's Exceptions ; where first he lays an Error to our Author's Charge in matter of Time. In the *Eunuch* (says he) when *Laches* enters *Thais's* House by mistake, between his Exit and the Entrance of *Pythias*, who comes to give ample Relation of the Disorder he had rais'd within, *Parmeno* who is left upon the Stage has not above five

Lines

Lines to speak. *In answer to this, Pythias makes no such ample Relation, but rather tells him what Disorders such a foolish Act of his was like to raise; and in truth it is not probable she shou'd stay above five or six Lines speaking, since after she saw her Cheat had taken, she cou'dnt keep her Countenance within Doors, and was so eager to revenge her self by laughing at the Fool without. Besides here's an excellent Artifice of the Poets, for had she tarry'd longer, Parmeno might ha' been gone, and her Mirth qualified when she saw the good Fortune Charea had met withal. His other Exception is, that our Author's Scenes are several times broken. He instances in the same Play, That Antipho enters singly in the midst of the third Act, after Chromes and Pythias were gone off. As for this, 'tis to be consider'd that Scenes are united by Time as well as Presence; and this is a perfect Union of Time, apparent to all who understand the Art of the Stage. A little farther he says, That Dorias begins the fourth Act alone; — She quits the Stage, and Phedria enters next. Here Dorias does not quit the Stage till three Scenes after, as appears by Pythias, bidding her carry in such things as she had brought with her from the Captain's Entertainment; but if she did, there wou'd be an Union of Time nevertheless, as there is in all other places, where the Scenes seem broken. Some make this Objection; that in the beginning of many Scenes, two Actors enter upon the Stage, and talk to themselves a considerable time before they see or know one another; Which (they say) is neither probable nor natural. Those that object this don't consider the great Difference between our little scanty Stage, and the large magnificent Roman Theatres. Their Stage was sixty Yards wide in the Front, their Scenes so many Streets meeting together, with all By-Lanes, Rows and Allies; so two Actors coming down two different Streets or Lanes cou'dnt be seen by each other, tho' the Spectators might see both, and sometimes if they did*

did see each other they cou'dn't well distinguish Faces at sixty Yards distances. Besides upon several accounts it might well be suppos'd when an Actor enters upon the Stage out of some House, he might take a turn or two under the Portico's, Cloysters, or the like (that were usual at that time) about his Door, and take no notice of an Actor's being on the other side the Stage.

But since we propose our Master as the best Model for Dramatick Poets to follow, we ought in Justice to mention such things wherein he was any ways faulty, or at least where he ought not to be imitated. The first is, He makes his Actors in some places speak directly, and immediately to the Audience (of which that Monologue of Mytis in the first Act of the first Play is an instance) which is contrary to the Rules of Dramatick Poetry, or rather indeed of Nature; and this is the only real Fault that Terence was guilty of, as his want of Vis Comica was the only real Defect. His Plots were not always the best for Story, tho' for Contrivance, and wanted somewhat of Length and Variety, fully and compleatly to satisfy an Audience. Take 'em all together, they were too much alike to have always their deserv'd Effect of surprising; which also gave a mighty Limitation to the Variety of his Characters; a great pity for a Man that had such an admirable Knack of drawing them to the Life. It were also to be wish'd that his Monologues or Discourses by single Persons, were less frequent, and sometimes shorter too; for tho' they are all of 'em full of excellent Sense, sound Reasoning, ingenious Deliberations, and serv'd truly to carry on the main Design; yet several parts of 'em, especially all Narrations, wou'd ha' been more natural as well as Artificial, if told by Persons of the Drama to one another. Then his Aparts or Asides (that is when one Actor speaks something which another that is present is suppos'd to not hear, tho' the Audience do) are sometimes too long to be perfectly natural. Whether he
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has not sometimes too much Elevation of Passion, or Borders too high upon Tragedy for such inferior Persons; we leave to others. These are the main things to be taken notice of by all that make use of him for a Model, besides all such as belong purely to the various Customs of Countries, and to the difference of Theatres; but those are obvious enough to all.

But there's still one great Objection against these Plays in general; that is, If Terence's Plays are so good as is pretended, why doesn't some Poet or other translate one or more of 'em for the Stage, so save himself the trouble of racking his Brain for new Matter. We own they wouldn't take upon our Stage; but to clear all, we shall give these two Reasons: First, The Difference between the Romans and our selves in Customs, Humors, Manners and Theatres is such, that it is impossible to adapt their Plays to our Stages. The Roman Plots were often founded upon the exposing of Children, and their unexpected Delivery, on buying of Misses and Musick-Girls; they were chiefly pleas'd to see a covetous old Father neatly bubbled by his Slave of a round Sum of Money; to find the young Spark his Son (miserably in want of Cash) joyn with the Slave in the Intrigue, that he may get somewhat to stop his Mistress's Mouth, whom he keeps unknown to his Father; to see a bragging Coxcomb wheedled and abus'd by some cunning Parasite; to hear a Glutton talk of nothing but his Belly, and the like. Our Plots go chiefly upon variety of Love-Intrigues, Ladies Cuckolding their Husbands most dextrously, Gallants danger upon the same account, with their escape either by witty Fetches, or hiding themselves in dark Holes, Closets, Beds, &c. We are all for Humour, Gallantry, Conversation, and Courtship, and shou'dn't endure the chief Lady in the Play a Mute, or to say very little, as 'twas agreeable to them: Our amorous Sparks love to hear the pretty Rogues prate, snap up their Gallants, and Repartée upon 'em on all sides. We shou'dn't
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like to have a Lady marry'd without knowing whether she gives her consent or no, (a Custom among the Romans) but wou'd be for bearing all the Courtship, all the rare and fine things that Lovers can say to each other. The second Reason of their not taking upon our Stage is this, tho' Terence's Plays are far more exact, natural, regular, and clear than ours, and his Persons speak more like themselves than generally ours do; yet (to speak impartially) our Plays do plainly excel his in some Particulars. First, in the great Variety of the Matter and Incidents of our Plots; the Intrigues thicker and finer; the Stories better, longer, and more curious for the most part than his: And tho' there's much confusion, huddle and precipitation in the generality of 'em; yet the great variety and number of Incidents tho' ill manag'd, will have several Charms, and be mighty diverting, especially to a vulgar Audience, like the Sight of a large City at a distance, where there is little of Regularity or Uniformity to be discern'd just by. Next, we do much excel Terence in that which we call Humour, that is in our Comical Characters, in which we have shewn and expos'd the several Humours, Dispositions, Natures, Inclinations, Fancies, Irregularities, Maggots, Passions, Whims, Follies, Extravagancies, &c. of Men under all sorts of Circumstances, of all sorts of Ranks and Qualities, of all Professions and Trades, and of all Nations and Countries, so admirably, and so lively, that in this no Nation among the Ancients or Moderns were ever comparable to us. Lastly, Our Comedies excel his in some Delicacies of Conversation; particularly in the Refinement of our Railery and Satyr, and above all in Repartee. Some of these things (especially when mix'd with Humour) have made many an ordinary Plot take and come off well; and without a pretty quantity of some of 'em, our Plays wou'd go down very heavily.

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Since we are accidentally fall'n into the Excellencies of our Comedies, we hope it may be pardonable if we mention also some principal Faults in 'em, which seem to need a Regulation. And first, Our Poets seldom or never observe any of the three great Unities of Action, Time and Place, which are great Errors; For what breeds more Confusion than to have five or six main Plots in a Play, when the Audience can never attend to 'em? What more extravagant than to fancy the Actions of Weeks, Months, and Years represented in the Space of three or four Hours? Or what more unnatural than for the Spectators to suppose themselves now in a Street, then in a Garden, by and by in a Chamber, immediately in the Fields, then in a Street again, and never move out of their place? Wou'dn't one swear there was Conjurat[i]on in the Case; that the Theatres were a sort of Fairy Land where all is Incantment, Juggle and Delusion? Next, our Plays are too often over-power'd with Incidents and Under-plots, and our Stage as much crowded with such Actors, as there's little or no occasion for; especially at one time. Then the Matter, and Discourse of our Plays is very often incoherent and impertinent as to the main Design; nothing being more common than to meet with two or three whole Scenes in a Play, which wou'd have fitted any other part of the Play ev'n as well as that; and perhaps any Play else. Thus some appear to swear out a Scene or two, others to talk bawdy a little, without any manner of dependance upon the rest of the Action. But besides this (which is another great Error) when the Matter and Discourse do serve to carry on the main Design, commonly Persons are brought on to the Stage without any sort of Art, Probability, Reason or Necessity for their coming there; and when they have no such Business as one that comes to give you a Song or a Jigg. They come there to serve the Poets Design a little, then off they go with as little Reason as they came on; and that only to make way for other Actors, who (as they did)

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come only to tell the Audience something the Poet has a mind to have 'em know ; and that's all their business : And truly that's little enough. This we see frequently in the chief Actor of the Play, who comes on and goes off, and the Spectators all the time stand staring and wondring at they know not what. Another great Fault common to many of our Plays is, that an Actor's Name, Quality or Business is scarce ever known till a good while after his appearance ; which must needs make the Audience at a great Loss, and the Play hard to be understood, forcing 'em to carry Books with 'em to the Play-houle to know who comes in, and who goes out.

The Ancients were guilty of none of these Absurdities, and more especially our Author ; and indeed the Non-observance of Rules has occasion'd the great Miscarriages of so many excellent Genius's of ours, particularly that of the immortal Shakespear. Since these are such apparent Faults and Absurdities, and still our Beauties are so admirable as to cover, and almost to out-weigh our Errors (else our Plays were not to be endur'd) undoubtedly our Dramatick Poets by the Observance of this Author's Ways and Rules might out-do all the Ancients and Moderns too, both at Tragedy and at Comedy ; for no Nation ever had greater Genius's than ours for Dramatick Poetry. These ha' been but little observ'd as yet, so that all our fine Imitations of Nature may often be call'd Lucky hits, and more by Accident than by Art. We very much need a Reformation in this Case, and our Plays can never arrive to any great Perfection without it ; therefore the nigher they come up to this Standard, the more they will be admir'd and lov'd by all Judicious Persons, provided they still keep to those Excellencies before-mention'd. Besides, these are as easily practicable upon ours as upon the Greek and Roman Theatres ; and by a strict Observance of the Unity of Place, the Stage may be made far more handsome and magnificent with less Charge ; and by that of
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the Unity of Action (especially by the help of an Underplot or so) the Story may be made far more fine and clear with less trouble.

But our Nation by long Custom, and the Success of Irregular Pieces, seems naturally averse to all Rules; and take it very ill to have their Thoughts confin'd and shackled, and tied to the Observance of such Niceties: Therefore in the first place they tell us, That Poets of all Men in the World are perfectly freely, and by no means ought to confine their Noble Fancies to dull pedantick Rules; For this (say they) is like taking of Bees, cutting off their Wings, and laying such Flowers before 'em to make Honey of as they please. A Poet indeed shou'd be free, and unconfin'd as Air, as to his Thought, Fancy and Contrivance, but then his Poetica Licentia shou'dn't transport him to Madness and Extravagancy, making him phrensically transgress the Rules of Reason and Nature, as well as Poetry. These that we mention are not any Man's Arbitrary Rules, but pure Nature only Methodiz'd: They never hamper a Poet's Fancy or clip his Wings, but adorn their Thoughts, and regulate their Flights so as to give 'em a clearer insight into Nature, Probability and Decency, without something of which it is impossible to please. And these are no more a Confinement to a Poet's Fancy, than the true Proportion of Pillars, the Regularity and Uniformity of Windows are to an Architect; or the exact Imitation of Nature to a Painter: As if there could be half so much Beauty in Grotesque and irregular Whims, as in the due Observation of the Rules of Prospect, Shadows and Proportion.

Another Objection is, That our Nation will never bear Rules, but are much better pleas'd with the ways now in practice. 'Tis true, several of our most irregular Plays have come off with a great deal of Applause, but certainly never the more for their Irregularity; but because most of the Audience knew no better, being often dazzled by the
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Greatness of the Author's Genius, and the Actor's Performances ; and those that did, were willing to pardon the Faults for the sake of some choice Master-strokes they had ; and upon the same account a couple of good Scenes have many times carry'd off a very indifferent Play : 'Tis plain that want of Use and Knowledge have been the only Cause of these ways seeming so unpracticable ; and if the middle sort of Persons were once truly brought to a Sight of the Excellencies of this, and the Deformities of the other way (as the well reading of these Plays wou'd in a great measure do, being chiefly design'd for them) they wou'd esteem of it far more than now ; and certainly they cou'd never pardon those many Indecencies, Improbabilities, Absurdities that are so frequent in our Plays. 'Tis true, there has been a considerable Regulation among many of 'em since the Days of Shakespear, but not to bring things half to perfection. And thus Regulation has made hope for a further, as the Age will be brought to bear it.

The last Objection is more particular : They say, That the Unities of Action, Time and Place must needs take off from the great Variety of the Plot, and a fine Story by this means will be quite murder'd. 'Tis true, all Stories whatsoever are not fit for a Dramatick Poem ; yet there may be an excellent Plot without crowding together Intrigues (little depending upon one another) of half a dozen couple, suppose, in one Play ; without hurrying over the Business of three Months in three Hours time, or perhaps without skipping from Gardens to Mountains, from thence to Groves, and then to Town in an Act or two : But our prying, curious Sparks can't rest here, but must be for peeping into Chambers, Closets, and Withdrawing-Rooms, ay, and into Beds too (sometimes with the Ladies in'em) and have all things brought openly upon the Stage, tho' never so improper, and indecent. But this Objection may yet be better answer'd by Instances ; and

first for the Unity of Time, we may mention the Play call'd, The Adventures of Five Hours, the whole Action lasting no longer (much less a day, the extent allow'd for a Dramatick Poem) yet this is one of the pleasantest Stories that ever appear'd upon our Stage, and has as much Variety of Plots and Intrigues, without any thing being precipitated, improbable or unnatural as to the main Action; so by this it appears that this Rule is no Spoiler or Murderer of a finer Story. Then for the Unity of Time and Action too, Ben. Johnson's Silent Woman is a remarkable Instance; an excellent Comedy indeed, where the Action is perfectly single, and the utmost extent of the Time exceeds not three Hours and a half (the shortest we ever find) yet still the Plot, Intrigues, and above all the Incidents are very fine, and no ways unnatural. Lastly, For all three Unities, Mr. Dryden's All for Love (tho' a Tragedy, and somewhat foreign to our business) is worthy to be taken notice of, that being perfectly Regular according to the Rules of the Stage, the Scenes unbroken, the Incidents exactly and duly prepar'd, and all things noble and beautiful, just and proportionable. This we reckon one of the best Tragedies of our Nation. Now can any Man justly think that these Plays we now mention'd were ever the worse for that Regularity they had; or indeed have we many better in the Nation for Plot; or many that have better pleas'd the generality of Persons than these; If so, this sufficiently shows the Truth of what we offered; and withal commends our Master's great Judgment in this Point: Who, in our Opinion (besides the Excellency of his Characters) plainly deserves a greater Name for his Plots, than he does for his Language.

Come we next then to our own Vindication, in which we shall briefly shew the Reasons why we did it, and likewise what our Performances have been in this Version.

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The main Reasons why we undertook it were these. First, For the Excellency and Usefulness of this Author in general : And consequently for the benefit (as we shall shew by and by) of most sorts of People, but especially for the Service it may do our Dramatick Poets. Next, for the Honour of our own Language, into which all good Books ought to be Translated, since 'tis now become so Elegant, Sweet and Copious : And indeed nothing refines, or gives Foreigners a greater Opinion of any Language than its number of good Translations ; of which the French is a great Instance. Thirdly, Because most of our Neighbours have got it in their Language, particularly the French, who have done it with good Success ; and we have no reason for our being out-done by any of our Neighbours, since we have a Language we dare set against any in the World. Lastly, Since the Author is so excellent, we undertook it because no other Persons wou'd. 'Tis strange that none of our great Wits wou'd undertake it before, but let us Persons of Obscurity, take their Works out of their Hands ; when we can perceive by our little Performances that our Language will do it to a very high degree, undoubtedly better than the French.

The most considerable Objections that have been made against our Translation are these. First, What real Use or Advantage can this Translation be to the Publick ? As for School-Boys and Learners, Bernard's and Hool's Translations, the great number of Notes, a School-Master, or their own Industry will well enough teach 'em to construe it. Men of Sense and Learning, they read it wholly for the Latin sake ; therefore a Translation is of no use to them. Lastly, They won't fit our Stage ; and consequently they are impertinent at best. To these we answer ; First, As to School-Boys and Learners ; Bernard's and Hool's Translations are very often false, mostly so obsolete, flat and unpleasant, that a Man can scarce read half a Page without sleeping ; the latter

is full of Latinisms, and both are often more obscure than the Original. The Notes sometimes don't express the Author's Sense; and often very obscurely: In some things they are too short, in others too long and tedious: And most of them have the slight of running very nimbly over those Places which they are afraid they shou'd stick in. School-Masters often want time, and now then and Judgment and Learning to explain things as they ought; then to leave Boys by themselves to pick out the Sense of such a difficult Author as this, is very inconvenient; which besides the Discouragement sometimes of not being able to do it, will often lead 'em into such Errors and Mistakes, as perhaps they'll ne're get clear of. So that this will be of great use even to School-Boys and Learners: Beside the great Advantage of teaching 'em, perhaps not the worst English; and something of the Idiom of our Tongue.

As for the second part of the Objection, That Men of Sense and Learning read it only for the Latin sake; This is or ought to be look'd upon as a great Mistake: Since Terence has other and greater Excellencies than his Style, as we have before shewn. But however ingenious Persons must needs receive some pleasure in seeing such excellent fine Latin now speak tolerable good English; and likewise in seeing somewhat of the Conversation, Humour and Customs of the old Greeks and Romans put into a modern Dress; and perhaps not quite out of the Fashion. Besides, since many of these do sometimes upon an occasion make use of Notes, 'twill be of equal use (in that respect) to them as to all Learners. And that they have often need of such, will appear from the several difficult places (especially as to the Plot) and some obscure dubious Passages in this Author, which the utmost Skill in the Latin Tongue will not teach to explain; since there is as great a necessity for the understanding of the Roman Customs and Theatres in this Case, and of the Art of the Stage, as of the Latin Tongue. How extraordinary useful a
Tran-

Translation can be in perfectly clearing an Author, Roscommon's Translation of Horace's Art of Poetry is an apparent Instance; which shews the Sense, Meaning, Design, &c. of Horace better and easier than all the Paraphrases and Notes in the World.

Thirdly, Tho' our Translation will never fit our Stage, yet it may be of considerable use to some of the Dramatick Poets; which we had some respect to, when we did it; they will serve 'em (as was said before) for Models; and tho' many of our Poets do very well understand the Original, yet 'tis plain that some of 'em do not understand it over much. But however, it may not be wholly useless to those that do, and more proper for their business, being ready explain'd to their hands: And upon some accounts to be read with less trouble than the Original: For that is in many places very obscure by reason of corrupted Copies, wrong Points, false Division of whole Acts as well as Scenes and the like: Further, if these Plays come to be frequently read by the more ordinary sort of People, they will by little and little grow more in love with, and more clearly see the true Excellencies of these Rules, and these lively Imitations of Nature, which will be the greatest Encouragement our Poets can have to follow 'em. And besides, the common People by these Plays may plainly perceive that Obscenities and Debaucheries are no ways necessary to make a good Comedy; and the Poets themselves will be the more ready to blush when they see Heathens so plainly out-do us Christians in their Morals; for their principal Vices in their Plays, were chiefly from the Ignorance of the Times, but we have no such pretence. This alone might ha' been a sufficient reason for our undertaking this Design.

But to come now to what we have done; 'tis not to be expected we shou'd wholly reach the Air of the Original; that being so peculiar, and the Language so different; We have imitated our Author as well and as nigh as the English Tongue and our small Abilities wou'd permit; each of

us joyning and consulting about every Line, not only for the doing of it better, but also for the making of it all of a piece. We follow'd no one Latin Copy by it self, because of the great Disagreements among 'em, but have taken any that seem'd truest. We look'd over all the Notes, sometimes they wou'd help us a little, and often not; some hints we had from the French, but not very many; besides we had considerable helps from other Persons far above our selves, for whose Care and Pains we shall ever acknowledge our Gratitude. A meer Verbal Translation is not to be expected, that wou'd sound so horribly, and be more obscure than the Original; but we have been faithful Observers of his Sence, and even of his Words too, not slipping any of consequence without something to answer it; nay further, where two Words seem to be much the same, and perhaps not intended to be very different by the Author, we were commonly so nice as to do them too; such as Segnitia and Socordia, Scire and Noscere, and the like, which is more exact than most, if not all, our modern Versions. We cou'dn't have kept closer (especially in this Author, which several ingenious Persons told us, Is the hardest in the World to translate;) without too much treading upon the Author's Heels, and destroying our Design of giving it an easie, Comick Style, most agreeable to our present Times. If we have been guilty of any Fault of this nature, it seems to be that of keeping too close.

But still to be more particular; we did all we cou'd to prevent any of the Meaning and Grace of the best Words to be lost; so that we were often forc'd to search and study some time for those most proper, and oftentimes to express 'em by two, and sometimes by a Circumlocution: Which Madam Dacier her self, as accurate as she is accompted, has often neglected: And thereby has wholly lost the Force and Beauty of many Emphatical Words. Terence had some Words taken in a great many several Sences, such as Contumelia and Injuria, Odiosus, Tristis, &c. these we have

have been very careful about; but where he plays upon Words (tho' never so prettily) he ought not in some places to be imitated at all, because the Fineness is more lost that way, than the other; yet we try'd at several when they were Natural and tolerable in English. As for his Allusions and the like, many of them perhaps are quite lost to us. However they are commonly lost in our Language. On such places (as well as some others) we made Remarks or Notes at the latter end; some of which we are oblig'd to the French Lady for; these serving to shew our Author's fine Stroaks, as well as to vindicate our Translation. For his Sense and Meaning, we have taken more than ordinary care about, and weigh'd all Circumstances before we fix'd. Several of the Passages are done contrary to the general Opinion, and some few differently from all, both as to the Person that speaks as well as the Meaning, but not without good Grounds; and if any be so nice in censuring, we desire that Person to shew us three Terences that exactly agree with one another, either in Points or Words, for two Acts together. Of those Passages that were absolutely doubtful, we always took the best, and that, which seem'd to us, the most probable Way and Meaning; and all such as were difficult, knotty or obscure in the Original, we made as plain and clear as we cou'd; and we presume to phansie there are very few Passages in ours, unintelligible to the meanest Capacity. In his Jest and Repartees (except they were Allusions or the like) we hope that the force of 'em is seldom lost. For making every Person speak so exactly like themselves (a thing that our Author was so famous for) is much more difficult in English by reason of its greater variety of Idioms and Phrales than in the Latin; and to suit these always right, requires a greater Genius than we can pretend to. Terence, tho' reckon'd very genteel in his Days seems in some place to have a sort of familiarity and bluntness in his Discourse, not so agreeable with the Manners and Gal-
lantry

lantry of our Times ; which we have mollify'd as well as we cou'd, still making the Servants sawcy enough upon occasion. In some places we have had somewhat more of Humour than the Original, to make it still more agreeable to our Age ; but all the while have kept so nigh our Author's Sence and Design, that we hope it can never be justly call'd a Fault. We can't certainly tell whither William the Conqueror, the Grand Seignior (and the like) may pass with some : They may possibly take 'em for Blunders in time ; which are now become Proverbial Expressions ; the first signifying only a great while ago, and t'other a great Man.

As for the Division of the Acts and Scenes, all the common Terences are most notoriously false : The Acts are often wrong, but the Scenes oftener ; and these have bred some obscurity in our Author's Rules. Madam Dacier has been more exact in this than all others before her ; yet, still she's once mistaken in her Acts, and very often in her Scenes. We have follow'd her as to her Acts, except one in the Phormio ; but we have not divided the Scenes at all by Figures, because they are of no such use ; only the Reader may take notice that whenever any particular Actor enters upon the Stage, or goes off, that makes a different Scene ; for the Ancients never had any other that we know of. The Prologues, by the Advice of several Judicious Persons, are left out, as being the Meanest, the fullest of Quibbles, and the least Intelligible of any thing he wrote : They relating chiefly to private Squabbles between our Author and the Poets of his time : The Particulars of which 'tis impossible for us to understand now, and we need not be much concern'd that we don't. Besides, in the main, they are so much beneath the Author, that 'tis much question'd whether they are his or no, especially the Third. The Arguments are certainly none of his, and so far from being useful, that they only serve to forestall the Plots, and take away the Pleasure of surprizing.

Lastly,

Lastly, That there might be nothing wanting that might make this Translation as intire and clear as possible; we've all the way intermix'd Notes of Explanation, such as, Enter, Exit, Asides, and all other things of Action, necessary to be known, and constantly practis'd among our Modern Dramatick Poets. These serve extreamly to the clearing of the Plots which wou'd be obscure without 'em; especially since their Theatres were so different from ours. And as this sort of Notes are the shortest, that are generally us'd, so they are most compleat, useful and clear, by the help of which any Child almost may apprehend every thing. Perhaps we might have omitted some of 'em, but we had beeter offend this way than the other.

Thus have we said as much as we thought requisite in Vindication of our Master's Honour, and of our own Undertaking. And if we had said ten times as much; and ne're so much to the purpose, People will still think, and talk what they please, and we can't help it.

T H E
L I F E
O F
T E R E N C E.

P*ublius Terentius* had his Birth at the famous City of *Carthage*, in *Africa*, in the Year of *Rome* 559, Seven Years after the Second *Punick* War, and 192 before *Christ*. His Parentage was Mean no doubt ; so little known, that his true Name is not remember'd ; for that of *Terence*, he took from his Patron *Terentius Lucanus*, the *Roman* Senator. As for his Person, he was of a middle Stature, very slender, and somewhat of a tawny Complexion.

When he was very young, and not past his Childhood, he was made Captive, as 'tis generally suppos'd, by the *Numidians*, who sent him immediately to *Rome* ; and there he happened on the fore-mention'd *Terentius Lucanus*. This Master had so great an Esteem for his good Meen and Excellent Parts, that he did not only give him a most tender and genteel Education, but his Freedom too ; and what is more, when he was very young ; a Favour not very usual in those Days.

After

xxvi *The LIFE of* **TERENCE.**

After this, he more closely apply'd himself to Learning; and his Observations and Studies of Men and Manners, seem'd to be his chief Imployment. His exact Remarks upon Mens natural Dispositions; and his Genius, led him wholly to *Dramatick Poetry*, particularly *Comedy*; wherein all the Humours and Passions of Men are so nicely observed and expressed; that we can no where find a truer and more lively Representation of *Humane Nature*. His comely Personage, and his accurate Writings, brought him into a great Esteem; not only with the People in general, but likewise with the greatest and noblest of *Rome*; but he was more especially belov'd and cherish'd by the famous *Scipio Africanus* and *Lelius*. With these two inseparable Friends and Companions, he had gain'd more than ordinary Familiarity; passing away many a fair Hour in Pleasures and Delights, at their Country House at Mount *Alba*.

He made himself Master of the *Greek* Tongue, from which he borrow'd much in his Plays; of which we have Six remaining. When he had finish'd his first Play, and brought it to the *Edil's*; they wou'd needs have him read it before *Cecelius*, as the most approved Judge. *Cecelius* was then at Supper. *Terence's* Garb, it seems, was none of the best at that time; therefore he was seated in an ordinary by-place, and there order'd to begin. But a few of his fine Verses so well made amends for the Meanness of his Habit, that he was immediately desired to sit down and take part of what he found at the Table; being placed next to *Cecelius* himself. After Supper, he read over the rest of his Play to *Cecelius's* wonderful Delight. The Name of it, we find not; it cou'd not be the *Andrian*, for that was made two Years after *Cecelius* was dead.

The LIFE of TERENCE. xxvii

In the 28th. Year of his Age, he made his *Andrian*; the first *Comedy* that we know of, which he took a great part from *Menander* the *Greek Poet*. The Year following he made his *Hecyra*, or *Mother-in-Law*, which he took chiefly from *Apollodorus* the *Greek Poet*. This Play was the first time unsuccessful, and is the only one whose *Plot* is perfectly *Single*. Two Years after, he made his *Heautontimorumenos*, or *Self-Tormentor*, which he borrow'd mostly from *Menander*. Two Years after that, his *Phormio*, taken chiefly from *Apollodorus's Epidicazomenos*. The same Year, he made his *Eunuch*; of which he borrow'd a great part from *Menander*: This by many, is reckon'd his best; however it came off with far greatest Applause. The Year following, in the 34th Year of his Age he made his last *Comedy* call'd *Adelphi*, or the the *Brothers*, and that too was mostly taken from *Menander*; which *Varro*, as to the beginning of it, prefers to the beginning of *Menander* himself.

These *Comedies* were in great Reputation among the *Romans*, and generally succeeded very well; tho' *Plautus* had sometimes better Luck on the Stage. But never a one of his took like the *Eunuch*, for which, *Terence* had 8000 Sesterces; a Reward (tho' not exceeding Sixty Pounds of our Money) greater in those days than ever *Poet* had. Besides, it was acted twice in one day; the more strange, because Plays then were never made but to be acted two or three times in all. All six were almost equally esteem'd by his Country-men; and most of them had their peculiar Beauties. 'Tis observ'd that the *Andrian*, and the *Brothers*, excel in their *Characters* and *Manners*; the *Eunuch* and *Phormio*, in the Vigour and Liveliness of their *Intrigues*; and the *Self-Tormenter*, and *Mother-in-Law*, in their *Thoughts*, *Passions*, and Purity of *Stile*.

Upon.

xxviii *The LIFE of* TERENCE.

Upon the account of his intimate Acquaintance with *Scipio* and *Lelius*, it was, and is still generally believ'd that they had a great, if not a principal Share, in the making of his Plays : And this Conjecture is grounded not only upon the extraordinary Familiarity between them ; but also the *Accuracy*, *Propriety*, *Purity* and *Politeness* of the *Style*, which do indeed seem above a poor *African's* Abilities. But these are but meer Conjectures, intermix'd with a Spice of Malice ; tho' indeed redounding much to his Honour, as he himself intimates in the Prologue to his *Brothers*. The extraordinary Familiarity between them, was probably caus'd by his Eminent Deserts. The *Accuracy* and *Propriety* of his *Style*, proceeded, perhaps, from his Labour and Studies ; as the *Purity* and *Politeness* of it, might be the Effects of his *Roman* Education, and his keeping the best Company. And if he defended himself but slightly whene're he was accused ; that may be reckon'd his great Complaisance to those Noble Persons.

These Crimes he was often charg'd with ; but in the Thirty Fifth Year of his Age, either to avoid these Scandals, or to instruct himself in the Customs and Manners of the *Grecians*, he left *Rome* to go for that Country, and dy'd soon after his departure, in the Year of *Rome* 594, Nine Years before the Third *Punick* War, and 157 before *Christ*. The Place and Manner of his Death is very doubtful. Some say he dy'd in his return from *Greece* to *Rome*, with a great number of *Greek Comedies* Translated by him, and lost with him. Others, that he dy'd at *Stymphalus*, a Village in *Arcadia*, for Grief of losing those *Comedies* he had Translated. But here we leave all to the Judgment of more curious Persons.

The LIFE of TERENCE. xxix

It is said by several, that he died very poor ; but however his Daughter (the only Child he left) after his decease was marry'd to a *Roman Knight* ; to whom he left a House and a Garden of Six Acres, which was situated under the *Appian-Way*, nigh that place call'd *Villa-Martis*.

E R-

ERRATA.

PAg. 4. l. 24. for *Glycerie*, read *Glycerie*. p. 46. l. 28. f. *last*, r. *least*. p. 51. l. 3. f. *Scene, the Street before Simo's Door*, r. *Scene, the Street before Thais's Door*. p. 53. l. 26. f. *Phe*, r. *Par*. p. 115. l. 12. f. *See*, r. *Fee*. p. 157. l. 6. 7. f. *he's less concern'd at the Scolding and Suspensions of a jealous Wife than a fond Parent is for a Child upon the like occasion*, r. *y' had better be where an angry Wife says and thinks ye to be, than where a fond Parent does*. p. 163. l. 11. f. *Par. to Sannio*, r. *to Sannio*. p. 174. l. 5. f. [*Aside to Demea*, r. [*Aside*.]— *to Demea*. p. 197. l. 12. *After (I'll make these Scoundrels my own)* r. *Enter Eschine*. p. 209. l. 7. f. *See*, r. *Fee*. p. 213. l. 32. f. *trusted*, r. *trus'd*. p. 227. l. 16. f. *both*, r. *each*. p. 229. l. 2. r. *Exit Dorio*. p. 284. l. 18. f. *Lach*. r. *Pam*. p. 296. l. 4. f. *Exeunt Parmeno*, r. *Exeunt Pamphilus*. *The rest of the Faults, the Reader may easily find out himself; however they can lead him to no great Mistakes.*

T H E

Fair Andrian.

A

COMEDY,

Acted at the Feast of *Cybele*,

W H E N

M. Fulvius }
and } were *Curule Edils*,
M. Glabrio }

By the Company of { *L. Ambivius Turpio*,
and
L. Attilius of Preneste.

Flaccus made free by *Claudius*, compos'd the
Musick, which was perform'd on two equal Flutes,
the one Right-handed, and the other Left-handed.

It was taken wholly from the *Greek* and Acted,

Under the Consulship of { *M. Marcellus*.
and
C. Sulpicius.

A. V. C. 587. before Christ. 162,

Fair Andrian

COMEDY.

Adapted to the French Comedy.

in

M. Pichard

and

M. Glavin

in

M. Pichard

M. Pichard made his first appearance

in the French Comedy

the one of the most successful

of the French Comedy

of the French Comedy

of the French Comedy

of the French Comedy

of the French Comedy

of the French Comedy

of the French Comedy

of the French Comedy

of the French Comedy

Billings Postoffice.

The Billings Postoffice is situated on the Northern Pacific Railroad, about 10 miles from the city of Billings, Montana. It is a second class office, and is one of the most important in the territory. The office is under the management of the Postmaster, who is assisted by a few clerks. The office is open from 8 o'clock in the morning until 6 o'clock in the evening, and is closed on Sundays and holidays. The office is a very comfortable and convenient place for the public to transact their business.

The Billings Postoffice is a very important office in the territory. It is one of the most important in the territory, and is a very convenient place for the public to transact their business. The office is under the management of the Postmaster, who is assisted by a few clerks. The office is open from 8 o'clock in the morning until 6 o'clock in the evening, and is closed on Sundays and holidays. The office is a very comfortable and convenient place for the public to transact their business.

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Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

- Simo, { *An Old rich Merchant of Athens ; very kind and indulgent to his Son, but otherwise of a Disposition somewhat peevish.*
- Chremes, { *His Friend and Neighbour, Father to Philumena ; of an easie, pliant Temper.*
- Pamphilus, { *Simo's Son ; very civil, courteous and obedient ; but passionately in Love with Glycerie.*
- Charine, { *A Young Gentleman his Friend ; in Love with Chremes's Daughter Philumena.*
- Socia, *Simo's Steward.*
- Dromo, *His Footman.*
- Davus, { *Servant to Pamphilus ; a saucy, cunning, intriguing Fellow, always helping his Master out in his Amours, and putting Tricks upon Simo.*
- Byrrhie, *Servant to Charine.*
- Crito, { *A Stranger of the Isle of Andro ; an honest downright Country Fellow.*

W O M E N.

- Glycerie, { *The Fair Andrian ; debauch'd and kept by Pamphilus.*
- Myfis, *Her Maid ; very faithful and careful.*
- Lesbia, *An old Soaking Midwife.*

M U T E S.

- Archillis, *Glycerie's Nurse.*
Servants to Simo, Attendants, &c.

Scene, A T H E N S.

The TIME about Seven or Eight Hours.

I

T H E

Fair Andrian.

A C T I.

SCENE, *The Street before Simo's Door.*

TIME, *The Forenoon.*

Enter Simo, Socia, and other of Simo's Servants, with Provisions, and Things, as from the Market.

Simo to the Servants. **A**WAY with those things there, and be gone.— But do you stay, *Socia*; I've something to say to you. *[Exeunt Servants.]*

Soc. I understand ye, Sir: You'd ha' Care taken of these things I suppose.

Sim. Quite another Business.

Soc. Can my poor Skill be further Serviceable to you?

Sim. Nay, there's no need of that Skill of yours i' th' case: Be but as Faithful and Secret as ye us'd to be, and the business is done.

Soc. I wait your Pleasure, Sir.

Sim. I'm sure you can't but know what a fair and easie Master I ha' been t'ye e're since I bought ye of a Child, and in requital of your good Services, I gave ye your Freedom, the most that I cou'd do for ye.

Soc. Sir, I'm not forgetful of it.

Sim. Nor do I repent it.

Soc. I'm very glad, Sir, to find ye pleas'd with any thing I ever did, or can do; and am much oblig'd to ye for your good Opinion of me. But with Submission, Sir, this somewhat troubles me: for such a reminding a Man of a Benefit seems to intimate as if he was insensible of it.—But in one Word, Sir, What can I serve you in?

Sim. I'll tell you: i'the first place you are to understand, that the Business of the Wedding is all sham.

Soc. Why de'e put it upo'th' World then?

Sim. I'll tell ye the whole Mystery of it, and give ye such a light into my Son's Conversation and my Designs, that you'll immediately see what part you are to act in this Business.—When I first took him from School, *Socia*, I left him a little to himself, to try which way his Genius wou'd lead him: which was hard to know for certain, or indeed tolerably to guess at, whilst he was a Boy, under the Awe of a Rod and Master.

Soc. Right, Sir.

Sim. You know 'tis a common thing for most young Men to give up themselves wholly either to Horses, Hounds, Books, or the like: Now he was not over fond of any of these, though he was in at all. This I liked well.

Soc. Y' had reason, Sir: *For not to be too much addicted to any one thing*, I take to be the most excellent Rule of Life.

Sim. Then for his Conversation *Socia*: He was never uneasie upon any occasion, nor wou'd he ever spoil Company, but clos'd with all Humours, never thwarting others, nor assuming too much to himself. And I think this was the way to get Reputation and Friends without Envy.

Soc. He took a wise Course: For as the World goes now, *Complaisance goes currant, when Plain-dealing will not pass.*

Sim. In this Interim, there comes a Woman about three Years ago from *Andro*, who takes Lodgings in our Neighbourhood, forced hither by the scantiness of her own Fortune, and the neglect of her Relations: But she was a fine Woman indeed, and in the very Flower of her Age.

Soc. Ah Sir! I fear this same *fine Woman* bodes us no good.

Sim. At first indeed she lived a very honest, thrifty, and laborious sort of a Life, earning her Bread at her Fingers Ends. But afterwards, when the Love-business came on, and the

the Golden Promises from this and t'other, (as People had rather follow their Pleasures than their Work) she accepts of their Offers, and immediately sets up the *Trade*. Some of her Gallants, as the Devil wou'd have it, carried my Boy along with 'em for Company's sake. Then said I to my self, *the Fool's noo'd, he's smitten*. So I made it my business i'the Morning to watch the Lacky's going and coming, and wou'd ask 'em now and then, *Hark ye good Boy, tell me ye little Rogue to whose turn fell Chrysis last Night?* For you must know that was the Name she went by.

Soc. Very well, Sir.

Sim. They'd tell me, *Pbedrus, Clinie, or Niceratus* perhaps, (for those were all in with her) Ay, *But my good Lads, What did Pamphilus? What did he?* (they'd cry) *Why? he only eat with 'em, and paid his Club.* This pleas'd me to the very Soul. So I fell to pumping 'em another time, but not one Word that *Pamphilus* had ever been dabling. This I thought a sufficient Tryal, and a considerable Instance of his Vertue. For he that has to do with such sort of Cattle, and comes off clear, you may safely trust him with the Management of himself. When others saw how I relish'd it, they fell in one and all, and said a hundred fine things, I warrant ye, what a *Blessed Father, I was to have such a towardsly Son.*— In one Word, the Reputation of it wrought so upon my Neighbour *Chremes*, that nothing would serve him, but a Match between my Son and his Daughter, with a good Portion over and above too. The Proposal took, we both agreed upon't, and this was t'have been the Wedding-day.

Soc. Very good, And what Obstruction now?

Sim. I'll tell ye.— In a very very few days whilst this was doing, *Chrysis* dies—

Soc. In a good Hour, Sir. We are all made then. To be free with ye, I did n't like this same *Chrysis*.

Sim. My Son you must know, and the humble Servants of *Chrysis* were together, and together took care of the Funeral: He was really sad, and now and then dropt a Tear, which I did n't dislike. For thought I, *He that is so much moved, and upon such slender acquaintance, What if she had been his own Mistress? How wou'd he take on if I should die?* All this I look'd upon to be the Effects of good Nature, and a sweet Temper. — To conclude, I my self to humour

him went also to the Funeral without suspecting any thing.

Soc. How Sir! And what then?

[*Fearfully.*]

Sim. I'll tell ye.— The Body is brought out, the Company moves, and amongst the Women 'twas my Fortune to to cast my Eye upon a young Creature, with a Face—

Soc. Good enough perhaps.

Sim. Ay *Socia*, and an Air so modest, so pretty, nothing could be more charming.— Now finding this Woman so much more concern'd than the rest, and her Behaviour much more genteel and graceful than any there; I went and whisper'd to the Servants to know who she was. They told me, *The dead Person's Sister.* That Word struck me to the very Heart. Well, well (thought I) *the whole Business is unravell'd, and the Tears and the Whinings are no longer a Mystery.*

Soc. I'm in such a Fright to know how this Business will come off.

Sim. Well: the Funeral marches, we follow, come to the place where the Body was to be laid, put it into the Fire, and give her a Tear. Mean time, the *Sister* I told ye of, runs like a Mad-woman up to the Fire, and truly almost into't. At which *Pamphilus* in a great fright discovers that Love which he had so well dissembled, and concealed before, runs to her, takes her in his Arms: *My dear Clycerie*, says he, *What d'e'e do? Would ye destroy your self?* With that all in Tears she flings her self upon him, and with so much tenderness too, that you might easily perceive 'twas n't the first time of their acquaintance.

Soc. Ah! How's this Sir?

[*In a maze.*]

Sim. Away go I very moody, and dissatisfy'd, but not enough to make a Wrangle on't. For if I had chid him, he'd ha' said, *Pray Sir, What have I done? What have I deserv'd Sir? What's my Fault Sir? A foolish Woman would ha' burnt her self, I binder'd her, and sav'd her Life it may be.* This is as fair a Plea as can be.

Soc. You've Reason, Sir: For had you blam'd him for saving her out of the Flames, what wou'd ye ha' done if he had thrown her in?

Sim. Next day comes my Neighbour *Chremes* storming like a Mad-man, *That there was Roguery i'th Case, and that most certainly Pamphilus, and this Woman were engaged together.*

ther. I deny'd it, he affirm'd it, and in fine, went his way in a Pet, as if he wou'd break off the Match with his Daughter.

Soc. And did n't ye School your Son upon this?

Sim. No, no: 'twas n't enough yet to pick a Quarrel at.

Soc. How so I beseech ye?

Sim. He might have said: *You, Sir, are now putting a stop to all my Pleasures of this nature: Shortly I must be married, and live after another's Humour, mean time, pray Sir, let me live a little after my own.*—

Soc. Well Sir! If this won't do, What can you possibly find to chide him for?

Sim. Why, if he refuses to marry upon the account of his Miss, that Business must be laid home to him first. Now my design is by means of this Mock-wedding to find a just Cause of being angry, if he shou'dn't agree to't: And that if the Rogue *Davus* has any Trick in his Head, he may put it off if he can; I a'nt like to be his Chapman: Tho' I know he'll be at it tooth and nail, and more to plague me perhaps, than to pleasure my Son.

Soc. What makes ye think so?

Sim. De'e ask that Question? Ever while ye live, *What's bred i'the Bone will ne're out o'the Flesh.* But if I find him tampering, I'll——. In short, put the Case that *Pamphilus* shou'dn't boggle (as I heartily wish he wou'dn't) then *Chremes* is only to be sweetned, and I hope 'twill do. Now the part you're to act is to countenance the Marriage, mortifie *Davus*, watch the Boy, and be a Spy upon their Councils.

Soc. Enough Sir, I'll take care of all.— Now I suppose we may retire Sir.

Sim. Go, I'll follow ye presently.

Exit Socia.

Simo walks about studying.

My Life on't, this Boy o'mine has no stomach to a Wife: For if he had, *Davus* wou'dn't ha' been so startl'd at the Talk of a Match in hand.— But hold ye! Yonder he comes.

Enter Davus at another part of the Stage, not seeing Simo.

Dav. to himself. I should ha' wonder'd if this Business had gone off so: and that fleeing Sweetness of my Master I didn't like.

like. For when he heard the Watch was breaking, he stood with his Finger in his Mouth, and never so much as grumbled at it.—

Sim. overbearing.] But Sirrah! Now he will, you shall see, and make ye smoke for't too. *[Aside.]*

Dav. to himself.] I'll warrant ye his Business was to owl us into a Fool's Paradise, and i'th' midst of all our hopes t'have taken us napping, before we could bethink our selves of spoiling the Job. A cunning old Fellow!

Sim. listening.] This Rogue! What says he? *[Aside.]*

Dav. discovering Simo] 'S Life my Master's upo' th' Back o'me, and I ne're dream'd of him. *[Softly.]*

Sim. Davus!

Dav. seeming not to know him.] Umph! Who's that?

Sim. Here Sir, this way.

Dav. What would this old Fellow have? *[Softly.]*

Sim. partly bearing.] De'e mutter Sirrah?

Dav. Who I Sir?

Sim. And ask Questions too?— Sirrah 'tis the Town-talk that my Son keeps a Mifs.

Dav. The Town's much concern'd I warrant for what our Pam does. *[Aside.]*

Sim. Rascal! De'e mind what I say or no? *[Angrily.]*

Dav. O yes Sir, very much.

Sim. I should be look'd upon as a hard Father I know, for peeping into his Intrigues.— For what's gone and past I regard not much; for he had Liberty his Belly full, so long as 'twas fit for me to give it, or him to take it. But now the Case is alter'd, and new Circumstances call for new Measures and new Manners; and therefore I require you, or if 'twere decent, let me intreat ye good Davus, that my Son take up and mend.

Dav. Sir I'm i'th' dark all this while.

Sim. Your Wenchers you know are sick at the Name of Wife and Matrimony—

Dav. Ay Sir, so they say indeed.

Sim. — Then if any such has got a Tutor of his own Kidney, he shall be sure to be ply'd o'the weak side.

Dav. Really Sir, I don't understand ye.

Sim. No? That's strange. *[Angrily.]*

Dav. Why Sir, I'm plain Davus still, no Conjurer.

Sim.

Sim. Then you'd ha' the rest o'my Mind in Words at length.

Dav. Yes Sir, to chuse.

Sim. Look ye Sirrah ! If I catch ye in any of your Roguy Legerdemain tricks to hinder this Match, or that ye have a Mind to shew how *shrewd* you are at Plotting : I'll ha' your Skin stript o're your Ears, and you sent to *Bridewel* Sirrah ! there to lie and rot, upon this Condition, and by this token, that when e're I take you out, I'll give you leave to put me in.— What does your Rogueship understand me now ? Han't I spoke plain enough yet ?

Dav. Ay *shrewdly*. 'Tis the very thing it self without going about.

Sim. Well Sirrah ! Trick me in any thing but this.

Dav. Gently, gently, Sir, I beseech ye. [*Feeringly*.

Sim. Rascal de'e laugh at me too ? But I know ye well enough, and remember what I tell ye ; don't act Hand over Head, and pretend ye hadn't fair play shown ye.— Take this for a Warning. [*Exit Simo.*

Davus alone.

Why seriously poor *Davy*, 'tis high time to bestir thy stumps, and to leave off dozing ; at least if a body may guess at the old Man's meaning by his Mumping. If those Brains don't help me out at a dead list, to pot goes *Pilgarlick*, or his Master for certain.— [*He studies.*] And hang me for a Dog, if I know which side to take, whether to help my young Master, or make fair with his Father.— Should I leave the Son, the poor Rogue may hang himself for ought I know ; and if I help him, I dread an old Fox whom the Devil can't outwit.— In the first place he has certainly smelt out his Son's haunts, then he suspects and keeps a deadly narrow Eye o're me, lest I shou'd play fast and loose with him in this Business. If he smokes it I'm no Man of this World ; or if the Toy takes him i'the Head, right or wrong he'll find an occasion to have me into Lobs-pound in a trice.— Besides all this, here's another piece of damn'd Luck, this same *Glycerie* (whether Wife or Miss I can't tell) is undoubtedly with Child by my Master ; and troth 'tis the pleasantest thing in the World, to tell their Adventure ; for it looks more like a Romance than an Amour. Whatsoe're God sends
'em

'em they're resolv'd to bring it up. And now they've contriv'd to sham the Mother upon the World for a *Citizen of Athens*. Now (say they) *once upon a time there was a certain old Man, a Merchant of our Town, who was cast away upon the Isle of Andro: He dying there did Chrysis's Father take this young Orphan cast ashore, and bring her up. 'Tis all stuff. O' my Conscience it sounds like a Lye; but however the Story takes hugely with them.*——

[*Myfis appears at Glycerie's Door.*] But hold! here comes her Girl *Myfis*.—— I'll ev'n go to the *Change*, and hunt up my Master *Pamphilus*, his Father else will go nigh to surprize him before he has his Lesson.

[*Exit. Davus.*

As Myfis Enters upon the Stage, Archillis comes to the Door.

[*Myf. to Archillis.*] Yes, Yes: I understand ye *Archillis* without all this noise: You'd ha' me go for *Lesbia* by all means. But upon my word she's a true Toper, and a giddy Brain Creature, not fit to be trusted with a Woman's first Labour; But however I'll bring her.—— [*Archillis retires, and Myfis turns to the Spectators.*]—— Didn't ye see how eager this old Trot was to have her come, because they might fuddle their Noses together.—— Well! Heavens grant my poor Mistress a good Delivery, and that any body may miscarry under her Hands rather than she.——

Enter Pamphilus at a distance.

But what's here to do that Mr. *Pamphilus* is so strangely disordered?—— It makes me tremble to think what should be the Matter.—— There's Mischief a brewing, and I'll stay a little to see what comes on't.

[*She retires to one side of the Stage.*

[*Pamp. to himself.*] Was ever such a thing done or thought of yet by Man? Is this the part of a Father?

[*Myf.* What mischief's it? Wind now trow? [*Aside.*

[*Pam. to himself.*] If this ben't severity with a witness, before God and Man there's no such thing in nature.—— My Father it seems design'd t' have married me to day. One would ha' thought I might ha' known on't before. Or at least have had some notice of my own Wedding.

[*Myf.*

The Fair Andrian.

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Myf. Alas ! What's this I hear? [*Aside.*

Pam. to himself.] What means this *Cbremes* too? Who but lately declar'd against the Match. Has he chang'd his own Mind, because he saw I wouldn't change mine? Is he so resolutely bent to rend me from my dearest *Glycerie*? If it comes to that once, I'm ruin'd beyond Redemption.— Was there ever such an awkward and unlucky Fellow upon Earth as I? — O Heavens! Is there no way to shuffle off the Alliance with this *Cbremes*? How grossly have I been abus'd and trampled on? All things were agreed upon, every thing sign'd and seal'd; of a sudden I there *Cast-off* must be brought on again. But why? unless there's some damnable Roguery i'th' bottom on't, which I am very suspicious of. Now because this *Dowdy* lies upon her Father's Hands, and no body else will, I must. [*Scornfully.*

Myf. I vow these Words make my poor Heart go pit-a-pat.

[*Aside.*

Pam. to himself.] But what shall I say o'my Father all this while? Alas for him! That he shou'd so carelessly huddle up a thing of so great Consequence.— He told me upon the Change as he went by me ev'n now; *Pamphilus, You're to be married to day, go home presently, and make your self ready: Which sounded to me as if he had said, Go home presently, and hang your self.* It stunn'd me so, that I hadn't a Word to answer, nor the least Colour of excuse, tho' ne're so foolish, false, or extravagant. In short, I was Tongue-tied.— But if any body shou'd ask me now, *What would ye ha' done, supposing you had had timely notice on't?* Why sure I wou'd ha' done something not to have done this.— But as the Case now stands, Where shall I begin first? so many Difficulties cumber and distract my Soul at once: On this side Love, pity for that dear Creature, and my being urged to marry; on that side the Reverence due to my Father, who has hitherto indulg'd me in all that Heart cou'd wish, and shall I turn Rebel at last?— I'm very unhappy, and which side to take to I know not.

Myf. coming nearer.] Alas ! How I dread as much which side he'll take to! But now 'tis absolutely necessary for him to speak with her, or for me to tell him something about her. For when the Mind's upo' the Ballance, the least thing i'the World turns the Scale.

[*Aside.*

Pam.

Pam. What Voice is that? — Is't you *Myfis*? In good time.

Myf. O Mr. *Pamphilus*, well met.

Pam. How does your Mistress?

Myf. She Sir? Why she's just now in her Labour: then it goes the harder with the poor Creature, because she hears this is to be your Wedding-day; but worst of all for fear you shou'd leave her at last.

Pam. Oh hideous! Can I entertain such a Thought? Shall I suffer an unfortunate Gentlewoman to be ruin'd for my Pleasure, who put her Life and Honour into my hands? One that I've lov'd with the Fondness and Tenderness of a Husband? Shall I expose so much Modesty and Vertue to the Temptation of so strong a Necessity? No, no: it must never be.

Myf. That is to say if you cou'd help it; but I'm afraid you can't stand the Brunt of your Father.

Pam. But can ye think me such a Scoundrel? So ungrateful? So inhumane? Nay and so brutal too? That neither Friendship, Love or Honour can make or keep me honest?

Myf. This I can assure ye Sir, you do her great wrong if you forget her.

Pam. Forget her, say ye? — O *Myfis*, *Myfis*! What *Chrysis* spake to me about her Sister is to this day engraven on my Heart, she was just dying, I remember, when she called; I went to her, you among ye withdrew, we alone, she thus began. My *Pamphilus*! you see the Youth and Beauty of this poor Girl; I needn't tell ye how little these signifie either to the security of her Vertue, or Fortune. — Now by this Hand of yours, and your natural Goodness I beg of ye: I adjure ye by the Faith ye've given this poor Creature, and by her solitary Condition, to be true to her, and never forsake her. — If ye've ever been to me as my own Brother, if you're the Man in the World whom she ever most esteem'd, if she never deny'd ye any thing, that she cou'd grant ye: I now bequeath ye to her for a Husband, a Friend, a Guardian, and a Father too. I leave ye also Master of my Fortune to do with it as ye please. — With these Words she joyn'd our Hands, and in the very Action died. I receiv'd her, and am resolv'd to keep her.

Myf.

The Fair Andrian.

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Myf. Indeed, Sir, I hope so.

Pam. But why from your Mistress at this time?

Myf. I'm going for a Midwife.

Pam. Prithce make haste then. — [*She is going off.*]

But hark ye: not a Word o'th' Wedding to her; for fear it shou'd make her the worse.

Myf. I understand ye.

Exeunt severally.

End of the First Act.

A C T II.

Charine attended by Byrrhie.

Cha. *As they enter.*] — **H**OW's this Byrrhie? Is she to be married to Mr. Pamphilus to day? Hah!

Byr. Neither better nor worse.

Cha. How know ye that?

Byr. I had it of Davus at the Change.

Cha. Unlucky Creature that I am! Here's some Life in a Man as long as he lies hovering betwixt hope and fear, but when he comes to despond once, he sinks a main, and his Heart's as heavy as a lump of Lead. — — —

Byr. For Goodness sake, Sir, be but so much a Philosopher, as if ye can't have what ye wou'd, content your self with what you may.

Cha. Nay, there's nothing I'd have, but my dear *Philomena*.

Byr. Ah, Sir, Were it not much better to try if ye can put that Love out of your Head, than to indulge your Passion thus, stand blowing o'the Cole, and to no purpose neither.

Cha. 'Tis an easier Matter to give Council than to take it, and if you had my Distemper, you'd say so.

Byr. Well, well, Sir! what ye please for that.

Cha.

The Fair Andrian.

Enter Pamphilus at a distance.

Cha. But stay a little, I see Mr. *Pamphilus* yonder. Since my Life's at stake, I'm resolv'd to make a Bolt or a Shaft on't.

Byr. What Whim takes my Master now? [*Aside.*

Cha. Why I will so beg, and beg of him, and tell him such a dismal Story of my Love, that I fancy he may be prevail'd upon to put off the Wedding for two or three days; mean time something may happen.

Byr. And that something is just nothing at all. [*Aside.*

Cha. What think ye *Byrrbie* had I best go to him or no?

Byr. By all means, Sir, tho' to no other purpose than to make him believe you'll Cuckold him, if he marries her.

Cha. Go hang your self, ye suspicious Cur.

Pam. *coming nearer.*] O here's Mr. *Charine*.—— Your Servant Sir.

Cha. Oh, Sir, the very Man I wanted! —— For if you don't keep up my Heart, protect, assist and advise me, I'm undone.

Pam. Troth Sir, you've found me but in a sorry Condition either to assist or advise ye.—— But pray Sir, tell me what you'd have.

Cha. Arn't you to be married to day, Sir?

Pam. 'Tis so reported.

Cha. If ye do, Sir, you've seen your last of me.

Pam. Why so, Sir?

Cha. Alas, Sir, I daren't tell ye.—— Prethee *Byrrbie*, do you tell him.

Byr. I will, Sir.

Pam. *to Byrrbie.*] Well, What's the Business?

Byr. He's only in love with your Spouse, that's all, Sir.

Pam. Truly we arn't both of a Mind.—— But pray be plain with me. Is there no nearer Ingagement between you and her?

Cha. Ah, Sir, none at all.

Pam. O my Soul I wish there were.

Cha. Now as you've any Love or Friendship for me, I do adjure ye not to marry her; ——

Pam. Sir, I'll do my best i'th' Case.

Cha.

The Fair Andrian.

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Cha. — But if ye can't avoid it, or if the Wedding be so much to your Heart's desire, —

Pam. My Heart's desire? [*Angrily.*]

Cha. — At least put it off a day or two longer, that I may get out of the way.

Pam. But hear me a little *Mr. Charine*. This is all to the Tune of, *I thank ye for nothing*. For I'll assure ye I'm more against the Match than you are for't.

Cha. That Word has brought me to Life again.

Pam. Now if there be any thing to be done between you and your Man *Byrrhie*, fall to work upon't, lye, contrive, do but order the Matter so that she may be your's; and let me alone to see she shall never be mine.

Cha. Enough, Sir.

Pam. *seeing Davus affar off.*] But yonder comes *Davus* in the lucky Minute, whose Advice I rely upon.

Cha. *to Byrrhie.*] Ay *Davus* — but you, *Sirrah*, are good for nothing, but to tell me what I shall be never the better for. — In short, out of my sight.

Byr. With all my Heart Sir.

[*Runs out.*]

Enter Davus at a distance, looking about him.

Dav. *to himself.*] In the Name of Goodness! What a World of good News do I bring? — But where's our *Pam.* now? For I've that to tell him which will rid him of his present Fears, and make his Heart leap in his Belly. —

Cha. There's something pleases him, if a Body knew what it were.

Pam. There's nothing in't; the Fellow hasn't heard the Story of my Misfortunes.

Dav. *to himself.*] — I'll warrant, did he but know he was to be married to day, —

Cha. D'ye hear him Sir?

Dav. *to himself.*] — He'd post about the Town in a pitiful Condition after me. — But where the De'el shall I meet with him now? Or where shall I go to find him?

Cha. What not a Word to him?

Dav. *to himself.*] Well I'll be marching. [*Going off.*]

Pam. So-ho! *Davus*, stay.

C

Dav.

Dav. not knowing him.] What Fellow's that interrupts?
 — *[turning about]* O Lord! My Master *Pamphilus*! the
 Man I look'd for: — And Heyday! here's Mr. *Charine* too!
 rarely well met, for I've Business with ye both.

Pam. Ah *Davus*! quite ruin'd! —

Dav. interrupting.] But hear me first.

Pam. I'm a lost Man. —

Dav. I know your Grief.

[Hastily.]

Cha. And my Life's at Stake. —

Dav. turning to Charine.] That I know too.

Pam. I'm to be marry'd —

Dav. As if I didn't know that too.

[Angrily.]

Pam. But to day *Davus*.

Davus. Zookers! You've put me besides my Senses. I
 know all. — You're afraid ye shou'd marry her, *[to Pamphi-*
lus] — and you're afraid ye shou'd not. *To Charine.]*

Cha. } together, { Thou hast nick'd it.

Pam. } } Ay, the very same.

Dav. That *very same's* nothing by this Light, trust me Sir.

Pam. Prethee good Boy, without any more ado rid me
 from my Fears.

Dav. So I will Sir in a trice. *Imprimis*, Mr. *Chremes* parts
 with no Daughter to day.

Pam. How d'ye know that?

Dav. I know't well enough Sir — Your Father just now
 took me aside, and told me, *You must be marry'd to day*, with a
 long Story at the tail on't, not worth telling ye now. Upon
 this I ran full speed to the *Change* to acquaint you with't,
 where when I found ye not, I gets me up on high, there
 stares me round about, but no *Pamphilus* appears. By chance
 I espy'd *Byrrhie*, ask'd him if he had seen ye, but no tidings
 yet. This fretted my very Guts. To work goes my Nod-
 dle, to know what to do. Mean while on my return I be-
 gan to smell the whole Business out. *Ab, ha! there's not a*
Bit extraordinary for a Treat, the old Man out of Tune too. A
Wedding clapt up in a trice. These things don't hang well
 together.

Pam. Well, What of all this?

Dav. Away march'd me I to Neighbour *Chremes's*; when I got
 there, not a Creature stirring before Door did I see, which
 made me laugh in my sleeve.

Cha.

Cha. That's well.

Pam. On with your Story.

Dav. There staid I some time, but the De't a Person saw I going out or in, never an old *Governante* ; nor the least preparations or hurry in all the House.

Pam. I grant this is a good sign.

Dav. Do this look like a Wedding?

Pam. Indeed *Davus* I think not.

Dav. Marry come up with your *think not*s. — Ye know nothing I see, why 'tis as plain as Pack Staff. — As I was beating the Hoof homewards, who shou'd I meet but Mr: *Chreme's* Boy coming from the Market with a Bunch of Herbs and Three ha'perth of little little Fishes, for the old Man's Supper.

Cha. God-a-mercy *Davus*. This day hast thou set me upo' my Legs again.

Dav. What a plaguy Mistake you lie under?

Cha. Why so? You're a Master isn't like to have her.

Dav. Well done *Logick* ! As if there were ne're another Man ith' World, but your Worship and my Master. If ye don't look about ye, make Friends to the old Gentleman, and ply the Lady briskly, ye may snap short for all that tho.

Cha. Your Councel's good, I'll follow't. Tho' in troth my hopes have ofteen jilted me, and so farewell.

Exit Charine.

Pam. Prethee *Davus*, What do's my Father propose to himself? What makes him double thus?

Dav. I'll tell ye, Sir. If he shou'd take pet now that Mr. *Chremes* won't part with his Daughter, he cou'dn't but blame himself for't, and right enough too, till he finds how you stand affected to the Wedding. But if it go's off on your side, the blame will be laid all at your door; and there will be the Devil to do then.

Pam. What? Shall I truckle?

Dav. Why, Sir, he's your Father, and you'll have a hard task on't. Besides your Mistress has no body to stand by her, and upon the least occasion he'll quickly make the Town too hot for her.

Pam. Too hot for her?

[*Angrily and scornfully.*

Dav. In the turning of a Hand, Sir.

Pam. Prethee, honest Davus, What shall I do in this Case.

Dav. Why e'n tell him you'll have her.

Pam. Oh!

Dav. Why that Sigh now?

Pam. What tell him a thing so far from my Heart?

Dav. Why not I pray?

Pam. O Davus never, never——

Dav. Never deny't Man.

Pam. Don't put me upon't.

Dav. Consider well what will come on't.

Pam. Yes, that 'twill put me out of the one and in with the other.

Dav. No, no, you're wide.—— Now I fancy that your Father will say some such thing as this. *Come Son I must needs ha' ye marry to day. Withal my Heart, say you.*—— Well; And what can he quarrel at now? This will ruine all his Designs, and you in a whole Skin all this while. For 'tis as certain as certainly it self that Mr. Cbremes won't give ye his Daughter. So that you needn't break a Jot of your own Measures for fear of his altering his Mind. Do but tell your Father you'll marry, and let him be angry if he can. As for your flattering your self, *that no body else will part with his Daughter to one in your Circumstances*, I'll answer that in a Word, your Father will tie a Beggar Wench upon your Back rather than let ye whore o'this rate.—— Look ye, if he finds ye once indifferent; he'll sleep over it, and look ye out another no body knows when. In the mean time something may happen on our side.

Pam. Think ye so?

Dav. No doubt on't, I'll warrant ye.

Pam. Have a care where thou leadst me.

Dav. What will ye never ha' done?

Pam. Well I'll say as you'd have me. But you must take special care it don't come to my Father's Ear that I've a Child, and that I'm in for Maintenance.

Dav. O confident Devil.

Pam. Why she bound me upon my Oath to take care on't, as a Token I wou'd ne're forsake her.

Dav. Well, we'll take care on't.——

Enter Simo at a great distance.

Yonder comes your Father, put on your 'tother Face quick.

Sim. to himself.] These Blades are conferring Notes; I have a mind to see what they'd be at.

Dav. The good old Man takes it for granted, that you'll refuse to marry. He comes so cogitabund from some by corner or another; He questions not but he has that in his Head which will put ye to a confounded Nonplus.— Be sure to have all your Brains about ye.

Pam. I'll do what I can *Davus*.

Dav. Come Sir, tell him but you'll marry her, and if ever he opens his Mouth to ye again upon that Business, never believe *Davus*.

Enter Byrrhie at another part of the Stage, watching them.

Byr. to himself.] This Master o' mine has discharg'd me a while from all other Services, to make me a Spy upon Mr. Pamphilus's Designs about this Wedding. For this purpose have I dogg'd Father Greybeard upon the heel.— O here they are altogether.— Faith I'll play at Bo-peep here.

[Withdraws to the side of the Stage.]

Sim. coming nearer.] O here are the Gentlemen I want.

Dav. 'St! mind your Cue.

Sim. Pamphilus!

Dav. Softly.] Turn quick as tho' ye hadn't seen him.

Pam. Turning hastily about.] Hah my dear Father!

Dav. Excellent I' Faith.

[Aside to Pamphilus.]

Sim. I must ha' ye marry to day as I told ye.

Byr. Now I am plaguely afraid whither his Answer will be for us. *[Aside.]*

Pam. Sir, I shall be ready to obey ye in this and all other Commands.

Byr. Say ye so?

[Aside.]

Dav. The old Man's Mouth is stopp'd.

[Aside.]

Byr. What answer'd he?

[Aside.]

Sim. Why this is like a Son, when ye chearfully do as your Father wou'd ha' ye.

Dav. Will ye believe me another time? *[Aside to Pamphilus.]*

Byr. For ought I perceive, my poor Master may go whistle for a Wife. [Aside.]

Sim. Go in Pamphilus that you may be at hand, when you're wanted.

Pam. I'm going Sir.

Exit Pamphilus.

Byr. *coming from his covert.*] Is there no Faith in Man? Well I find the old Saying stands good, *Every Man for his own Ends.* I remember once I had a glimps of this Lass; 'Sbobs! a charming Creature! And Mr. Pamphilus is i'th' right on't; if he had rather lie by such a one himself than my Master shou'd.—I'll go tell him all; 'tis but venturing a few hard Words for a little hard News.

Exit Byrrhie.

Dav. Now this old *Mumpsimus* concludes I've got some notable Intreague in my Budget, and that I planted my self here upon the same account. [Aside.]

Sim. What says *Davus* to the World?

Dav. There's no News stirring Sir.

Sim. None say ye?

[Angrily.]

Dav. None at all, Sir.

Sim. Truly but I look'd for something tho.

Dav. He has lost his Aim I perceive, and that nettles him too. [Aside.]

Sim. Sirrah, Can ye speak without a Lye in your Mouth?

Dav. Most fluently Sir.

Sim. Come, Do'sn't this Match flick in my Son's Stomach, because of his Amours with the Stranger?

Dav. Why truly Sir no, — or were it so, that uneasiness wou'd off in a day or two's time, (D'ye understand me Sir?) then all would be well again. But now he has fairly taken the Point by the right handle.

Sim. I commend him for't.

Dav. Indeed when you wink'd at it, and his Age bore him out in't, he did wench a little, but then he did it secretly, and like a Man of Honour took care it shou'd be no Blot to his Scutcheon.—Now 'tis time to look out for a Wife, he has his thoughts wholly upon Matrimony.

Sim. Methought he look'd a little downish upon't tho.

Dav.

Dav. Not at all for that, but there's something else he didn't take so well at your hands.

Sim. What's that pray?

Dav. A meer trifle, Sir.

Sim. What is't, for a trifle?

Dav. Nay nothing at all to speak on.

Sim. Well, well, I must know what it is.

Dav. He says, *You're too sparing of your Purse.*

Sim. Who I?

[*Angrily.*

Dav. Yes, you Sir.—— For, says he, *my Father has laid out but Ten Groats for a Supper, And is that to be my Wedding Treat forsooth? Which of my Companions can I invite at such a time as this?* And under the Rose, Sir, I think you are a little too close fisted: I cou'd wish it were otherwise.

Sim. Leave your prating Sirrah.

Dav. I've stung him I see.

[*Aside.*

Sim. Let me alone to see that all be well.——

Exit Davus.

Simo alone.

What's the meaning of all this?—— What wou'd this old *Hocus* be at?—— If there be any piece of *Roguery* here on foot, I'll lay my Life he's chief Actor in't.

Exit after him.

The End of the Second Act.

A C T III.

Enter Myfis and Lesbia on one part of the Stage; on another Simo and Davus observing them.

Myf. **T**Ruly *Lesbia*, you're much ith' the right on't. A faithful Lover is a very great rarity.

Sim. This Maid belongs to the *Andrian*; What say you to't?

Dav. Yes Sir.

Myf. *to* Lesbia.] But this Mr. *Pamphilus*—

Sim. What says she?

[*Aside.*

Myf. — Has sign'd and seal'd over again ;—

Sim. So, so!

Dav. Wou'd the old Man's Ears were stopp'd, or her Tongue out for me.

[*Aside.*

Myf. — For whate're God sends her, he has order'd to be brought up.

Sim. Confusion ! What do I hear ? If what she says be true, all's past recovery.

Lesf. A sweet natur'd young Gentleman I'll warrant ye.

Myf. Oh a most sweet natur'd — But come along, for you'll be too late else.

Lesf. Well lets in then.

Exeunt Myfis and Lesbia.

Dav. How shall we recover our selves out of this Relapse.

[*Aside.*

Sim. *walking aside.*] What means all this ? — Is my Son so mad then ? And for a Stranger too ? — But hold ! now I see which way the Hare go's. — That I cou'dn't find it before, like a senseless Sot as I was.

[*Softly.*

Dav. *partly overhearing.*] What's that he has found out says he ?

Sim. Oh here begins the Rogues tricks ; they pretend a great Belly among 'em to beat off Mr. *Chremes* from the Match.

[*Aside.*

Glycerie within.] Oh! — Oh! — Help kind Heavens and free me from my Pains. — I beseech ye. Oh —

Sim. *softly.*] Ha, ha, ha, — so nimble ! a very good Jest ! After she heard of my being at the Door, she presently falls in Labour forsooth. — Your Farce wasn't well tim'd Mr.

Rogue.

[*to Davus.*

Dav. Meaning me Sir ?

Sim. Ah Sirrah, were your Actors out in their Parts ?

Dav. I don't understand ye Sir, in the least.

Sim. If this Rascal had serv'd me so in a Wedding in good earnest, here wou'd ha' been fine work with a Vengeance. But now he makes a Rod for his own Back ; for my part I'm out of harms way.

Enter

Enter Lesbia from Glycere's House, not seeing Simo and Davus.

Les. to Archillis at the Door.] For what's past, *Archillis*, and for a Woman in her Condition every thing is as well as a Body cou'd wish. In the first place let her be well bath'd; and then let her take the Dose I prescrib'd her to drink, and just the quantity. I shall be back again in a Minute.— [*Archillis retires, Lesbia speaks to her self.*] Heart o' my Body! *Pamphilus* has got a very pretty Boy.— I hope in Heaven he'll live to make as good a Man as his Father, who scorn'd to wrong this innocent Creature.

Exit Lesbia.

Sim. What Man alive that knew thee, wou'dn't swear that this was one of thy Rogues tricks?

Dav. What Rogues tricks, Sir?

Sim. Within doors there were no Orders given about the big-bellied Woman; but when she was once out, she sets up a bawling in the Streets to those within, that the whole Town might ring on't.— Why *Davus* am I to be made a Property; or what dost thou see in my Face, to think of making so palpable an Ass of me? If it had been a little more artificial, it wou'd ha' look'd like somewhat of Reverence for me, if I shou'd have found it out.

Dav. Faith the old Fool cheats himself, not I. [*Aside.*

Sim. Didn't I charge ye strictly? Nay didn't I threaten ye too? But what car'd you? 'Twas all but so much Breath lost. Can ye think me so mad, as to believe this Woman's brought to Bed?

Dav. Oh have I found out his Blind-side? I know my Cue then. [*Aside.*

Sim. Have ye never a Tongue in your Head Sirrah?

Dav. Why what wou'd ye believe? As if you hadn't an Item of this before-hand.

Sim. Who shou'd give me an Item?

Dav. Strange! Did you find out this Imposture, and your self too. [*Jeeringly.*

Sim. Very fine! I'm laugh'd at.

Dav. I'm sure 'twas told ye Sir; How shou'd you suspect it else?

Sim. How? 'cause I knew thee for a Rogue.

Dav. As much as to say I was the Contriver on't.

Sim

Sim. Nothing so certain. I know't.

Dav. Sir you're mightily mistaken in your Man; —

Sim. Mistaken in my Man!

Dav. For if I go about to speak a Word, you presently think that I put upon ye.

Sim. Belike I lye then :

Dav. Troth at this rate I dare scarce move my Lips to ye.

Sim. This I'm certain of, that there has been no Belly laid here.

Dav. Are ye very certain of't ? Yet for all that you'll have a Child laid at your door before you're aware on't. This, Sir, will certainly be, and remember that I told ye on't now, that if there shou'd happen any Roguery i'th' Case, it mightn't be laid to *Davus's* charge. I wou'd feign have ye believe better things of *Davus*.

Sim. But how d'ye know they'll trick a Child upon us?

Dav. I heard it, and believe it too. And there are a thousand Circumstances which make me be of that mind. For first the Gentlewoman cry'd she was with Child by your Son, which is found to be a meer sham. As soon as she heard of a Wedding on foot ; her Maid forsooth is posted away presently for the Widwife ; and for a Child over and above. But if it chance that you shou'dn't see the Child at your door, the Wedding may go on for all this.

Sim. How's this ? — As soon as ye heard of these Plots, Pray why cou'dn't *Pamphilus* ha' been acquainted withal ?

Dav. And who wast d'ye think but I that parted them ? For the whole Town knew that he was up to the Ears in Love. Now he has set his Mind upon a Wife. As for the Business of the Child, let me alone with that. Go on with the Wedding as you've begun, Heavens prosper it I say.

Sim. Very well ! — Now ye may go in, and wait there till I come, and get ready what's wanting.

Exit Davus.

Simo alone.

The Fellow wasn't very urgent upon me to believe his Stories ; and may be all he said wasn't true neither. Be it so or no, I care not a Straw : the main thing I stand upon is my Son's Promise. — Well I'll go see for my Neighbour *Cbremes*, and beg his Daughter ; then if I get her, I'll have a Wedding to day in spite of their Teeth. I don't question my

my Son's Promise at all. If he draws back, I can fairly force him to't now.—

Enter Chremes.

O here comes the Man in as good time as a body cou'd wish.— A good day to ye Neighbour *Chremes*.

Chr. O Sir, you're the Man I look'd for.

Sim. And I you.

Chr. You're well met, Sir, — there are those who told me they heard from your own Mouth, that this day your Son and my Daughter were to be married. Now I'm come to see whether you or they are well in your Wits.

Sim. Have a little patience, and you'll hear my Desires, and an Answer to your Question too.

Chr. Well Neighbour, lets hear't then.

Sim. I beg of ye for Heaven's sake, by our Friendship begun with our Childhood and increas'd with our Years: By your dear Daughter, and my only Son, (whose Welfare depends wholly upon you) to assist me in this weighty Point; and let the Match still go on, as we formerly design'd.

Chr. Pray Sir, no such Entreaties: As tho' I cou'dn't grant it without all this begging. D'ye think I'm not the same Man as when I made the first offer? If the Match be for both their goods, let 'em be sent for out of hand. But if more harm than good be like to come on't, I'd ha' ye consider Matters impartially, as tho' she were your Daughter, and *Pamphilus* my Son.

Sim. 'Tis upon such Conditions that I desire't, and press it so forward. Nor shou'd I ha' been so urgent, hadn't the Matter requir'd it.

Chr. As how I beseech ye?

Sim. O Sir, my Son and his Mistress are fallen out.

Chr. Meer Tales!

Sim. By this Light Neighbour 'tis true.

Chr. Yes Faith just as I tell ye, *Love's a meer Caterwaul, where scratching begets kissing.*

Sim. Therefore pray Sir let's prevent the worst now we've fair opportunity, whilst the edge of his Appetite is taken off by Affronts and Ill-usage. Let's give him a Wife before these wheadling Queens by their Tricks and false Tears soften his Love-sick Mind to pity. I hope, Sir, when he's once reclaim'd

claim'd by the pleasant Conversation of a vertuous Wife, he'll easily wind himself out of these Mischiefs.

Cbr. You're o'this Opinion, but I am not; they'll ne're endure to be long together, and I shall be as uneasie to see 'em so.

Sim. But how can you know't, till you've experienc'd it?

Cbr. 'Tis ill buying Experience at the Loss of my Daughter.

Sim. Why when the worst is come to the worst; if such a thing shou'd happen (which Heavens forbid) they can but part. But shou'd he once take up and mend, consider how many Advantages will happen. First I shall ha' my Son well settled, you an honest Son-in-Law, and your Daughter a good Husband.

Cbr. What's all this ado for? If you're fully perswaded that all will prove for the best, God forbid I shou'd be your hinderance in the least.

Sim. Indeed, Sir, I have always had a high esteem for ye.

Cbr. But to the purpose.

Sim. Well, Sir.

Cbr. How come ye to know that your Son and his Mistress are fallen out?

Sim. Why Sir, *Davus*, a Privy-Councillor of theirs told me so, and withal urg'd me to strike up the Match with all speed. And d'ye think he wou'd ha' don't, hadn't he known my Son was willing too.— Now I think on't, you shall hear't from his own Mouth.— [*to Servants within*] So ho! within there, bid *Davus* come hither.—

Enter Davus to them.

But see here he comes himself.

Dav. to Sim.] I was just coming to your, Sir.

Sim. Well, what's the Matter?

Dav. Why don't ye send for the Bride, Sir; it grows late. [*Fawningly.*]

Sim. to Chremes.] Look ye there now, d'ye hear him?— [*to Davus*] Well, *Davus*, Servants are slippery, and I had a fancy once that you were as likely to serve your Master a slippery trick as another body; especially in the Case of my Son's Amours.

Dav. Lord Sir! I do such a thing?

Sim.

Sim. I was once of that Opinion, and for fear of the worst kept something to my self which now I'll discover to ye.

Dav. And what may that be I pray Sir?

Sim. I'll tell ye, for I cou'd now find in my heart to trust thee.

Dav. I hope then you're satisfied in my Fidelity at last.

Sim. In short, there was nothing of Marriage i'th' Case.

Dav. How, Sir, no Marriage?

Sim. No, no, 'twas but a Contrivance to feel your Pulse.

Dav. Will ye tell me so?

Sim. Even just so *Davus*.

Dav. Why look ye Sir, I cou'd never comprehend this. Bless me! there's a damn'd reach in't. [*Feering*.

Sim. But hear me on now.— No sooner had I sent you in, whom shou'd I meet but my Neighbour here in the very nick?—

Dav. 'S death is't come to this then? [*Softly*.

Sim.— I up and told him, what you told me.—

Dav. [*softly*.] Confusion! What's this I hear?

Sim.— I begg'd his Daughter, and with much ado prevail'd.—

Dav. Undone, undone! [*Softly*.

Sim. [*partly bearing him*.] How? What say ye?

Dav. I said 'twas excellently well done.

Sim. As for Mr. Chremes he's ready.

Chr. Well I'll just step home, and put all things in order then I'll come back, and tell ye more of my Mind.

Exit Chremes.

Davus looks simply upon Simo.

Sim. Now Prethee *Davus*, seeing this is a Match wholly of thy making,——

Dav. 'Twas wholly of my making with a Pox to't. [*Aside*.

Sim.—— I'd ha' ye take my Son in hand and help to reclaim him.

Dav. Yes Sir, I'll do my best. [*Coldly*.

Sim. That's easily done now he's upo' th' peevish pin.

Dav. Well Sir, set your Heart at rest.

Sim. Do't then, but where's he now?

Dav. Ten to one he's at home.

Sim. Well I'll step in, and tell him just what I told you.

Exit Simo.

Davus

Davus alone.

So! I shall be hang'd.— I've no more to do, but strait to Prison go's poor Davus with a vengeance,— there's no crying Peccavi i'th' Case. I've turn'd all Topsey-turvey, impos'd upon the old Man, noos'd his Son into Matrimony; and brought a Business about, that the one never dream'd of, and the other was afraid of.— This 'tis to be super-subtle! Had I sate still, and not been tampering, all had been well enough.—

Enter Pamphilus at a distance.

But look now, as the Devil wou'd ha't, yonder he comes.— I'm damn'd already.— What wou'd I give for a convenient Precipice to dash my Brains out. [*He sneaks aside.*

Pam. *to himself.*] Where's the Villain that has undone me?

Dav. Heavens! what will become of me. [*Aside.*

Pam. *to himself.*] I must confess I'm well enough serv'd, like a senseless short-sighted Fop as I was. What venture my Life and Soul to the Secrecy of a prating Fool? I shall pay dearly for being a Blockhead; But as I live that Dog shan't carry it off so.

Dav. If I scape hanging this bout, I'll be sworn the Gallows will never have me. [*Aside.*

Pam. *to himself.*] What excuse shall I pretend to my Father? Shall I break off, when but just now I engag'd my self to marry — With what Face shall I dare to offer it?— I'm at a wretched Nonplus.—

Dav. *listening.*] And so am I in good Faith, tho' my Wits are on the Tenterhooks; yet I must pretend I've that in my Head will fetch him off clear again, tho' 'twere only to put off this plaguy Business a little longer. [*Aside.*

Pam. *seeing Davus.*] Hah! Are ye there?

Dav. 'S death he sees me. [*Softly, hanging his Head.*

Pam. Pray come hither good Mr. Rogue! What Excuse now?— Don't ye see, you Rascal, what a miserable Condition your damn'd Contrivances have brought me into?

[*Angrily.*

Dav. But I'll soon bring ye off again.

Pam. You bring me off again?

Dav. Yes Sir, without doubt.

Pam. Without doubt as ye did before.

[*Scornfully.*

Dav.

Dav. I hope Sir a little better too.

Pam. How can I credit such a Villain? Can you set a Matter entirely lost and desperate to rights again?— Very fine! What a rare Fellow have I rely'd upon? Who this day amidst a Calm has rais'd a Storm, and forc'd an odious Match upon me in spite of my teeth?— Didn't I tell you how 'twou'd be, you Rascal?

Dav. You did so, Sir.

Pam. What d'ye deserve for your Pains?

Dav. A Halter I must confels.— But pray, Sir, reprieve me, till I've recover'd my Senses a little. I'll soon see what's to be done i'th' Case.

Pam. I'm sorry I han't time to give ye your due. I have scarce enough to look to my self, much less to punish you.

Exeunt Ambo.

The End of the Third Act.

A C T IV.

Enter Charine by himself.

D I D ever any body believe, or but read of People so horribly base, as to take pleasure in the Miseries of others, and out of their Ruines to make their own Fortunes? — Ah is this true or no? Yes, yes; 'tis true with a vengeance. There are a brutal sort of Men that make some scruple of a down-right Refusal; but when the time of performance comes, they pluck the Mask aside with trembling Hand, forc'd to discover what they are, and give a flat Denial; then being past all shame they cry, *Pray who are you Sir? What are you to me Sir? Shall I resign my Mistress to you Sir?* Ob Sir, I'd ha' ye to know Charity always begins at home. If ye charge them with breach of Honour, they're not asham'd; they can blush when there's no reason for't; but when there is,

is, they shake Hands with their Modesty.—— What Measures shall I take?—— Shall I go to him, and reason the Case with him for this Affront?—— I'll give him ill Language enough.—— *Hold Sir* (may some say) *you'll be ne're the better for't.*—— Oh much; I shall certainly plague him to some purpose, and so ease my Mind a little that way.

He go's towards Simo's Door, where he's met by Pamphilus and Davus.

Pam. Ah dear Sir, I've most inconsiderately ruin'd you and my self too, except Heaven help us.

Cha. How! *Inconsiderately* d'ye call it? then ye arn't to seek for an excuse. You're a fine Man o'your World indeed.

[*Scornfully.*]

Pam. How so, Sir?

Cha. D'ye think to catch me a second time with your Flams?

Pam. What d'ye mean, Sir?

Cha. I no sooner told ye of my Passion for Madam *Philumena*, but you were strangely smitten with her.—— What a Wretch was I to judge of another's Generosity by my own?

Pam. You're still under a Mistake, Sir.

Cha. Were not your Joys compleat enough before without bubbling me the poor Cully, and drilling me on with phantastick Hopes.—— But there! take her for me. [*Very angrily.*]

Pam. I take her?—— Ah Sir, you can't conceive what troubles I lie under; and to what a miserable pass this Rascal o' mine has brought me by his damn'd Projects.

Cha. Where's the Wonder, since he took you for his Pattern.

Pam. I'm sure ye wou'dn't talk at this rate if ye knew either me, or my Circumstances.

Cha. [*Feeringly.*] Yes, yes: I know very well some words have pass'd between your Father and you; and that's the reason he's so very angry with ye; yet he couldn't force ye to marry to day.

Pam. Nay Sir, to let ye see how little ye know my troubles, there was no Wedding to be to day, nor any thing of a Wife design'd for me.

Cha. Yes Sir, I know 'twas a voluntary Compulsion.——

Pam.

Pam. But hold Sir, ye don't know the Business yet.

Cha. Yes so much on't, that you're just upon having her.

Pam. Why d'ye rack me thus? Do but hear.—He never gave over tampering with me to tell my Father I'd marry her: Nay he lay pressing and begging o' me, till in plain dealing I cou'd hold out no longer.

Cha. What *He* d'ye mean?

Pam. Why *Davus*, that *He*.

Cha. Who *Davus*?

Pam. 'Tis *Davus* all over.

Cha. How So?

Pam. Indeed I can't tell, unless the angry God's to punish me, made me give ear to that Rascal.

Cha. to *Dav.*] Is this true Sirrah?

Dav. Ay too true.

Cha. What say ye Villain? Hah! — the Gallows reward ye for't.— Now answer me; if all the Devils in Hell were muster'd together to force a Match upon him, cou'd they've given fitter advice than this?

Dav. I confess Sir, I have been a little out-witted, but yet I don't despair.

Cha. Very likely.

[*Jeeringly.*]

Dav. The last Nail wou'dn't go, but we'll drive one that shall; unless you fancy a bad Beginning always makes a bad Ending.

Pam. to *Dav.*] Right Boy; I know if you'll but set your Wits to work, you'll bring me two Weddings out of one.

[*Jeeringly*]

Dav. Sir, I'm bound, as your Servant, to trudge for ye Night and Day, with might and main, even to venture my Neck, as long as I can do you any good. For what happens cross you ought to pardon. Tho' my Measures were broke, yet I did my best; if you can find how to do't better, I'll be gone.

Pam. With all my heart.— But first put me in the Condition you found me.

Dav. I'll do't Sir.

Pam. But out of hand then.

Dav. Hold'S't! — *Glycerie's* Door opens there.

Pam. What's that to the purpose?

Dav. There must I make my Plot.

Pam. What's your Plot to seek ? Hah !

Dav. studying] But now I'dad I've hit on't.

Enter Myfis from Glycerie's House.

Myf. to Glycerie within.] Well ! this same *Pamphilus* of yours I'll go hunt him up, and bring him along with me, if he be above Ground.— But my dear don't you lie fretting your self in the mean time. *[She comes from the Door.]*

Pam. Oh *Myfis* !

Myf. What's the Matter ?— *[turning about]* Oh Mr. *Pamphilus* you're well met.

Pam. Why, what's the Matter.

Myf. I am to charm you from my Mistress, that if you have any Love for her, you'd come to her presently ; she says she longs strangely to see ye.

Pam. Alas, unhappy Man !— My Misfortunes come one upo' th' neck of another.— *[to Davus]* Must we two now be plagu'd upon your account ? I am sent for only because she heard of the Wedding.

Cha. pointing to Davus.] Hadn't this Gentleman been tampering, how well and quiet might all ha' been ?

Dav. Very well ! He's not mad enough himself, but you must make him worse. *[Aside to Charine.]*

Myf. to Pamphilus.] And truly, Sir, that's it which makes my poor Mistress take on so.

Pam. Myfis ! I swear to thee by all that's Sacred, I'll never leave this Creature tho' I shou'd lose all the Friends I have in the whole World for't. This is she I wish'd for ; and my Wishes are granted ; our Humours are well enough suited. He that offers to divide us I'll ha' nothing to do with him, Death, and nothing but Death shall do't.—

Myf. I'm reviv'd again.

Pam. The Oracle never spake a truer thing.— If the breaking off this Match cou'd be done by any body but me, I shou'd be glad on't, but if that can't be, I'll e'en make a bold push on't, and own the thing.— What think ye of me ? *[to Charine.]*

Eba. Just as deep i'th' Dirt, as I i'th' Mire.

Dav. My Brains are at work.

Cha. to Davus.] Thour't a bold *Britain*.

Pam. to Davus.] I know what you'd be at.

[Jeeringly.]
Dav.

The Fair Andrian.

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Dav. Depend upon me, I'll do your Business to your hand.

Pam. It must be presently then.

Dav. I ha't in my Head, Sir, I ha't.

Cha. What's that I prithee?

Dav. Your Pardon Sir, I'm working for my Master, not you; therefore don't mistake me.

Cha. Well I'm satisfied.

Pam. Well what will ye do now?

Dav. Come, come, I want time for my Business, and mustn't spend it in prating; to deal plainly with ye, you do but hinder me; and I had rather ha' your Room than your Company.

[Pushing them.]

Pam. Well I'll to my Mistress.

Exit Pamphilus.

Dav. *[staring on Charine.]* Well what's your Business here? Which way are you santring?

Cha. Shall I tell ye the very truth? —

Dav. *interrupting him.]* Yes, yes, Why not? — We shall have a Speech on't.

[Aside.]

Cha. Prethee what shall poor I do?

Dav. Very pleasant i'faith! Arn't ye content that I've put off the Wedding and repriv'd ye for one short day?

Cha. But yet *Davus* —

[Shaking his Head.]

Dav. *interrupting.]* What but yet?

Cha. That I may but marry her.

Dav. A pleasant Freak!

Cha. Order the Matter so that you may come to my House there if possible.

[Pointing to his House.]

Dav. What shou'd I come for I've no Business.

Cha. But if something shou'd happen —

Dav. *interrupting.]* Well, well, I'll come.

Cha. If there be any occasion I shall be at home.

Exit Charine.

Dav. *Myfis,* I must go out a little, do but you stay till I come back.

Myf. What for?

Dav. For a certain Reason that I know.

Myf. Prethee be quick then.

Dav. I'll be here in a trice.

Exit Davus.
Myfis

Myfis alone.

Is there nothing in this World that a Man can call his own? — Blessed Heaven? I took this Mr. *Pamphilus* to be the very Heart and Soul of my Mistress, a Friend, a Lover, and in effect a Husband, and all in one, and ready to serve her upon all occasions: And yet after all, what Miseries do's this unfortunate Woman endure for his sake? And how much greater is her present Trouble, than all her former Satisfaction.——

Enter Davus with Glycerie's Child in his Arms.

O here comes *Davus* again.—— Prethee good Boy what have we here?—— [*discovering the Child*] Where d'ye carry that Child?——

Dav. Now *Myfis* for one cast of thy Skill and Cunning at a pinch.

Myf. What Plot's next *Davus*?

Dav. Here, here take the Child quickly and lay it at our Door.

Myf. Prethee what on the cold Ground?

Dav. Can't ye take some of those Herbs there, and lay under it?

Myf. Well and why can't ye do't your self?

Dav. Why if my Master put me to swear whether I laid it there or no, I may do't with a safe Conscience.

Myf. I understand ye. But pray how came this sudden qualm upon you?—— Give me it then.

*{ She takes the Child
and moves towards
Simo's Door.*

Dav. Prethee go faster and be back again in a moment, that I may give ye your Lesson.——

Chremes appears a great distance.

But Oh the Devil!

Myf. [starting back.] What's the Matter now?

Dav. Yonder's the Bride's Father; and I must e'en go another way to work now. *[Aside.]*

Myf. I can't imagine what you'd have.

Dav.

Dav. I'll make, as if I came from that way there o'th' Right-hand.— Be sure put in a word or two upon occasion to make our Stories hang together.

Myf. 'O my Conscience I know your designs no more than a Post.— If I can do you any Service (which you know better than I) I'll stay where I am, without putting any stop to your Business.

As Chremes comes towards Myfis, Davus sneaks to the other side.

Chr. to himself. Every thing's ready now for my Daughter's Wedding, and we've nothing to do more but to invite the Guests.— [*seeing the Child at the door.*] But what have we here in the Name of Goodness?— [*Goes nearer, and uncovers the Child's Face.*] A Child upo' my Life.— Hark ye Gossip! Did you lay this Child here? [*to Myfis.*]

Myf. looking fearfully about. Hah! What's become of him?

Chr. What are ye Tongue-ty'd?

Myf. Alas! he's not to be seen.— O dear Heart, the Fellow has left me and is vanish'd.

Davus appears seemingly out of Breath, pretending he sees not Chremes, and bawls as loud as he can.

Dav. Bless me! What a Bustle's yonder i'th' Market!— There's a squabble indeed— then Corn is confoundedly dear.— Troth I ha' nothing else to say. [*softly.*]

Myf. to Davus. Prethee what must I be left alone for thus?

Dav. looking upon the Child. Heyday! What Farce is here?— [*turning to Myfis.*] Oh ho! Whence came this Bantling? Pray who brought it hither? [*He winks on her.*]

Myf. not understanding. What's the Fellow a Fool to ask me such a Question?

Dav. Who shou'd I ask? there's no body else here to ask.

Chr. I wonder whence it should come? [*Aside.*]

Dav. Come will ye give me an Answer or no? [*Angrily.*]

Myf. Oh Lord!

Dav. softly to her. To the Right-hand a little.

Myf. The Man is mop'd, wan't it your self?—

Dav. [*softly.*] If ye offer to speak one word from the Point, at your Peril be it. [*Holding up his Finger.*]

Myf. D'ye threaten me?

Dav. *aloud.*] Whence came this Child?— [*softly*] speak out Wench.

Myf. From our House.

Dav. *aloud.*] Ha, ha, ha, — 'tis no wonder if a Strumpet be so impudent.

Cbr. I'm mistaken if this ben't the *Andrian's* Maid. [*Aside.*]

Dav. Can ye find no body else to make sport with?

Cbr. I came i'th' very critical Minute. [*Aside.*]

Dav. You'd best make haste and be packing with the Child from the Door.— [*as she is about it, he speaks softly.*] But stay tho; see that ye don't budge from this place.

[*Holding up his Finger.*]

Myf. Shame take ye for me, ye do so fright me.

Dav. *aloud.*] Is't you I speak to or no?

Myf. Why what wou'd the Man have?

Dav. Have with a Pox? Come tell me whose Child you've laid there, once for all, tell me.

Myf. You don't know I warrant ye.

Dav. A Fig for *what I know*; do you tell me what I ask.

Myf. 'Tis yours among ye!

Dav. *aloud.*] Which of ours? All of us didn't get it.

Myf. Why 'tis Mr. *Pamphilus's*.

Dav. Zookers! What my Master *Pamphilus's* [*Very angrily.*]

Myf. Very fine! Why isn't it?

Cbr. I was always i'th' right to be against this Match. [*Aside.*]

Dav. *very loud.*] This is a Roguery deserves the Lath.

Myf. Why d'ye bawl so?

Dav. Why didn't I see this very Child brought to your House last Night?

Myf. Oh thou brazen Face!

Dav. I'm sure I saw Gammer *Cauthara* as big as she cou'd tumble with something she carried.

Myf. Well 'twas a Blessing, that many creditable Women were at my Mistress's Labour.

Dav.

Dav. I'm sure she did not know her Man for whom designed this Trick. I warrant said they, *when* Chremes sees the Child, he'll not part with his Daughter. But i'faith he'll do't the sooner for that.

Cbr. I'faith but he won't tho.

[*Aside.*

Dav. Now therefore in plain English, if ye don't take away the Bastard, I'll kick it into the middle of the Street, and take ye and set your A— in the Kennel.

Myf. You're either drunk or mad sure.

Dav. How one piece of Roguery brings on another? Now they begin to buz it about, that this *Glycerie* is a Citizen of Athens,——

Cbr. How?

[*Aside.*

Dav.—— So that the Law will make him marry her in spight of his teeth.

Myf. Under Favour sweet Sir, Is she not a Citizen?

Cbr. I had like to have fool'd fair, why I had almost noos'd my self.

[*Aside.*

Dav. Whose Tongue's that?— [*turning about to Chremes*] O Sir, you're come in the luckiest time that can be.—— Pray Sir hear me.——

Cbr. I've heard all.

Dav. How all?

Cbr. Why all from the beginning.

Dav. You've heard it then?— Fine Rogueries on foot! Now shou'dn't this same Jade be Carted?— [*to Myfis*] Don't think that poor *Davus* is the Man you play upon. Here's the Gentleman himself.

[*pointing to Chremes.*

Myf. Ah dear! Indeed Sir an't please your Worship, I han't spoke one word of a Lye.

Cbr. I know the whole Business.—— But is my Neighbour *Simo* within?

Dav. I think so Sir.

Exit Chremes.

Davus goes to play with Myfis.

Myf. Hands off Verlet! If I don't do your Errand to my Mistress, ne're trust me.

Dav. Oh thou silly Soul thou doesn't know how the Case stands.

Myf. How shou'd I?

Dav. Why this is the Bride's Father, and without all this, he couldn't ha' known what we'd have him.

Myf. Couldn't ye give me an Item before?

Dav. Plhaw! as if there were no difference between what nature do's briskly on a sudden, and what's done by dull Direction.

Enter at a distance Crito in a Country Habit.

Cri. to himself.] Why I was told that our *Chrysis* lived somewhere down this Lane. And she found there was more to be got by Jadery in the Town than Honesty in the Country. But now she's dead I'm Heir at Law to her Goods.— Where shall I ask about her? — O there are Folks.— [*go's up to them.*] By your leave I pray.

Myf. Goodnow, whose that? Isn't it old *Crito* Mrs. *Chrysis's* Kinsman?— The very same.

Cri. O *Myfis*! I'm glad to see thee.

Myf. And I you, good *Crito*.

Cri. And is it so with poor *Chrysis*, Hah? — [*Sorrowfully.*

Myf. Yes indeed; she has left us to our Sorrows. [*Sighing.*

Cri. Pray how do you do? — How go's the World? Pretty hoddy, Hah?

Myf. What we? — They that can't do as they would, must e'en do as they may, as the Saying is.

Cri. How do's young *Glycerie*? Has she found her Relations here?

Myf. Ah, would she had.

Cri. What not yet? — Then I've brought my Hogs to a fair Market. 'Sbud if I had known so much before-hand, the De'el a Foot would I ha' stirr'd out my House. For she pass'd with every body for *Chrysis's* Sister, and she's now in possession of what she had. Now for me that know no body to hamper my self in Law-Suits, there are Examples enough in the World to keep me from burning my Fingers. And, now I think on't, she may get some spruce Gallant to stand by her, for she was in the Teens, let me tell ye, when she went from us, the People will cry out, *This is a beggarly Rascal that sets up only a forg'd Title.* And then a body would make some Conscience too of turning the poor Girl a begging.

Myf. Go thy ways honest *Crito* int'roth; thou'rt the same *Crito* still.

Cri.

Cri. Come bring me to her however ; since I'm come so far, I'll see the poor Rogue.

Myf. With all my heart.

Exeunt Crito and Myfis with the Child.

Dav. looking carefully about. I'll follow 'em, but wouldn't for the World that the old Man shou'd see me this bout.

Exit after them.

End of the Fourth Act.

A C T V.

Chremes and Simo.

Chr. entering.] **C**OME Mr. *Simo* you've had proof enough in all Conscience of my Friendship to ye ; and I've run risque enough for you : Therefore pray let us have no more of these Importunities. I ha' comply'd with ye now so long, that I was within a very little of undoing my Daughter.

Sim. Nay Sir, I must more and more intreat you and adjure ye, that you'd make good all your Promises with the Effects.

Chr. But pray see Sir, how unreasonable your Passion makes ye. For as long as you can obtain your own Ends, you don't regard common Civility, nor well consider what you'd have your self. If ye did, I'm sure you wouldn't desire to serve me after this rate.

Sim. After what rate pray ?

Chr. Ah Sir, d'ye ask that Question ? You've put me upon marrying my Daughter to a wild Spark o'th' Town, that's preingag'd and a *Marriage-Hater*, to have 'em always wrangling, and forc'd to part in a Fortnight's time ; thus my Daughter's to be mortify'd ; and your Son t'have the Benefit of it. I promis'd ye, and began to perform with ye, whilst

whilst the Matter would bare it; and since 'twill bear no longer, ye must ha' Patience. His Mistress they say is a free Citizen, and there's a Child got between 'em; therefore pray don't give us any further disturbance.

Sim. For Goodness sake, Sir, don't trouble your Head with such idle Stories. I tell ye 'tis their chief Interest to make him as bad as they can; this is all a Trick from one end to the other to break off the Match; now do but take away the Cause of this, and the Effect ceases of it self.

Chr. You're out indeed Sir; for I just now saw her Maid and *Davus* quarrelling about it.

Sim. I know the trick.

Chr. Nay they were in earnest, for they little thought of my seeing 'em.

Sim. That I believe too, for I had an Item of this Stratagem from *Davus*; and I thought 't have given ye a hint on't, but something put it out of my Head.

Enter Davus just appearing at Glycerie's Door.

Dav. to them within.] — 'Tis my Royal Will and Pleasure, that no Grief come within these Walls to day——

Chr. Look ye, yonder's your Man *Davus*.

Sim. Whence comes the Rogue? *[In a fret.]*

Dav. to them within.] Let her rely upon my Worship and this honest Stranger.——

Sim. listening.] What's there now a brewing. *[Aside.]*

Dav. coming from the Door.] Well, for the Man, the nick of Time, and the Encounter, take 'em all together, never was any thing so pat to our purpose. *[Aside.]*

Sim. partly overhearing.] Ah damn'd Rogue! Who do's he commend so? *[Aside.]*

Dav. to himself.] Now Devil do thy worst; we are as safe as a Thief in a Mill.

Sim. Why don't I speak to him? *[Aside.]*

Dav. perceiving Simo.] 'S death here's my Master, What had I best do? *[Softly.]*

Sim. to Dav.] Oh how is't with your Worship. *[Scornfully.]*

Dav. O my good Masters! *Simo* and *Chremes* both. ——
Why all things are ready within. *[Very briskly.]*

Sim.

Sim. You've taken a world of pains I don't doubt.

Dav. Now, Sir, send for the Bride as soon as ye please. *[Feeringly.]*

[Leeringly.]

Sim. Very well! — there's nothing but that wanting. — But good Sir, let me ask ye one Question. — What Business had you at that House Sirrah? *[pointing to Glycerie's House.]*

Dav. Who I, Sir?

Sim. Ay, you Sir.

Dav. Meaning me Sir?

Sim. Yes, you Sir, if ye must be told so often.

Dav. Why Sir, 'twasn't three Minutes since I went in —

Sim. Sirrah, do I ask ye how long since? *[Angrily.]*

Dav. — With my Master Pamphilus.

Sim. *hastily.* And is he there then? — O my Torture! — Ye Hang-dog, didn't ye tell me they were broken all to pieces?

Dav. So they are Sir.

Sim. What shou'd he do there then? *[Hastily.]*

Chr. What d'ye think Sir? — Only t'other brush of quarrelling. *[Feeringly.]*

Dav. Ah Mr. Cbremes, there's more i'th' Wind; I'll tell ye perhaps one of the foulest Stories you ever met with all. — *[pointing to Glycerie's House.]* Here's a certain old Man just come to Town, whence the Lord knows, a shrewd wary Fellow, I'll warrant him; if ye did but see him you'd say he's no ordinary Personage; for he looks as grave as an Alderman, and talks like a Judge.

Sim. And what News from him pray? *[Hastily.]*

Dav. Nay none to speak of. — Only I remember he was a saying —

Sim. Well but what was he a saying?

Dav. — That he certainly knows Glycerie to be a Citizen of Athens.

Sim. Soho! Dromo! Dromo! *[In a fury.]*

Dav. What a Devil's to do now? *[Aside.]*

Sim. Dromo I say! *[Louder.]*

Dav. But hear me Sir, — *[In a fright.]*

Sim. Dog! speak but another Word — Why Dromo, Dromo! *[Louder yet.]*

Dav. *upon his Knees.* I beseech ye Sir, hear me.

Enter

The Fair Andrian.

Enter Dromo.

Dro. to Simo.] Your Pleasure Sir.

Sim. Take this Rascal in, and truss him up immediately.

[In a fury.]

Dro. Who d'ye mean Sir?

Sim. Davus here.

Dav. Why good Sir, why?

Sim. 'Tis my Pleasure—— [to Dromo] take him away I say.

Dav. Why what have I done Sir?

Sim. Away with him.

[to Dromo.]

Dav. If you catch me in a Lye, cut my Throat.

Sim. *stopping his Ears.*] I'll not hear a word—— I'll put your Rogueship out of Humour.

Dav. Notwithstanding it be true.

Sim. *Notwithstanding*—— do you [to Dromo] take him and fetter him. And d'ye hear, let him be ty'd Neck and Heels like a Beast as he is—— Away.——

Exit Dromo leading in Davus.

As I'm a living Soul, Sirrah, I'll make ye to know this day what 'tis for a Servant to put tricks upon his Master, and for a Son to make sport with his Father. [Walking about in a great Passion.]

Chr. For Heaven's sake Sir moderate your Passion.

Sim. Ah Sir, when it comes to the Duty of a Son, that's a tender point: Don't ye pity me?—— that I shou'd take so much pains, for such an ungracious Wretch?—— [Weeps looking towards Glycerie's House.] Soho! Pamphilus!—— out of your fulsom Nest.—— Ha' ye no Grace left?

Enter Pamphilus.

Pam. Who calls there?—— [seeing Simo] Oh 'tis my Father. I'm Planet struck.

Sim. What say'st thou, the most ungracious——

[Very angrily.]

Chr. O fie Sir, leave this ill Language, and argue the Case calmly.

Sim. As tho' the worst Language wasn't good enough for him—— [to Pamphilus] and do you say now that Glycerie is a Citizen?

Pam.

Pam. 'Tis so reported, Sir.

Sim. Reported, Jackanapes? — O prodigious Impudence! Was ever such an unthinking Coxcomb? Do's he repent of any thing he has done? Nay has he the Grace so much as to blush at it? — Is he so little Master of himself as to set his Heart upon such an infamous Woman without regard either to the Customs or Laws of his Country, or to the Will and Pleasure of his Father?

Pam. Oh me!

[Sighing.

Sim. O Pamphilus, are ye at last convinc'd? — then, then indeed you shou'd ha' thought o'this, when first ye took your swing in all that's base, then you shou'd ha' cry'd, *Oh me!* — [walks about in a rage] But what do I mean? Why shou'd I plague and torment my self? Or why cark my self in my old Age for a mad hot-headed Fool? Shall he play the Puppy, and must I suffer for't? — E'n let him have her, make his best of her, and Kennel together.

Pam. Dear Father! —

[In a soft Tone.

Sim. interrupting.] Why dear Father? As tho' you stood in need of such a Father. — You've got your House, your Wife and Children, and the dear Father ne're the wiser; you've brought your Cheats to prove her a Citizen. — You've got the day, much good may't do ye.

Pam. Pray hear me one word Sir.

Sim. What can you say for your self?

[Turning away.

Chr. Good Sir, give him the hearing.

Sim. I hear him? What shou'd I hear him for Mr. Chremes?

Chr. But you may let him speak tho.

Sim. Let him speak then, who hinders him?

Pam. in a soft tone.] Sir, I confess I lov'd, and if to love be Sin, I confess that too. — But now dear Sir I'm at your disposal, and shall submit to whatsoever you shall think fit or command. Wou'd ye ha' me marry one Woman, and part with another: I must bare either, as well as I can. Only thus much let me beg of ye, that you wou'dn't believe that I suborn'd this old Man: Let me but clear my self of that, and bring him face to face.

Sim. Bring him?

Pam. Pray Sir let me.

Chr. 'Tis nothing but reason, pray let him.

Pam.

The Fair Andrian.

Pam. Sir, I beseech ye don't deny me.

Sim. Well : let it be so then.——

Exit Pamphilus.

You see Sir, I'm content with any thing as long as I ben't grossly impos'd upon.

Chr. A small Punishment serves for a great Fault, between Father and Son.

Re-enter Pamphilus with Crito.

Cri. entring.]——Well without any more words now ; for three Reasons are as good as three thousand. I'll do't either for your own sake, or for Truth's sake, or for poor *Glycerie's* sake, that I've a great kindness for.

Chr. Is that old *Crito* of *Andro*?—— the very same.—— Troth *Crito* I'm glad to see thee. What Wind blew thee to *Athens*?

Cri. A chance one—— Is this Mr. *Simo*?

Chr. Yes.

Sim. D'ye ask for me?—— Hark ye Friend, Ha' you the face to say, that *Glycerie* is a Citizen of *Athens*?

Cri. And ha' you the face to deny it? [Pertly.]

Sim. You've your Lesson without Book I perceive.

Cri. Why that pray? [Surlily.]

Sim. Wou'd ye know?—— Don't ye deserve to be laid by the Heels for this? Are you come here to trapan and inveigle raw young Gentlemen? And to feed their Fancies with fine Flams, and gay Promises?——

Cri. interrupting.] What's the Man mad? [Surlily.]

Sim. Then you make Matches between them and their Whores together. [Crito stares and wonders at them.]

Pam. Alas ! how do I tremble for fear the old Man shou'dn't stand his ground. [Aside.]

Chr. to Simo.] If ye knew this Man as well as I, you'd be of another Mind. Why's he's as honest a Man as e're broke Bread.

Sim. The Devil's Broker! He honest?—— to come just i'th' nick on the Wedding day, to set up for an Evidence, and was never here before in his whole Life? Well must his testimony carry't?

Pam.

Pam. If I wern't affraid of my Father, I've that at my Tongue's end wou'd help him out at a dead lift. [*Aside.*]

Sim. A Knight o'th' Post!

Cri. What do's he call me? [*Walk about in a buff.*]

Chr. 'Tis his way, you'd better let him alone.

Cri. Let him look to't. If he pretends to talk whate're he's a mind to, I'll make him hear something that he's no mind to.— [*to Simo.*] Pish! Do I hinder or care a Part for your Weddings? What can't ye bear your Misfortunes like a Man? — whether I spoke true or false you'll know immediately.— [*turning to Chremes.*] Once upon a time d'ye see, there was a certain *Athenean* Merchant cast away at *Andro*, and that little Girl with him; this Man, being in want, had the hap to apply himself to *Chrysis's* Father.—

Sim. interrupting.] Now he begins a fine Tale.

Chr. Pray let him go on.

Cri. Why do's he put me out? [*Angrily.*]

Chr. On with your Story.

Chr. Well! Now this same *Chrysis's* Father, (D'ye mind?) was my Kinsman. And there did I hear the Man himself say, that he was a Merchant of *Athens*; in short, there he dy'd.

Chr. His Name?

Cri. His Name?— Let me see, Oh his Name was *Phania*.

Chr. Bless me! I'm in a cold sweat. [*Aside.*]

Cri. Why truly Sir, I think they call'd him *Phania*. However, this I'm sure of, he said he was a *Rhamnusian*;—

Chr. Oh Heavens! [*Aside.*]

Cri.— And a world of People in *Andro* heard as much as I.

Chr. aside.] Wou'd it were no worse than I wish for.— But prithee *Crito* tell me. What said he about this Girl? Did he say she was his own?

Cri. No Sir.

Chr. Whose then pray?

Cri. His Brother's, I think.

Chr. O my Soul she's mine then.

Cri. What d'ye say, Sir?

Sim. How's this? What say ye?

[*Hastily.*]

Pam.

Pam. Courage Pampbilus Courage ! [Aside.

Sim. What make ye believe it so readily ?

Chr. Why this *Phania* was my Brother.

Sim. I know't : I was well acquainted with him.

Chr. I'th' time o'th' late Wars he fled for't, and follow'd me into *Asia*, but was afraid to leave my Daughter behind him. Now Sir this is the first News I've heard of him ever since.

Pam. Methinks I'm in another World. My Mind's distracted 'twixt Fear and Hope, Joy and Wonder at such a sudden Blessing. [Aside.

Sim. I'm glad upon several accounts she's found to be your Daughter.

Pam. I believe, Sir, 'tis true.

Chr. But hark ye *Crito* there's one scruple yet that makes me uneasy.

Pam. Would you and your Scruples were hang'd together. This is hunting for Knot in a Bulrush. [Aside.

Cri. What's that Sir ?

Chr. The Name won't do.

Cri. Truly she had another Name when she was a little one.

Chr. Prithee what is't ? Don't ye remember ?

Cri. I'm hammering at it. [He studies upon't.

Pam. aside.] Shall I suffer his shallow Brain to stop the Current of my Joys, when I can cure all with a word speaking ? No I'll not suffer't. — D'ye hear Mr. *Chremes* ! *Passibula* is the Name you want.

Cri. } together, { Ay, that's it, that's it.

Chr. } The very same.

Pam. I had it from her own Mouth a thousand times.

Sim. Truly this is good News for all on's, and I hope you think so too. [To *Chremes*.

Chr. As I hope to be sav'd 'tis true.

Pam. to *Simo*.] And what's to be done next Sir ?

Sim. Why now we are all Friends again.

Pam. The best of Fathers ! — I suppose Mr. *Chremes* will allow us to be in *statu quo*.

Chr. And all the Reason i'th' World, unless your Father's against all.

Pam. } together { I'm sure he's not.
Sim. } I agree to't.

Cbr. Mr. Pamphilus, you shall have Two thousand Pounds with her.

Pam. I'm satisfy'd Sir.

Cbr. Well I'll to my poor Girl in an instant.— Come, Grito, go you along with me, for I make a doubt whether she knows me or no.

Exeunt Crito and Chremes.

Sim. And hadn't ye better send for her now?

Pam. I think 'twere better, and that shall be Davus's Job.

Sim. But that can't be.

Pam. Why so Sir?

Sim. Because he's a little engag'd.

Pam. As how Sir?

Sim. Why's he's bound Neck and Heels.

Pam. Ah Sir 'twasn't well done.

Sim. I'm sure I order'd it to be well done.

[*Merrily.*]

Pam. Pray, Sir, let him be undone then.

Sim. Well, let it be so then.

Pam. But immediately Sir, if you please.

Sim. I'll in and about it.

Pam. A blest'd and happy Days work!

Exit Simo.

Enter Charine at a distance.

Cha. to himself.] Well I'll go see how squares go with Mr. Pamphilus.— Oh yonder he is.

[*Observes him.*]

Pam. Some may be apt to think my Heart is far
From what my Lips do utter, but ev'n Now,
Now 'tis I'm Conscious what I say's most true.
That Gods themselves wou'd not Immortal be,
Were not their Joys like them immortal too. —
And now methinks I'm all encircled round
With Heavenly Bliss, if no Left-handed God
Come in between and dash my sweets with sowre.
Oh for a Friend to whom I might relate
This blessed Change to mak't the more compleat.

Cha. What's the meaning of these Raptures?

Enter Davus at a distance.

Pam. Oh yonder's *Davus*, the Man o' th' whole Earth I cou'd ha' wish'd for ; for I'm sure there's not a Soul can more heartily relish my Enjoyments.

Dav. to himself.] Where shou'd a Man light of this same *Pamphilus* now ?

Pam. Oh *Davus* !

Dav. not seeing him.] Who art thou for a Man ?

Pam. 'Tis I old Rock !

Dav. turning about.] What you Sir ?

Pam. Ay you don't know what good Fortune I've met withal.

Dav. No Faith ! but I know to my sorrow what Fortune I've met withal. [*Shrugging his Shoulders.*

Pam. Ay Boy that I know too.

Dav. Just as the World goes. Bad News always fly faster than good.

Pam. My dearest has found out her Parents.

Dav. Before *George* 'tis brave.

[*Merrily.*

Cha. listening.] Bless me !

[*Aside.*

Pam. And her Father is one of our great Cronies.

Dav. Who's that pray ?

Pam. No less than Mr. *Cbremes*.

Dav. Spoken like a Cherubim !

Pam. I've now nothing to do but to marry her, and —

Cha. The Man dreams of what he has a mind to waking.

[*Aside.*

Pam. Then for the Child *Davus* —

Dav. No more of him. I'll warrant ye he'll come to be a Hero at last.

Cha. going to them.] I'm a made Man, if all this be true, — I'll e'n speak to 'em. [*Aside.*

Pam. Who go's there? — O dear *Charine*, you're come i'th' luckiest time that cou'd be.

Cha. I'm very well pleas'd —

Pam. How ! Ha' ye heard the News then ?

Cha. Every Syllable. — Well I hope you won't forget your old Friend in your Wedding-day. Mr. *Cbremes* is now your own, if you'll but say the word, I'm sure he'll do't.

Pam.

The Fair Andrian.

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Pam. I'll warrant ye, not forget ye.— 'Twou'd be too long to wait Mr. *Chremes's* coming, let's ev'n go to my Mistress where we shall be sure to find him.— But do you *Davus* go home, and send Company to remove her to our's.— What makes ye stand like a Post?— Why don't ye move?

Dav. I'm going, Sir. —

Exeunt Pamphilus and Charine.

Davus turns to the Spectators.

Gallants, You must not expect their Return, for the Match and every thing else will be made up within Doors.— One Clap, good Gentlemen.

The End of the Fair Andrian.

The Fair-Andrian

I am I'll warrant ye not longer
long to say Mr. Fair-Andrian, I've got to go to my
house where we shall be living in the future
I have not heard of you for some time
I hope you are well like a bird - Why don't you

move?
Dear Mr. Fair-Andrian

I have been in the garden
Garden. You know I expect that I shall be the first
and every thing else will be in the garden too - I do
like you very much

Yours truly, Mr. Fair-Andrian

The Eunuch.

A

COMEDY,

Acted at the Feast of *Cybele*;

W H E N

L. Postumius Albinus
and
L. Cornelius Merula } were *Curule Edils*,

By the Company of { *L. Ambivius Turpio*,
and
L. Attilius of Preneste.

Flaccus made free by *Claudius*, Compos'd the
Musick, which was perform'd on two Right-
handed F L U T E S.

It was taken from the G R E E K of *Menander* ;

Acted twice under the Consulship of { *M. Valerius*.
and
C. Fannius.

A. V. C. 593. before *Christ*. 156.

Dramatis Personæ?

M E N.

- Laches, *Father to Phedrie, and Cherea.*
 Phedrie, { *His Eldest Son, a Gentleman of a soft and easie Temper, fondly in Love with Thais, whom he keeps.*
 Cherea, { *His younger Brother, a hot, wild, amorous Youth, wantonly in Love with Pamphila.*
 Antipho, *A young Gent. Cherea's Companion and Confident.*
 Chremes, { *A young Country Squire, somewhat blunt in Speech and Behaviour, and unacquainted with the Tricks of the Town.*
 Thrafo, { *A Proud, Self-conceited, Pedantick, Bragging, Hectoring, Clownish Officer; A Pretender to Thais, and one that believes himself a great Wit, and a Man of Courage, when at the same time he's both Coward and Coxcomb.*
 Gnatho, { *The Parasite, a hanger on of the Captains; a crafty, sly, insinuating, wheedling, buffooning Fellow, always extolling the Captain's Wit and Valour, and by an ingenious equivocating sort of Flattery, abusing the Captain to the very Face.*
 Parmeno, { *Servant to Phedrie, and his Counsellor, a bold, cunning, intriguing Fellow, and a downright Woman-hater.*
 Dorus, *The Eunuch.*
 Sanga, *Servant to Thrafo.*

W O M E N.

- Thais, { *A Noble Courtesan, kept by Phedrie, a good-natur'd Creature, of a flattering, insinuating, winning disposition.*
 Pythia, *Her Maid very busie and faithfull, a mortal Enemy to Parmeno.*
 Doria, *Another Servant to Thais.*
 Sophrona, *A Nurse.*

M U T E S.

- Simalio, Dorax, Syriscus, *Servants to the Captain.*

Scene, *ATHENS.*

The TIME Six or Seven Hours.

THE

The Eunuch.

ACT I.

SCENE, *The Street before Simo's Door.*

TIME, *The Forenoon.*

Phedrie attended by Parmeno.

Phe. *entring.*]— **W**HAT's to be done now?
Shan't I go to her?—What
not now, when she sends
for me so kindly?—

Or shall I resolve never to put up the Affronts of a Jilting
Mistress?— She shut me out; now she invites me in—
Go with a Pox?— No that I won't, tho' she'd beg it on
her Knees. [*Angrily.*]

Par. Troth Sir, if you cou'd hold out at this rate, 'twou'd
be the best and bravest thing you ever did: but if ye begin
upo' th' Huff, and your Heart not serve ye to go through
with it; if you faint i'th' Enterprize, and go before you're
sent for, or so much as reconcil'd, and sneakingly tell her,
You're so entirely devoted to her as not to live an hour without her,
your business is done to all Intents and Purposes. She'll ride

you to death when she has you at mercy. — Wherefore I'd ha' you be twice advis'd before it be too late. For alas Sir, what will reason or moderation signifie in a Case that will bare neither : — For Love you know is strangely whimsical, Containing Affronts, Jealousies, Jars, Parlies, Wars, then Peace again. Now for you to ask Advice to love by, is all one as if you ask advice to run mad by. — As for your present Resolutions while your Blood is up, *What go to her ? When a Rival's preferr'd ? My self refus'd ? Even entrance deny'd me ? Ne're perswade me to't ; I'll die first. I'll make her know I'm none of her Cully.* Why in good faith Sir, one pittiful hypocritical Drop of a Tear, which this Creature can hardly for her Soul squeeze out of her Eyes with all her scrubbing, will confound all this bluster, bring you to your whining *Peccavi*, and make you submit to her Ladiship's Mercy.

Pbe. Oh horrid shame! — Now I see she's a curst Jilt, and I a miserable Fool ; I'm sick on't, yet I die with Love ; then I perish with my Knowledge and Senses about me, both living and looking on. And I know not what to do.

Par. What shou'd you do Sir, but free your self from her as cheap as you can ? If you can't draw the Stake fairly, make the best of a bad Gain, and ne're stand vexing your self for the Matter.

Pbe. D'ye think that's the best way ?

Par. Ay Sir, if you know the best way. — Add no more Troubles to those that Love has brought on ye ; but bare what's already befall'n ye like a Man. —

Enter Thais at some distance.

Oh! yonder comes the Cater-Pillar that spoils all our Haiveft, and leaves us to starve. *[Aside.*

Thais to herself.] Unhappy Woman ! I am very much afraid that *Pbedrie* shou'd take it worse, or otherwise than I intended, that I did not let him in yesterday.

Pbe. Ah *Parmeno* ! I'm all over in a cold Sweat at the very sight of her.

Par. Brisk up Sir ! To her I say, she carries Fire enough to warm ye with a Vengeance.

Tha.

Tha. over bearing.] How now *Pbedrie*! What are you here? And waiting at the Door too? Why didn't ye come in without any more ado?

Par. The De'el a word's here of shutting the Door upon us. [*Aside.*]

Tha. What Speechless my Dear?

Pbe. Well askt Madam! for these Doors were always wide open to me, and I the highest in your Ladiship's Favours. [*Scornfully.*]

Tha. Let these things pass my Dear.

{ *Clapping him on the Cheek with her Fan.*

Phe. angrily.] How! Pass!— [*more mildly*] Ah *Thais*, *Thais*, Wou'd that you and I did but love equally, and went an even pace: that what you've done might trouble you as much as me: or that I might concern my self as little at it as you do.

Tha. interrupting.] Prithee don't fret thy self my pretty *Pbedrie*, for by this Light 'twasn't because I lov'd or car'd for any body more than thy dear self, but as the Case stood 'twas a thing not to be avoided.

Par. Likely enough: that's usual.— She poor Soul shut him out of doors out of stark Love and Kindness. [*Feeringly.*]

Tha. to Par.] Say you so *Parmeno*?— Well, well, go on:— [*to Phe.*] but prithee my Dear, hear but why I sent for ye.

Pbe. We'll hear ye for once.

Tha. First let me know whether this Man here can keep Counsel.

Pbe. Meaning me Madam?— The rarest Fellow i'th' World at it; but we must enter into Articles about keeping your Secrets; if the Story be true, I am as mute as a Fish; but if it be a Falsity, a Foppery or a Flam, 'twill out in an instant, I'm full of holes, and run like a Seive. Therefore pray Madam, not a word of a Lye as you hope for Secrecy.

Tha. My Mother was born at *Samo*, but liv'd at *Rhodes*.—

Par. Mum, mum for that.

[*Aside.*]

Tha. There it was that a certain Merchant presented her with a fine young Girl Kidnapp'd from *Attica*.

Pbe. Was she a Gentlewoman?

Tha.

Tha. I suppose so: We cou'dn't tell for a certain. She told us her Parents Names; as for her Country, and other Tokens she forgot, nor cou'd it be otherwise expected because of her Age. The Merchant added withal, that he understood by the Pyrates (of whom he bought her) that she was stol'n from *Sunio* hard by *Athens*.— No sooner did my Mother take charge on her, but she gave her the best Education she cou'd, and bred her up like her own Child: So that we were generally taken for Sisters. In Company with that Stranger (the only Person I was then engag'd withal) did I come hither, who left me all I have at present.

Par. interrupting.] A couple of Rappers.—Gush.

Tha. Why so?

Par. Because forsooth one Dish to be sure wou'd never satisfy you, neither was he your sole Benefactor; for this Gentleman's Pocket has smoak'd to some Tune for most of your Bravery.

Tha. Be it so: But can't you let me go on with my Story?— [to *Phe.*] whilst things stood thus: the Captain, who began to take some liking to me march'd into *Caria*, mean time I got acquainted with thee my dear Rogue. And thou know'st how dearly I have lov'd thee e're since, even to the trusting thee with the greatest of my Secrets.—

Phe. *Parmeno* will let go again.

Par. You may swear it, Sir.

Tha. For Love's sake, dear Hearts! hear me out.— Not long after my Mother died at *Rhodes*; now my Uncle, you must know, was a little given to the World, and perceiving the Girl was very likely, and had a good hand at the Lute, hoped to make Money of her, and forthwith expos'd her to Sale, and made his Markets on her. As good Luck wou'd have it, my Friend the Captain being there, buys her for a Present for me, being perfectly ignorant of this whole Affair. He's just come to Town, and perceiving what's between you and I, he invents many Excuses and Flams to put off his parting with her as long as he can: But says, cou'd he but persuade himself I lov'd him better than you, and were he not miserably afraid that when I once got her I shou'd turn him off, he'd part with her presently. This he's still afraid of, but as far as I can perceive he has a hankering after her himself.

Phe.

Pbe. And is it got no farther than hankering?

Tba. No, for I've made strict enquiry. — Now my dear *Pbedrie*, I've a thousand Reasons why I'd wheadle him out of her. First, because she goes for my Sister; and then to restore her to her Friends; for I'm a lonesome Woman here, no body with me, neither Friend nor Kinsman; therefore I hope by this good Office to make my self Friends; therefore if you love me help me out in the Management of this business: Let this Swaggerer be Master of Mis-rule for two or three days. — What no Answer.

[Fawningly.]

Pbe. Thou basest of thy Sex! — What shall I answer thee, who dealest so ungratefully by me? [Walks about in a Passion.]

Par. O rare Master o' mine! Gramercy say I: He's touch'd now — E'dad thou'rt a Man every Inch of thee. [Aside.]

Pbe. As if I didn't know what you wou'd be at. — [in another tone mocking her] A young Girl was Kidnapp'd hence, — my Mother bred her up like her own, — she went for my Sister — I'd fain wheadle him out of her — and restore her to her Friends. — All this stuff is to shift me off, and to take in your Captain forsooth; But why I pray? Only because he's more in your Ladiship's Favour than I am; and you're plaguily afraid this Girl will put your Nose out of joynt, and take your lusty Stallion from you. [Scornfully.]

Tba. Who I afraid on't?

Pbe. Ay you: Why shou'd you be so concerned else? Is he the only Person that has made you Presents? Did ye ever find me stopping my Hand? T'other day you ask'd for a Black, didn't I go Post haste and get you one? And then you'd have your *Eunuch* forsooth, purely, because your Ladies of Quality have 'em, this I got too: I'm sure yesterday I paid down o' th' nail no less than fifty Guineas for 'em both. Tho' I'm now so slighted by ye, yet you see I didn't forget ye; and my Good-nature's finely rewarded.

Tba. How's this my *Pbedrie*. No, tho' I shou'd be very glad to have this Girl, and I believe I might this way as easily as may be; yet rather than disoblige thee, I'll do what thou wou'd'st have me.

Fawningly.

Pbe.

Phe. Oh that that Word came from your Heart now rather than disoblige thee. Cou'd I but believe that was spoken sincerely, I cou'd then bear any thing.

Par. He staggers: one damn'd wheadle has don't in a trice.

Tha. Ah dear! Don't I then speak from my Heart? When did I ever deny you a Request, tho' 'twere made but in jest? And yet I can't for my Soul obtain the Favour of your absence but for two days. [*Aside.*
Weeping.]

Phe. Ay if it were but two days—— But what if that two shou'd prove twenty?

Tha. Indeed Sir, It shall be no more than two or——

Phe. interrupting.] Or what?— No more on't.

Tha. It shall be no longer indeed. Let me prevail with thee for once.

Phe. Well for once you shall have your Mind. [*Coldly.*]

Tha. Now I love thee most wonderfully, thou hast so oblig'd me.

Phe. Well I'll into the Country, and there pine away for these two days.—— That's my Resolution since my cruel Dear must have her Humour.—— But *Parmeno*, do you take care to deliver the *Eunuch* and *Black* in my absence.

Parm. I will Sir.

Phe. God b'uy my dearest *Thais*, for two long days.

Tha. God b'uy to thee my sweet Creature. Have you any other Commands?

Phe. What can I desire further? but that tho' the Captain has your Company, yet your Heart may be at another place: Let me both night and day be the Entertainment of your Love, your Wishes, your Dreams, your Expectations, your Thoughts, your Hopes, your Pleasure, your All. In fine, let your Heart be as much mine, as mine is yours.

Exeunt Phedrie and Parmeno.

Thais alone.

Tha. Dear Heart! I'm afraid *Phedrie* believes not one word of what I have said, but takes me for one of your Jilting Creatures of the Town. But I that know my own Heart best, am sure, I've devis'd no Flams; nor is there any Soul I love so fondly and tenderly as this Gentleman. And whatsoever I have done i'th' Case was purely for the sake of the poor

poor Girl, whose Brother I hope I've in a manner found out, who is a Person of Quality. To day he appointed to give a visit, I'll step in and wait his coming.

Exit.

The End of the First Act.

ACT II.

Phedrie attended by Parmeno.

Phe. DO as I ordered ye, Let the Presents be carried.

Par. So they shall Sir.

Phe. But with care then.

Par. It shall be done, Sir.

Phe. But with speed too.

Par. It shall so.

Phe. Have I told ye enough on't.

Par. Ah! That's a Question indeed? [*Angrily.*] As tho' 'twas so hard a piece of business.— For my part Sir, I wish withal my Soul that you were as sure of winning a Thousand Pounds as ye are of losing these Presents.

Phe. Prithee don't trouble your Head about those things, for if I lose them I lose my self too, which is far the greater loss.

Par. It shan't trouble me, but I'll do your Business effectually.— Have you any further Commands for me?

Phe. Be sure you set off the Presents with all the Commendations you can; and give my Rival all the Interruption imaginable.

Par. Pshaw! I'd ha' done that without your bidding.

Phe. Well I'll into the Country; and there tarry.

[*Offers to go.*]

Par.

Par. I fancy so.

[*Fearingly.*

Phe. returning.] But hark ye *Parmeno.*

Par. What's your Pleasure, Sir?

Phe. Dost really think I can have so much power o're my self as to hold out my whole time?

Par. Who you Sir? No Faith: For either you'll come back again presently, or else your want of sleep will send ye hither at Midnight with a Why-not.

Phe. I'll tire my self as much as I can, that I may sleep whether I will or no.

Par. 'Twon't do Sir, tire your self as much as ye please, you'll be ne're the nearer.

Phe. All this signifies nothing *Parmeno.*—— I must brake the neck of this effeminate Humour; I indulge my self too much; In short, d'ye think I can't live without her three whole days if occasion serve?

Par. How Sir! What three live long days? For shame Sir!

[*Fearingly.*

Phe. Nay I'm fully resolv'd upon't however.

Exit Phedrie.

Parmeno alone.

Heavens! What a plaguy thing's this! that Love should transmogrise Men so damnably, as you can't know 'em for the same? There was never a Gentleman in Town had a better Head-piece, a graver Carriage, and less given to the Flesh than this Master of mine.——

Enter Gnatho leading Pamphila, attended by her Waiting-maid at a distance from Parmeno.

But who comes yonder ith' Name of Goodness? Ha, ha, 'tis that wheadling Rascal *Gnatho*, a hanger on o' th' Captains. He has got the young Gentlewoman by the Fift, as a Present to his Lady.—— Bless me what a smug-fac'd little Rogue it is. No wonder if I make but a scurvy Figure to day with my old rotten Eunuch.—— Why this Creature cuts out *Thais* her self. [Walks about the Door.

Gnatho to himself.] Bless me! to see the difference between one Man and another, betwixt a Fool and a Philosopher! The thing I say it for is this: As I was coming along to day I stumbled upon one o' my own Rank and Quality; an honest Fellow I'll warrant him, who had made a shift to guzzle away an

an Estate as I had done before him. I seeing such a rough, nasty, meager Fellow, rigg'd out with Rags and Rheumatisms. *What's the meaning of this fine Dress?* quoth I, *Alas!* (said he) *I had an Estate once, but play'd the Fool, and cou'dn't keep it, and you see what I'm brought to: All my Friends and Acquaintance fly me as they wou'd the Plague.*—Here I began to look down upon him with scorn: *Why you whorson Blockhead,* said I, *is it come to that then, that you han't left your self an Aftergame? Have ye lost your Brains, and your Money together? Why do but look on me, who was once in the same Case with your self? How fresh and sparkish, how genteel I go, and how strong and lusty I am? I have the Indies at Command, tho' Lands I have none: and tho' I have scarce a Groat in the World, yet I want for nothing:* [In another Tone] *But* (says he) *I'm of such an unlucky Constitution that neither buffooning nor beating will agree with me. How's that,* said I, *d'ye think that's the way? No you're plaguily wide o' th' Mark. In the Days of Yore this might ha' done well enough: but we are now in another Method: And perhaps I was the Inventer of it too.*—There's a sort of People i'th' World who set up for Wits of the first Rate, and yet have no more Brains than Maggots: Now these are the Men for my turn: but then I am not their Merry-Andrew to make them sport, but very readily make sport at them, tho' at the same time I praise their Parts to the Skies. If they say any thing, I cry it up too. If they unsay it, I commend 'em for that too: *What they deny, I deny: What they affirm, I affirm: In fine, I've brought my self to be just o' their Mind in every thing: and by this means, I get many a sweet Bit, and a sweet Penny.*

Par. A very pretty Fellow upo' my Word! Give him a Fool and he'll make him a Mad-man. [Aside.]

Gna. Whilst this Chat lasted we got to the Market place, where I was joyfully met by a troupe of Confectioners, Fishmongers, Butchers, Cooks, Pastry-men, Fisher-men, and Poutherers; all my old Cronies whom I had been a good Customer to before, and since I had spent my Estate, and am so still: They complemented me with Hat in Hand, invited me to Supper, and were very glad to see my Worship: When my poor hunger-starv'd Comerade saw I was so highly in their Books, and live so bravely at ease: He begg'd o' me for Heaven's sake to teach him a little of my Art. I bid him follow me, and be my Pupil; and as the Sects of Philosophers borrowed their Names

Names from their Masters, so all that have learn'd the *Art of Wheedling* shou'd from me be call'd *Gnatbonicks*.

Par. To see the Vertue now of living at ease, and being fed at another Man's Table. [*Aside.*]

Gna. But hold I'm plaguy backward in handing this present to Mrs. *Thais*, and to invite her to the Treat — [*advances towards the Door and sees Parmeno*] yonder's *Parmeno* our Rival's Servant all i'th' dumps before the Door: Our Business goes swimmingly on; these Sparks will have but a cold Suit on't. — I'm resolv'd to have a little sport with this poor Rogue.

Par. I warrant they think this Gift will make the Lady theirs for ever. [*Aside.*]

Gna. My nown dear Friend! *Gnatbo's* thy very humble Servant. Well what are ye upon now? [*Feeringly.*]

Par. Upon my Legs. [*Surlily.*]

Gna. I see that. — But don't ye see something here that offends your Eye-sight? [*pointing to Pamphila.*]

Par. Yes you. [*Surlily.*]

Gna. That I believe too. — But is there nothing else?

Par. Why what shou'd there be?

Gna. Because my Friend, you seem to be a little out of Humour.

Par. Not in the least.

Gna. Nay I wou'dn't have ye be so. — But what think ye of this Present? Hah!

Par. Why she's tolerable.

Gna. I've gawl'd him I see. [*Softly,*]

Par. [*overbearing.*] How plaguily he's mistaken now? [*Aside.*]

Gna. Won't Madam *Thais* be mightily taken with this Present think ye?

Par. As much as to say our Nose is out of joint: But hark ye Friend, every Dog has his day; there's a time for all things.

Gna. Now, *Parmeno* will I give thee a Holy-day for this half Year; and save thee the trouble of trotting up and down, and sitting up till four or five i'th' Morning. Don't I do ye a prodigious piece of Service?

Par. Who me? Ay a damnable one.

Gna. Thus I always oblige Friends.

Par. You do well.

Gna.

Gna. But perhaps I detain ye Sir; your business possibly calls ye elsewhere?

Par. No I'm at my Journey's end.

Gna. Pray Sir, do me the favour then to introduce me to the Lady.

Par. Very good! This present will be your Passport now.

Gna. Will ye be pleas'd to have any one sent out to ye?

Exit Gnatho, Pamphila, and Waiting-Maid.

Par. *alone.*] Let but two days be over, and I'll take care that you may knock till your Heart akes without admittance, tho' now you are so happy as to have the Doors flye open at a touch of your little Finger.

Re-enter Gnatho.

Gna. What here still my nown Friend? D'ye keep guard here that not an Embassy by a Civil Messenger can pass privately between the Captain and the Lady?

Exit Gnatho.

Par. *alone.*] Very wittily spoken! These wonderful fine things must needs please the Captain?—[*Seeing Cherea*] But hold, I see my Master's younger Son making this way.— I wonder what makes him from his Post at *Pireo*, when he's upon Duty there.— There's something more than ordinary i'th' Wind;— And he's in great haste too— I can't guess what makes him throw his Eyes about thus.

Enter Cherea at a distance from Parmeno, out of Breath and looking about him.

Che. *to himself.*] I'm undone! The pretty Creature's lost — And so am I — who have unluckily mis'd on her. Where shall I look for her? Where shall I trace her? Whom shall I ask for her? What blind Alley shall I range in?— I'm in a strange Quandary.— I've this comfort left, that she can't be long *incognito* where'er she be.— The most charming Look! From this Moment, I've done with the whole Sex besides. Your Every-day Lasses and Faces will ne're down again.

Par. Heyday! Here's another in the whining and languishing Vein, or I'm beside the Cushion— The old Gentleman their Father's finely blest! If this Spark once begins the
F Sport,

Sport, he'll be so mad upon't, that Mr. *Phedrie* will be a Child to him. [*Aside.*]

Cbe. Wou'd the De'el had this old *Mumpsimus* for stopping my Journey: And me too for staying, when I shou'd ha' taken no notice of him.— Ho! here's *Parmeno*! Well met old Friend.

Par. Why so concern'd, and yet so gay? And whether a going?

Cbe. Who I? Troth I can't tell whence I came, nor where I'm going, I've lost my Senses.

Par. How so I beseech ye?

Cbe. I'm in Love man.

Par. Hey-day.

Cbe. Now Old-boy, shew what a Man you are: thou knowest how often thou hast promised me: *Master Cherea*, do but you find out one you've a mind to, and I'll show what a Talent I have at *Intriguing*: You remember 'twas when I use to get you many a good bit out of my Father's Pantry, and nobody e're the wiser, ye Rogue.

Par. 'Pshaw no more of that.

Cbe. Why, Faith 'twas e'en so: Therefore prithee now be as good as thy word, at least if you think it worth beating your Brains about.— This pretty Creature isn't at all like our Town Ladies, whose Mothers saddle their backs, and strait lace their Waists to make 'em well shap'd. If any chance to grow a little plumper than the rest, they presently cry, *She's an Hostess*; and then her Allowance must be short'ned, and tho' she be natural fat and lusty, yet by their dieting she's made as slender as a Broomstick: By this means one Woodcock or another is caught in their Spring.

Par. And how's yours I beseech ye?

Cbe. Such a Beauty, the World never saw.

Par. Hey-day!

Cbe. Her Complexion true and natural; Her Body sound and strong, and as plump as a Partridge.

Par. How old think ye?

Cbe. About Sixteen.

Par. In the very prime i'faith.

Cbe. Now, do you but help me to this sweet Creature, either by force, fraud, or wheedle, I don't care which way, for I do but enjoy her.

Par. But what is this sweet Creature ?

Cbe. Faith I know not.

Par. Whence came she ?

Cbe. I can't tell.

Par. Where does she live ?

Cbe. Nor that neither.

Par. Where did you see her ?

Cbe. In the Street here.

Par. How came you to lose her ?

Cbe. That's it I was cursing at, when I met you. Nor do I think there's that Man living whose good Fortune had left him thus in the lurch. What a Misfortune was here ?—— I'm a very Wretch.

Par. What's done to ye, Sir ?

Cbe. De'e ask ? Don't ye know old *Archidemides* my Father's Kinsman and Companion ?

Par. Yes, very well.

Cbe. This Fellow met me full butt, as I was hot upo' th' Scent after this pretty Creature.

Par. Faith 'twas a little unseasonable.

Cbe. Rather devilish unfortunate : for lighter Matters may be call'd *unseasonable*. For I can safely swear, I hadn't seen him this half Year till now, when I neither desir'd nor wanted his Company. Wasn't this a damn'd Accident ? Hah ! What say you ?

Par. As you say, Sir, 'twas a damn'd Accident.

Cbe. He comes hobbling after me as far as he could see me, with his Chin and his Knees together ; his Joynts shaking in his Hide ; hanging his Jib like an old Horse, and groaning like a rotten Sheep ; He bauls out, *Sobo, Cherea, Sobo ! 'tis you I would speak with.*—— With that I made a halt. *De'e know*, says he, *what's my business with ye ?* No, pray tell me Sir. Oh, said he, *my Cause comes on to morrow.* And what then, said I ? *Why be sure* (quoth he) *to tell your Father that he must not fail to be at the Court.* I think he was a whole hour by the Clock in telling this. I ask'd him if he had any further Business : *None at all*, said he. Away march I : And looking for this young Creature, I found she had taken down this Street.

Par. My Life on't, if this ben't the same that was present-
ed to *Thais*. [*Aside*.

Cbe. As soon as I was got hither she was vanish'd.

Par. Had she any Attendance with her?

Cbe. Yes, a Man, and a Waiting-maid.

Par. *Aside*.] The very same i'faith. — Set your Heart
at rest, Sir, your business is done.

Cbr. Sure thy Wits are a Wool-gathering.

Par. No, I know what I say.

Cbe. Why can't tell who she is? — Prithee tell me. —
Did ye see her? [*Hastily*.

Par. I did see her, I know her too, (more then that) I can
tell where she's gone too.

Cbe. Ah dear Rogue! Dost know her indeed?

Par. Yes, Sir.

Cbe. And can't tell where she's gone too?

Par. She was brought hither as a Present to *Thais*.

Cbe. Is any Man living able to be at the Charge of such
a Present?

Par. Yes, Captain *Thraso*, your Brother's Rival.

Cbe. For ought I see my Brother will be put to his last
Trumps then.

Par. Ay Faith! so you'd swear indeed, if you knew what
a precious Present he has provided to match this withal.

Cbe. What's that prithee?

Par. An *Eunuch*.

Cbe. What that Tool of a Man that he bought yesterday?
That haggish Fellow?

Par. That's he Sir.

Cbe. Certainly he and his present will be kick'd to the De-
vil. — But I ne're knew before that this *Thais* was our
Neighbour.

Par. Why she's lately remov'd hither.

Cbe. Unlucky Whelp that I am! That I shou'd ne're see
her. — But prithee tell me is she such a Beauty as they
talk of?

Par. Every Jot.

Cbe. But short of our's my Life on't.

Par. Quite another thing.

Cbe.

Cbe. Prithee honest Boy do but thy best to bring us both together.

Par. You shall have my good will in't: I'll do what I can to help ye: What would he have more? [*Going off.*]

Cbe. Whither away now?

Par. Why home to hand the Presents hither according to your Brother's Orders.

Cbe. Oh the Luck of this same roguish *Eunuch* to go into this House upon such an Errand!

Par. Why so Sir?

Cbe. De'e ask that? Why he'll always be blest with the sight of his beautiful Companion; they'll talk together, live together, and now and then perhaps lie together.

Par. What would you say now, if you were that blessed Creature?

Cbe. Which way? Speak dear Rogue.

[*Hastily.*]

Par. Suppose you take his Cloaths, —

Cbe. His Cloaths? And how then?

Par. And be carry'd thither instead of him, —

Cbe. On, on Boy.

Par. And give out that you are he.

Cbe. I smell your design.

Par. And there you may enjoy all those rare Blessings you fancied but just now for another. You may eat and drink with her, sit by her, touch, toy with her, and — lie by her. For not a Creature in that House can tell what you are, or whence you came. And besides your Age and those Smooth-chops of yours will make you pass for a Compleat *Eunuch*.

Cbe. Spoken like an Angel! and advis'd like an Oracle! — [*hugs Parmeno, and is carrying him off.*] Come away Boy, let's in and about it, equip me to rights now, immediately away with me and bring me to her as fast as you can for your Life.

Par. [*struggling.*] Hold Sir! — What de'e mean? — I did but jest.

Cbe. Pshaw! That's Nonsense.

Par. I'm ruin'd! How like a Fool have I done! — Where de'e thrust me Sir? — Faith you had almost pusht me o' my Nose. — 'Tis you I speak to Sir: Pray stay.

Cbe. But I say let's go.

Par. Are ye resolv'd upon't then ?

Cbe. Absolutely.

Par. Have a care you don't make more haste than good speed.

Cbe. No, no, let me alone for that.

Par. Ay but my Bones will be jumbld for't. Oh ! 'tis a horrible Villany.

Cbe. A Villany de'e call it for a Man to go into a Bawdy-House and pay a Company of Jilts in their own Coyn ? Why if they make a Trade to abuse, torment and trapan innocent young Men, is it not Justice and Equity to plague and chouse them again ?—— Shan't I rather play Tricks with them than with my Father ? this I shou'd be blam'd for ; as for t'other, 'twould be said, *I serv'd 'em in their own kind.*

Par. How's this ! Well ! if ye be fully bent upon't: e'en take your own course ; but then don't lay the Blame at my door afterwards.

Cbe. I won't then.

Par. And is it your will to have it so ?

Cbe. 'Tis my will to have it so, and it must be so, and it shall be so : And what I have said I will stand by.

Par. Nay then follow me.

Cbe. *Venus* and *Cupid* favour the Design.

Exeunt Ambo.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT

A C T I I I.

Thraſo and Gnatho.

Tbr. **W**ELL, but was ſhe ſo very thankful then?

Gna. O, yes Sir, moſt hugely.

Tbr. And glad at Heart ſay ye?

Gna. O yes, but not ſo much for the Gift as the Giver :
and for that let me tell ye ſhe's plagiuly proud on't.

Enter Parmeno at a diſtance.

Par. *to himſelf.*] I'm come to watch a fair Opportunity to
bring my Preſents in too.—— But hold! Here's Captain
Bellſwagger. *[Retires to one ſide.*

Tbr. Really I ha' the Luck on't; every thing that I do is
moſt wonderfully taking.

Gna. I've obſerv'd as much.

Tbr. The King of *Persia* whenever I did him a Kindneſs
was always very ſenſible of it; He wasn't ſo to every body.

Gna. A ſmart Tongue ſo well hung as yours makes all that
Glory his own which others ſo long ha' toil'd for.

Tbr. Right Boy!

Gna. The King has you in his Eye then?

Tbr. Right again.

Gna. And loves to have you there.

Tbr. No doubt on't.—— Nay more he truſted his whole
Army to my Conduct, and follows my Advice in every
thing.

Gna. Prodigious!

Tbr. Then if he chanc'd to be weary of Company or Buſi-
neſs, and had a Mind to take a little eaſe —— as tho' ——
you know what I mean.

Gna. Yes, Sir, —— As tho' when he had a mind to clear
his Stomach, as a body may ſo ſay, of all Concerns, ——

Tbr. Right, then wou'd he take me to him Hand to Fiſt.

Gna. Ay marry Sir! this is a King indeed.

Thr. Oh! he's a Man of a thousand.—

Gna. Yes, one of a Million——if he chuse you for his Companion. [*Aside.*]

Thr. All the Officers envy'd me, and grumbl'd at me behind my back: I didn't value it a Straw; they envy'd me damnably. But above all, one who had the Charge o'th' *Indian* Elephants. This Fellow being more troublesome than the rest, *Pribees Strato*, said I, *why so plaguy Big? Is't because you're Lord o're a parcel of Beasts?*

Gna. Neatly said i'faith, and shrewdly.—Bless me! You overthrew Man and Beast.—What, said he, Sir?

Thr. Not a Word.

Gna. Nay I don't know how he shou'd,

Par. Bless me! This Captain's the blindest Coxcomb, and the other the vilest Rascal I e'er saw. [*Aside.*]

Thr. What think ye *Gnatho*? Did I ever tell ye how sharp I was upo' th' young *Rhodian* Spark at a Feast?

Gna. Never, Sir, let's hear it, I pray,—He has told it me a thousand times. [*Aside.*]

Thr. This *Rhodian* Spark I told ye of, was with me at a Feast, where by chance I had a small Girl; this Stripling began to be sweet upon her, and waggish upon me too. *How now you impudent Saucebox* (said I) *you're Man's meat your self, and yet have a mind to a Tid-bit.*

Gna. Ha, ha, he.

Thr. What's the Matter? Hah!

Gna. Very fine, sharp and delicate; that cou'd not be mended.—But pray, Sir, was this all your own? I took it for an old One.

Thr. Why did you ever hear't before?

Gna. Yes Sir, very often: And it takes extreamly.

Thr. I'll assure you, 'twas all my own.

Gna. I'm sorry you were so sharp upo' th' foolish young Gentleman.

Par. Ah the De'el take thee for a Rascal. [*Aside.*]

Gna. Pray, Sir, what did he say then?

Thr. He was quite dash'd out of Countenance: And the whole Company were ready to die with laughing. After that every body was plaguy wary of meddling with me.

Gna.

Gna. And well they might.

Tbr. — But hark ye, *Gnatbo*, had I best clear my self to *Thais* from the Jealousie she has of my being in love with *Pamphila*.

Gna. Let that be the least of your Thoughts; but rather give her more cause to be jealous.

Tbr. Why so?

Gna. That's a Question: Don't ye apprehend me Sir? Should she but speak a Word of *Phedrie*, or offer to commend him on purpose to plague you.—

Tbr. I ha't.

Gna. Your only way to prevent that, is, whenever she names *Phedrie*, be sure ye hit her i'th' Teeth with *Pamphila*; if she cries, *Let's have Phedrie to be merry with us*, do you answer, *And Pamphila to give us a Song*: If she praise his Shape, extol her Face: And be sure give her a *Rowland for her O-liver*, and that will vex her to the Heart.—

Tbr. Ay, if she loved me, this might do, *Gnatbo*.

Gna. As long as she desires and loves your Presents you may lay your Life she loves you. So long you may venture to tease her she'll always be afraid lest any angry word should turn the stream of your Bounty another way.

Tbr. Thou say'st right.— Why I never so much as dream'd of this before.

Gna. A good Jest i'faith: Sure you didn't give your Mind to't; for had you set your Wits about it, your Contrivance wou'd ha' been worth fifty of mine.

To them enter Thais attended by Pythia.

Tha. I fancied I heard the Captain's Tongue just now.— Oh, here he is— My dear Heroe, welcome. [*Hugs him.*]

Tbr. Oh my sweet *Thais*, my dear Honey, how is't.— Don't ye love me now, for giving you this pretty Wench?

Par. Admirable i'faith! how nobly he opens the Campaigne. [*Aside.*]

Tha. Oh, Sir, I'm eternally obliged to you for't.

Gna. Let's into Supper I say: Why this dallying?

Par. Here's another too! Faith one wou'd swear he's the Captain's Bastard, they're so like one another. [*Aside.*]

Tbr. to *Gnatho*.] As soon as you will, for I am ready.

Par.

Par. *advancing nigher.*] I'll to her, and make as tho' I just came from home.— Are you going abroad Madam.

[*Aside to Thais.*

Tha. *to him.*] Oh *Parmeno*, troth you are come very lucky, I was just a going out.

Par. Whither Madam?

Tha. Why don't you see this Gentleman here. [*Aside to him.*

Par. I do see him with a Pox to my Sorrow.— When you please Madam, my Master's Presents are at your Service. [*Aloud.*

Thr. What do we stay for? Why don't we jog on?

Par. *to Thraso.*] May it please your Honour, by your leave; first let me make my Presents as I was ordered, and go and have a little harmless Chat with the Lady.

Thr. Special Presents! I'll warrant ye not to be nam'd the same day with mine. [*Feering.*

Par. The Trial's all.— [*Goes towards Lache's House*] So-ho! within there! send out the Persons I ordered.— [*Enter the Black-a-more.*] Here advance forward.— Here's a Lafs come from as far as *Prefter John's* Country.

Thr. I can have as good for Seven or Eight Guinea's.

Gna. Ay and a better too.

Par. *to them within.*] You, Sir, *Dorus* where are ye? stand forth Boy.— Here's your *Eunuch* for ye { *Enter Cherea*
then— see what a pert look he has got, and { *dressed up like*
just i'th' prime of his Age. { *the Eunuch.*

Tha. As I hope to be saved a very tight Fellow.

Par. What say you now Mr. *Gnatho*: D'ye spy any Faults here?— And you noble Captain?— What never a Word?— That's Commendation enough of all Conscience.— Try him i'th' Schools, Field, Musick, or where you will, you'll find he has had the Education of a Gentleman.

Thr. For a need that *Eunuch* wou'd down well enough, tho' a Man was sober. [*Aside to Gnatho.*

Par. And yet Madam the Gentleman that made these Presents, doesn't desire to be your only Favourite, nor that all others should be thrust out of doors for his sake? He doesn't tell you Romantick Stories of his Fights and Duels, nor yet boast of his Wounds and Scars; neither does he stand in your Light as a certain Person that shall be nameless. But when it shall be no trouble to you Madam, when you please, and

The Eunuch.

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and your Ladyship is at leisure, he thinks it favour enough to be then admitted.

Thr. 'Tis evident this Fellow has got some poor *Grubstreet* Merchant for his Master.

Gna. Faith like enough ; for he wou'dn't keep this Fellow so long, had he a Shilling in his Pocket to hire him a better.

Par. Peace Dog.— That art not worthy to be kick'd— If you can stoop to flatter him [*pointing to the Captain*] thus, you'd be content to lick a Groat out of a Close-stool for two Flagons of Ale.

Thr. Shall we stay to hear this Fellow prate ? [*Angrily.*

Tha. I'll only just step in with these, and order my Maids what to do ; and I'll be back again in an instant.

Exeunt *Thais, Che. and the Black.*

Thr. I'll go before— But do you stay and wait upon my Mistress. [*To Gnatho.*

Par. Fie ! 'tis beneath a General to Squire his own Mistress.

Thr. to Parmeno.] Why should I spend my Breath upon thee ?—— *Like Master, like Man.*

Exit *Parmeno.*

Cna. Ha, ha, he.—

Thr. What d'ye laugh at ?

[*Somewhat surlily.*

Gna. Why what you just now said : Besides you put me in mind of the *Rhodian* Spark, and I cou'dn't forbear— But here's Madam *Thais* again.

Re-enter *Thais, Pythia and Attendants.*

Thr. Run home and see that all the Rooms be ready.

Gna. I'm gone Sir.

[*Exit* *Gnatho.*

Tha. to Pythia.] Be sure *Pythia* take care to do what I bid ye — if Mr. *Chremes* shou'd chance to come to day, desire him to stay a little : if he's in haste, beg him to come another time ; if he can't do that, send him over to the Captains to me.

Pyt. I will Madam.

Tha. Hold — I had something else to say.— Let me see,— O I remember't — Be sure you make much of the young Gentlewoman. — Do you keep home.

Exit *Pythia.*

Thr.

Tbr. Now let's march.

Tba. Do you follow me.

[to the Attendants.

As they go off one way enter Chremes alone another way.

Cbr. Introth the more I think and chew upon this Business, the more I'm afraid that this *Tba* should play me some plaguy Dog-trick or other; I find my self damnably wheadl'd by her; when she first sent for me any Man might ha' wondered what business I had there; Faith I cou'dn't tell my self, but when I came, she immediately casts about for Fetches and Excuses to make me tarry. I have (says she) just now been at my Devotion, therefore more fit to Discourse of Grave and serious Matters. At that my Heart misgave me plaguily. She drew a Chair and sat down by me, and fawning upon me, she began to pump for Discourse. When she had nothing else to say, she'd fall a asking me, *How long my Father and Mother had been dead?* I told her, *a pretty while since*: Then, *Whether I had not a Seat at Sunio, and how far it stood off the Sea.* Pox! I believe she liked the Situation her self, and had a mind to gull me out on't. And lastly, *If I hadn't lost a young Sister thence; and who was with her then? What she had about her when lost? Whether 'twas possible for one to know her again?* And such like Stuff. I can't imagine why the De'el she ask'd all these Questions: without she designs to put her self upon me instead of this lost Sister; as it is the Impudence of these Jades: However, if she is alive, she is just Sixteen and no more: But this same *Tba* is somewhat older than my self.— She has sent again to beg of me very earnestly to come.— Now let her tell her business plainly, or trouble me no more. I'll be hang'd if she catch me here a third time.— Soho! Within there Soho! [Knocks at the Door,

Pyth. within.] Who is there?

Cbr. 'Tis I, my Name's Chremes.

Enter Pythia.

Pyth. My pretty little Squire is it you?

Cbr. So,— I said as much, this wheadling bodes no good.

Pyth. My Lady humbly desires you to come again to Morrow, [Aside.

Cbr.

Chr. I'm to go into the Country.

Pyth. For Love's sake Sir, do.

Chr. I tell you plainly I can't.

Pyth. Why then, Sir, stay but a little till my Lady comes back.

Chr. Faith I don't intend it.

Pyth. Why not dear Mr. *Chremes*.

[*Fawningly.*]

Chr. Pox take ye for a dissembling Baggage.

Pyth. Well if you be resolved, I beseech ye Sir, to give your self the trouble of stepping over to her where she is.

Chr. I don't care if I do that.

Pyth. *to them within.*] *Doria* ! [Enter *Doria*.] Go quickly and shew this Gentleman over to the Captain's.

Exeunt severally.

Enter Antipho alone.

Ant. Yesterday a Knot of good Fellows of us were got together at *Pireo*, where we clubb'd to have a Feast to day. We chose *Cherea* for our Steward: The Forfeits were all laid down, and time and place agreed upon. The time's past, and at the place they know nothing on't; our Gentleman Steward has given us the slip, and Faith I can't tell what to say, or think o'th' Business. — The rest o'th' Company have employed me to hunt about for him; I think I'd as good call in at his Fathers. — [discovering *Cherea*.] But who's yonder a coming out of *Thais*'s House? Is't he, or is it not he? — As I live 'tis he — Heyday! What a Toy of a Man have we got here? — What mean's this disguise? — What unaccountable freak is this? I am pulled, and can't imagine for my Heart what's the Matter? Whatsoe're it be I will know before I stir a Foot.

[Retires a little on one side.]

Enter Cherea, looking cautiously about.

Che. *to himself softly.*] But is no body here now? — Not a Mortal. — Do's no body dog me? — Not so much as my Shadow. — Shall I now give vent to my swelling Joys? — Oh Heavens! what wou'd I give for some good Body to cut my Throat immediately, that i'th' height o'this Joy I may end my Life without the least dash of Misfortune. — But is there never a curious inquisitive Fellow following me close upon the Heel to deafen and murder me with Question

stion upon Question at every turn? As, *Why so transported? Why so wonderful merry? Whither away so fast? Whence came ye? Where got ye this Garb? What Frolick's this? Are ye in your Wits, or are ye stark mad?*

Ant. advancing nigher.] Faith, I'll e'en up to him, and do him that Favour my self.— *Cberea*, what is't you chuckle at so? What means this Fool's Coat? Why so merry about the Mouth? Hey brave! What d'ye mean? D'ye pretend to be in your Wits? What d'ye stare for?— [*Here they stare upon one another*] What never a Word?

Cbe. Huzzah! This is is a day of Jubilee! Well met old Soul! Gad take me, there's not a Man alive I'd ha' wish'd for so soon as thy dear self.

Ant. Prithee tell me this mighty Business.

Cbe. And prithee dear Rogue prepare thy self to receive it then.— I suppose you know my Brother's Mistress.

Ant. Yes, you mean *Thais* I suppose.

Cbe. The very same.

Ant. I thought I knew her.

Cbe. This day a pretty young Female was presented to her, but why shou'd I stand prating and commending her charming Face to thee my Friend: when thou know'st so well what a Critick I am in Beauties?— In short she fired my Blood.

Ant. Say you so?

Cbe. Ah, Boy, had you but seen her, I'm sure you'd say she was the Miracle of her Sex; but to leave Impertinencies, I was presently in up to the Ears: And as good Luck would have it, we had an *Eunuch* at home which my Brother bought for his Mistress, but wasn't yet deliver'd to her. Our Man *Parmeno* gave me an Item of a Design which I immediately put in Execution.

Ant. And what was that?

Cbe. Be patient and you'll hear't the sooner.— It was to change Cloaths with the *Eunuch*, and for me to be presented instead of him.

Ant. What for the *Eunuch*?

Cbe. Ev'n so old Boy.

Ant. Prithee what advantage could you propose to your self by that?

Cbe.

Che. That's worth the asking indeed, why to see her, discourse with her, and be alone with the pretty Creature I loved (ye Rogue.) And d'ye make nothing of this now?— In short presented I was to *Thais*, who as soon as she received me, very joyfully brought me home; and committed the beautiful Creature to my Charge.

Ant. To whose Charge? To thine?

Che. Yes, to mine.

Ant. Marry, she was in safe Hands!

Che. She ordered that not a Man should come nigh her but my self, and charg'd me not to stir Step from her; and that she and I should be alone together in the Parlour. I look'd as if Butter wou'dn't melt in my Mouth, and cry'd, *Yes Madam.*

Ant. The Lord help thee.

Che. She told me she was going out to Supper: And with that drew all her Train after her, except a few raw new Comers to attend upon the fair Stranger. Those prepared a Bath for my Angel: I urg'd 'em to hasten't as much as they cou'd Whilst they were about it, this sweet Creature was sitting in a Withdrawing-Room, casting her Eyes upon a fair Piece, which was the Picture of *Jupiter*, who (as the Story goes) came down into *Danae's* Lap in a Shower of Gold. I made bold to dart a Look that way too, and finding how like the Intrigue was to mine, I cou'dn't but be ten times the more tickled at the Conceit on't: That a very God should transform himself into a Mortal, and privately steal through the Tyles of another Man's House, and so drop like a Shower into his Mistress's Arms: But what God, thought I, was this? Why no less a God than the Thunderer himself, who shakes the Battlements of Heaven: And should Flesh and Blood refuse to follow his Example? I'll do't, and with all my Soul too. While these Thoughts were working in my Head, they call'd her away to the Bath, she goes, she washes, she comes back: And then they put her to Bed, I stood waiting for the Word of Command: At last comes one to me, *Prithee do you Dorus take this Fan and cool the young Gentlewoman thus, the time we are Bathing. When we ha' done, you may bath if you've a mind to't.* I took it somewhat gruffly.

Ant. I'd a given the World almost t'have seen that impudent Face of thine at that time; how you carried your self; and how like a great Booby you manag'd the Fan.

Che.

Cbe. The Words were scarce out of her Mouth, but they all rush'd out o'th' Room to the Bath; and set up a Gaggles, as Servants do when their Masters Backs turn'd. Meantime my dear Lady falls into a sweet Sleep, with that I cunningly casts a Sheep's Eye askew through the Fan [*shewing him how he look'd*] and took a side-long Glance round the Room to see that the Coast was clear.— I finding all right; made fast the Door.

Ant. What then brave Boy?

Cbe. How? What then? Simpleton.

Ant. Ay Simpleton indeed.

Cbe. Should I ha' neglected such a short, wished for, and unexpected Opportunity when it dropt into my very Mouth. I must ha' been a very *Eunuch* indeed then.

Ant. Faith Boy, thou'rt i'th' right.— But i'th' mean time what's become of our Treat?

Cbe. 'Tis just ready.

Ant. Troth, thou'rt a brave Fellow. But where is't? At your Houses.

Cbe. No at old *Harry Platters*.

Ant. That's a plaguy way off.

Cbe. We must go the faster then, that's all.

Ant. But won't you change your Cloaths.

Cbe. How can I? Pox on't! I'm quite banish'd home, for fear my Brother should see me, and what's worse lest my old Father shou'd become out of the Country.

Ant. Why then e'en let's go to our House; that's the nearest place I can think of, to shift your self.

Cbe. That's right: let's away then and lay our Heads together how my Dear may be for ever mine.

Ant. A Match then.

The End of the Third Act.

A C T IV.

Doria alone, with a Casket under her Arm.

AS I'm a living Soul, as much as I can gather from the Captain's Humour, I'm terribly afraid this Swaggerer shou'd make some disturbance to day, and fall foul upo' my Lady. For as soon as young *Cbremes* the Gentlewoman's Brother came thither, she asks leave of the Captain to *have him admitted*. He began to huff and be angry, but yet durst not deny her. Besides, my Lady urg'd him to desire the Gentleman to *sit down and welcome*, because she'd have him stay there, for this wasn't a proper time to tell him all she had a mind to about his Sister : At last with a dogged Look, he coldly bids him welcome. The Gentleman staid, and my Lady began to discourse. This Captain Huff-Cap imagining he had been a Rival brought under his Nose to affront him, thought he wou'd do something that shou'd plague her too. *Harke ye, says he, go for Pamphila, to give us a Song : By no means in the World*, crys my Lady ; *What shou'd such a Wench do at a Feast ?* The Captain being set upon't fell to wrangling. Mean time the cunning Creature whips her Gold and Jewels into this Casket ; and slipt it into my Hand to carry off. Which is a certain sign she won't be long behind as soon as she can flink away.

Enter Phedrie at a distance.

Ph. As I was walking to our Country-house upon the Road (as 'tis usual with People when they're uneasie) a thousand Thoughts came running into my Head one after another, which I took all i'th' worst Sense : To be short, whilst I was musing upon these things, I pass'd by my House unawares, and had got half a Mile before I perceiv'd it : upon that I turn'd back with a Heart as heavy as Lead.— When I was just got by the way to the House, I stood still: And began to

G

think

think thus with my self: *What? must I be forc'd to stay here eight and forty long Hours without her?—What of all that?—A meer trifle?—How a trifle?—What if I can't kiss her Hand, yet 'tis very hard if I can't have one look at her? If I can't have the one, sure I may have the other: 'Tis better to be almost distanc'd than to be quite thrown out o'th' Race.* With that I went by on purpose.—But hold, what makes *Pythia* run out o' Doors in such a fright?

Enter Pythia looking about.

Pyth. to her self.] Where's this curst, wicked Creature.—Wretch that I am, Where shall I find him? Or where shall I look for him?—That ever any Man shou'd ha' the Impudence to offer at such a Villany?

Phe. Alas! my Heart misgives me strangely. *[Aside.*

Pyth. to her self.] Nay more than that; after the Villain had abus'd the Girl, he tears her Cloaths, and drags her up and down by the Hair o'th' Head.

Phe. How's this? *[Aside.*

Pyth. to her self.] O that I had but the Rogue in my Clutches now!—How I wou'd claw the Eyes of the Whores-bird!

Phe. I can't imagine what great disorder here has been in my absence.—I'll e'n step to her. *[Aside.*

To Pyth.] What's the Matter? Whither in such haste? Whom d'ye look for, *Pythia*?

Pyth. Hah, Mr. *Pheidrie*! Whom look for say ye? a Curse upon you and your precious Presents both together.

Phe. Prithee tell me what's the Matter?

Pyth. The Matter, quoth I?—Your *Eunuch* that you gave us, What wicked work has he made here? He has gone and ravish'd the young Gentlewoman the Captain gave my Lady.

Phe. In amaze.] What say'st thou?

Pyth. I'm quite undone.

Phe. Ay and drunk too, I think.

Pyth. Wou'd the worst of mine Enemies were as drunk as I am.

Dor. O Law, *Pythia*, wasn't it a very prodigious thing, ha!

Phe. Thou'rt certainly mad.—How is't possible for an *Eunuch* to do this?

Pyth.

Pyth. I can't tell what he was ; but what he has done, 'tis plain : the poor young Creature is all in Tears, neither can ye get one Word from her. This precious Rogue hides his Head now. I'm wofully afraid he has finger'd somewhat out o'th' House too, when he ran away.

Pbe. 'Tis a wonder to me such a Limber-ham Dog shou'd get out of sight so soon, unless he has hous'd himself at my Fathers.

Pyth. Dear Sir, step in and see.

Pbe. You shall know that presently.

Exit Phedrie.

Dor. O Gemini ! Prithee my Dear, did you ever hear of such a horrid Prank before ? I never did.

Pyth. Truly, I have heard say, these *Eunuchs* are great Admirers of fine Women, but can do nothing but slabber 'em over. But I like a silly Jade as I was, never thought of this : If I had I should have lockt up my Gentleman, and have kept the Girl far enough from his reach.

Re-enter Phedria dragging in Dorus by the Ears.

Pbe. Come out ye infamous Dog ! — What d'ye hang an Arse ye Runagate Scoundrel ! — thou damnable Bargain out of your Kennel.

Dor. Good Sir.

Pbe. Do but see what a damn'd Friday-face the Jail-bird makes ? How came you hither again ? — Why this change of Habit pray ? — What answer Dog ? — Had I staid but a minute longer, *Pythia*, I had mis'd o'th' Rogue, you see he's just equipt for the March.

Pyth. O dear Sir, have ye met with the Rascal ?

Pbe. Met with him ? Ay.

Pyth. That's good Luck indeed.

Dor. Ay special good Luck upo' my Word.

Pbe. What ha' ye done with him ?

Pbe. Done with him ? Can't you see before ye ?

Pyth. Whom shou'd I see ?

Pbe. This Fellow here.

[*Pointing to Dorus.*]

Pyth. What of this Fellow here ?

Pbe. The same that was sent to your House to day.

Pyth. I dare swear Sir, none of our House e're set Eye up on him.

Pbe. Sure they were blind then.

Pyth. Pray Sir, can ye believe this to be the Man that was brought to our House?

Pbe. Believe't? The De'el a one else had I to send.

Pyth. Fie,—— there's no Comparifon to be made between this and that, for that other had a fine Air, and look'd like a Gentleman.

Pbe. Ay, fo you thought becaufe he had got his gay Cloaths on: now he has alter'd his Habit, you take him for an ugly Creature.

Pyth. Pray Sir, don't perfwade me to't, as if there were no more difference than that comes to. Why he that we had to day was fuch a fine young Fellow, 'twould ha' done your Heart good to have feen him. This is a dry, decrepit, drowzy-headed Fumbler, and looks like a Weezle.

Pbe. S'death! What stuff's this?—— You've brought me to that pafs, that for my part I known't what I've done my felf.— Come hither Sirrah, [*to Dorus*] Didn't I buy ye, and pay for ye?

Dor. Yes an't please you.

Pyth. Now pray Sir, let me have one pull at him.

Pbe. Do fo.

Pyth. Were you at our Houfe to day?— [*He nods*] Look ye, he denies it,—— He that *Parmeno* brought was but fixteen.

Pbe. Well I'll at him once again my felf; Firft, Tell me how you came by thefe Cloaths? What ha' you loft your Tongue?—— Ye ugly Dog, Why don't ye answer me? [*Angrily.*]

Dor. One Mr. *Cherea* came.——

Pbe. Nor my Brother I hope?

Dor. Yes Sir?

Pbe. When?

Dor. Today.

Pbe. How along ago?

Dor. But a little while.

Pbe. Who did he come with?

Dor. *Parmeno*, an't please you.

Pbe. Did ye know him before?

Dor. No Sir, nor ever heard of his Name.

Pbe. How came ye then to know 'twas my Brother?

Dor. *Parmeno* told me fo.—— And 'twas *Cherea* gave me thefe Cloaths ——

Pbe.

Phe. Confussion!

Dor. — And put on mine, and away they went together.

Pyth. to Phedrie.] So Sir, Who's drunk now? 'Twas I fill'd your Head with Stories, wasn't it? — Now 'tis as clear as the Sun, that the poor Gentlewoman's ravish'd.

[Weeps.

Phe. Away ye Beast — D'ye believe one word this Fellow prates?

Pyth. A Fig for believing! The thing's plain enough of it self.

Phe. softly to Dorus.] Come a little this way, — D'ye mind me Sirrah? — Nigher yet. — That's well. — Let me hear this Business once again, Did *Cherea* take your Cloaths from ye?

Dor. He did Sir.

Phe. And put 'em on himself?

Dor. Yes Sir.

Phe. And was sent hither in your stead.

Dor. Yes, that he was.

Phe. Oh Heavens! This is the most wicked impudent Dog living.

[Aloud in a passion.

Pyth. Alas Sir! Are ye not yet convinc'd that we have been most basely abused?

Phe. No wonder if a crack'd Chamber-maid believes this Scoundrel: [*Angrily to Pyth.*] — But the truth on't is, I am somewhat gravell'd my self [*softly*] — Hark ye Sirrah, deny all, or I'll cut your Throat [*aside to Dorus*] — Can't I rack the Truth out of ye to day? Did ye see my Brother *Cherea*?

[Aloud to Dorus.

Dor. No indeed, Sir.

[Fearfully,

Phe. I see there's nothing to be done without blows — This way ye Dog — He hunts Counter. — Down o' you Knees, and ask me pardon.

[Aside to Dorus.

Dor. kneeling.] Good Sir, I beseech ye, forgive me.

Phe. Into your Kennel then.

[Beats him,

Dor. Hey, hey.

[Runs out howling.

Pb. Faith I cou'dn't tell how to make a fair come off without this Stratagem. If so, the thing's past cure. [*Aside.*] — D'ye think ye Rascal to make a May-game of me.

[Aloud to Dorus,

Exit.

Exit after him.

Pyth. My Life on't this damn'd Plot is of *Parmeno's* contriving.

Dor. You may swear it.

Pyth. Pfaith I'll pay him in his own Coyn before I sleep.— But prithee *Doria*, what wou'dst advise me i'th' Case?

Dor. You mean in the young Gentlewoman's Business?

Pyth. Yes, whether we had best keep it to our selves, or tell on't.

Dor. Introth, if you're wise take no notice o'th' *Eunuch*, or the Girl either: for by that means you'll keep out of harms way, and oblige our Lady besides: you need only say the *Eunuch* has given us the slip.

Pyth. I'll follow your Counsel.

Dor. But yonder comes Mr. *Chremes*; — My Lady isn't far behind then.

Pyth. What makes ye think so?

Dor. Because the Captain and she were almost at Daggers drawing when I left 'em.

Pyth. Then away with the Casket quick: — I'll learn of this Gentleman what's to do.

Exit Doria.

To her, enter Chremes half drunk.

Chr. to himself.] Hey-dazy! — I ha' been finely bubbld Pfaith. — This Wine has been too hard for me. — The time I was toping, — I thought my self as sober as a Judge, — But when I came to try my Legs, — S'bud — my Feet nor my Head knew which was to go uppermost. —

Pyth. Oh Mr. *Chremes*!

Chr. Who's that? — Oh, the pretty, pretty, *Phythie*! Why thou art worth forty of the *Pythies* I saw last.

Pyth. And upo' my Word you're forty times more pleasant than you were before.

Chr. The old Saying's very true, *If twasn't for Meat and good Drink the Women might gnaw the Sheets.* — But your Mistress has been come home a long time I suppose?

Pyth. Why is she come from the Captain's then?

Chr. Oh a damnable while. — They were quarrelling like Dog and Cat.

Pyth.

Pyth. Didn't she desire ye to follow her?

Cbr. No, she only tipp'd a Wink at me as she went away.

Pyth. And wasn't that Item enough?

Cbr. No Faith: I cou'dn't tell what her winking and twinkling meant till the Captain very civilly gave me to understand it by thrusting me Head and Shoulders after her.— But see she's upo' th' Back on's already.— I wonder what Devil brought me hither before her.

Enter Thais.

Tha. to her self. I believe this hectoring Bully will be upo' my Back presently to take away the Girl by force: Ay let him come: if he offers to touch her but with one Finger I'll pluck his Eyes out;— I can away with his Impertinencies and big Words, as long as they are but Words; but i'faith if he comes to touch our Copyhold once, I'll make him smart for't.

[Angrily.]

Cbr. Ah Madam, I've been here a long while.

Tha. My dear *Chremes*! 'twas you I wanted; Arn't you sensible this Quarrel was upo' your account? And the whole Business a concern of yours?

Cbr. Of mine?— Pray how so?— As if I had been—

Tha. Whilst I'm taking pains to help you to your Sister, and restore her to ye, I'm forc'd to sit down with these and a thousand such like Affronts.

Cbr. Pray Madam, where is she now?

Tha. At home at my House.

Cbr. Hah!

[Concern'dly.]

Tha. What's the Matter? you needn't fear; for her Education hasn't been beneath her self, or you either.

Cbr. What's that you say?

Tha. Nothing but the truth. I freely give her t'ye and shan't expect a Farthing for my pains.

Cbr. I thank ye Madam, and shall endeavour to make ye amends when time serves.

Tha. But have a care Sir, you don't lose her before you have her, for 'tis she the Captain is coming to plunder us of by force of Arms.— D'ye hear, *Pythia*, run in and fetch the Casket and Tokens quick.

Chr. *discovering Thrafo and his Party.*] D'ye see 'em Madam?

Pyth. Where is't set, Madam?

Tba. In the Chest of Drawers.— D'ye move no faster, ye Baggage?

Exit Pythia.

Chr. What an Army has this Fellow muster'd up against ye?— Lamentable!

Tba. What Cowhearted my Dear?

Chr. Pshaw, I Cowhearted? I'm as bold as a Lion. [*Struts.*]

Tba. Ay, and so you had need.

Chr. Ah Madam, I doubt ye take me for a — strange Fellow.

Tba. However take this for your Comfort, this Fellow you're to deal with is a perfect Stranger, has less Interest, less Acquaintance, and fewer Friends to back him than you.

Chr. That I know too: But 'tisn't for a wise Man to stand behind an Ass when he kicks. I'd rather prevent a Quarrel before hand, then revenge it afterward.— Do you run in and Barricade the Door whilst I run to the *Piazza*, and fetch the Constable to keep the Peace. [*Going off.*]

Tba. *Catching him by the Cloak.*] Hold Sir.

Chr. I had better go.

Tba. Stand your ground pray. [*Still holding him.*]

Chr. Pray let me go, I'll be back again in an instant.

Tba. Sir, you need not call any help— do but tell him she's your Sister, and that you lost her when she was young, and are now come to the knowledge of her, then shew him the the Tokens.

Re-enter Pythia with the Casket.

Pyth. Here they are, Madam.

Tba. Do you take 'em Sir.— [*Chr. takes the Casket.*] If he offers the least violence you may have him before his Betters:— You understand me?

Chr. Yes very well.

Tba. Be sure you speak this with a good Courage.

Chr. Edad, and so I will. [*struts and puts his Arms a Kimbow.*]

Tba. Up with your Cloak Man.— Dear Heart! I've pitch'd upon a Champion that wants one himself. [*Aside.*]

Exeunt on one side.

Enter

Enter on the other side Thraſo, Gnatho, Sanga, Servants with Link-boys, Fire-forks, Shovels, Diſh-clouts, &c.

Thr. Prithee *Gnatho* ; Is't for a Man of my Honour to put up ſuch a notorious Affront as this ?—— I'll die upo' th' ſpot firſt.—— *Simalio*, *Donax*, *Syrifcus*, follow your Leader.—— Firſt I'll ſtorm their Caſtle.

Gna. Very well.

Thr. Then I'll carry off the Damsel triumphantly.

Gna. Better and better.

Thr. And laſtly, I'll put the Jilt under ſevere Contributions.

Gna. Beſt of all.

Thr. Advance *Donax* with your Truncheon, and Command the main Body.—— *Simalio* Command you the Left Wing, and you *Syrifcus* the Right.—— Where are the reſt ? Where's Captain *Sanga* with his Ragged Regiment ?

San. Here Sir.

Thr. to *Sanga*.] Ye lazy Son of a Whore ! D'ye think to engage the Enemy with a Diſh-clout, what did you bring that for ?

San. Who, I Sir ? Why I knew the Prowels of my General, and the Carriage of his Souldiers ſo well, that they could never part without Blood and Wounds, ſo I brought this to wipe 'em withal.

Thr. Where's all the reſt of 'em ?

San. The reſt with a vengeance ? There's only *Sannio* left to keep the Houſe from running away.

Thr. *Gnatho* do you ſet 'em all in Rank and File.— I'll bring up the Rear, and there give the Signal for the Onſer.

Gna. This 'tis to be Wiſe. When he has drawn up his Men in Battalia, he'll make ſure of one Poſt for his own retreat.

[*Aſide.*

Thr. This was always the F—— K——'s way.

Chremes and Thais appear above.

Chr. D'ye obſerve Madam what this Cut-throat's about ? I ſee my Counſel wasn't amiſs when I adviſed ye to Barricade the Door.

Thr.

Thr. Pshaw ! This Fellow that you take for a Hector, is as Faint-hearted as a Town Bully.—— Bear up Man.

Thr. to Gnatho.] What had we best do ?

Gna. Had we but a Mortar now to play upon 'em under the covert way ; one Bomb wou'd make 'em scamper.

Thr. discovering Thais.] But hold yonder's the Enemy.

Gna. Shall we give the Assault noble General ?

Thr. Hold I say.—— Wise Commanders usually send a Summons before they Storm. Perhaps she'll surrender upon Discretion before we make the Assault.

Gna. Oh wonderful ! What plaguy things these Politicks are ? I never am in your Company, but I go away the wiser for't.

Thr. to Thais.] *Thais* answer me to this first Article, when I gave ye *Pamphila*, Didn't ye promise me so many days to my self ?

Tha. What of all that ?

Thr. That's a pretty Question !—— Didn't ye bring one of your Gallants under my Nose ? What business had ye together ? Why did you flink away with him from my House ?

Tha. 'Cause 'twas my Pleasure.

Thr. Why then deliver up *Pamphila*, unless you'd have her carried off by force.

Cbr. Deliver her to thee ? Touch her if you dare : Thou worst of—— [Angrily.]

Gna. to Chremes.] Hah ! Sir have a care, not a Word more.

Cbr. Do you prate Buffoon ?

Thr. Shan't I touch what's my own ?

Cbr. Thine Villain ?

Gna. to Chremes.] I say once again, have a care Friend ; I see you don't know who you speak to ?

Chr. to Gnatho.] Won't ye be gone, ye Rascal?—[to *Thrafo*.] And you Captain Swash, d'ye know what to trust to ? If ye give us the least Disturbance here, I'll make ye remember the Place, the Day, and Person you affront too as long as you breath.

Gna.

Gna. to Chremes.] Poor Wretch ! I pity ye, that ye shou'd provoke so great a Man to be your Enemy.

Chr. I'll crack your Fools Pare for ye, if ye ben't gone presently.

Gna. Say you so, Mr. Snarle ? Are your Hands so heavy ?

Thr. to Chremes.] Pray who are you for a Man ? What would you have ? And what have you to do with the Girl ?

Chr. That ye shall know presently : First, I say she's Free-born.

Thr. So !

Chr. And a Citizen of Athens.

Thr. How !

Chr. And my Sister too.

Thr. Oh Impudence.

Chr. Therefore Captain, [*Jeeringly.*] I tell ye once for all, lay Hands on her if you dare.— [*to Thais.*] Now Madam I'll step and fetch *Sophrone*, the Nurse, and shew her the Tokens.

Thr. Why will you, Sir, hinder me from meddling with what's my own ?

Chr. Yes, that I will. [*Withdraws.*]

Gna. to Thrafo.] Bear witness this *Chremes* owns himself a Thief, he has done his own business.

Thr. to Thais.] Do you say the same too ?

Tha. Go look. [*Withdraws.*]

Here Thrafo and Gnatho stare at one another.

Thr. What shall we do next ?

Gna. E'n let's march home again.— By and by she'll come fawning like a Dog to beg your Pardon.

Thr. Think ye so ?

Gna. Nothing more certain, I know the Humour of these Women well enough ; when you will, they won't, and when you won't, they will.

Thr. Thou hast hit it.

Gna. Shall I dismiss the Army ?

Thr. When you will.

Gna.

Gna. to Sanga.] Well Captain, you and yours are discharg'd, now like a noble General take your Army into Quarters of Refreshment i'th' Kitchin.

San. Troth my Belly chym'd Cupboard above half an Hour ago.

Gna. Well said Tom Prog.—

Thb. Follow your Leader.

Exeunt shouting.

End of the Fourth Act.

A C T V.

Thais and Pythia.

Tha. *entering.*] D'Ye speak in Riddles still ye dirty Quean? *[In another Tone mocking her.]* I do know, I don't know, he's fled, I heard on't, but was not there.—Hussy, can't ye tell me in plain terms whatever the Matter is. The poor Girl's Gown's rent, she's all in Tears, and won't speak. The Eunuch's fled too; But why?—What's done?—What no answer?—

Pyth. Alas, Madam, What wou'd ye ha' me say? when they all affirm 'twasn't a Eunuch that was here.

Tha. Who was't then?

Pyth. One Mr. Cherea.

Tha. What Mr. Cherea?

Pyth. The young Gentleman, Phedrie's Brother,

Tha. What's that ye say ye Witch?

Pyth. Nothing but what is certainly true.

Tha. Pray what shou'd he do here? Upon what account came he hither, pray?

Pyth.

Pyth. I can't guess, unless he was in Love with *Pamphila*.

Tba. S'death, I'm undone then, all my Measures are broken if this be true. Is't for this the poor Creature bemoans her self so.

Pyth. So I believe, Madam.

Tba. How's this ye Baggage? Didn't I give you a particular Charge about her, when I went away.

Pyth. What cou'd I do i'th' Case? You order'd that she should be wholly committed to his care?

Tba. Oh you Jade, you set the Wolf to keep the Sheep: I'm asham'd to the Soul to be so cursedly fool'd.— [*Seeing Cherea afar off.*] But what fellow's that?

Enter Cherea at a distance still in the Eunuch's Dress.

Pyth. 'St Madam! Patience I beseech ye: All's well, we have got our Spark in Lob's pound.

Tba. Where is he?

Pyth. 'St! on the Left-hand: Don't you see him?— look there then.

Tba. I see him.

Pyth. Seize him immediately.

Tba. What can we do to him Fool!

Pyth. Do to him, say ye?— See, I beseech you, what a cursed impudent Look he has got,—

Tba. I see no such thing.

Pyth. And with what Confidence he comes to us.

Che. to himself. *Antipho's* Father and Mother were both at home, as if they'd staid there on purpose, so that I cou'dn't possibly get in without being discovered. The time I was i'th' Porch, an Acquaintance o'mine came that way. Upon this, I takes me to my heels as fast as I cou'd, runs into a blind Alley, then to another, and so to a third. Thus did I dance up and down in a Peck of Troubles to prevent a discovery. — But hold, is that *Thais*? The very same. — I'm at a plaguy stand what to do. — Pshaw, what care I? She can neither hang draw nor quarter.

Tba. Let's up to him. — O good Sir *Dorus*, you're welcome home. — Pray tell me, Did you run away from us?

Che. True as you say, Madam.

[*Looks simply.*

Tba.

Tha. And are extremely pleased with this vagary I warrant?

Cbe. Not so extremely neither, Madam.

Tha. D'ye think you shall come off so?

Cbe. Well Madam, pardon me this one Fault, if you catch me in another, hang me up.

Tha. Were you afraid I shou'd prove a harsh Mistress, that you ran for't?

Cbe. No indeed, Madam.

Tha. Of what then?

Cbe. Why I was only afraid this Woman shou'd ha' told Tales of me.

[Pointing to Pythia.

Tha. Why what ha' you done then?

Cbe. A small Matter.

Pyth. Impudence! A small Matter d'ye call it?—Is ravishing a Virgin and a Citizen so small a Matter in your account?

[In a Passion.

Cbe. I took her for one of my fellow Servants.

Pyth. Thy fellow Servant? I can scarce keep my Nails out o'th' Eyes of him.—Thou Devil incarnate! Are you come to laugh at us too?

[In a great fury.

Tha. to Pythia.] Keep off your Bedlam.

Pyth. Why Madam? As if there cou'd ha' been any thing done to me, if I had pull'd his Locks for him, since he owns himself your Servant?

Tha. Trifling aside,--- Indeed Mr. *Cherea* you've done a very unworthy thing, and which did not become ye, for tho' I had deserv'd this Affront never so much, yet 'twas dishonourable for you to do't. As I live I know not what course to take about the poor Girl. You've so broken all my Measures, that I can't possibly return her to her Friends, neither as I ought to do, nor as I intended; that I might ingratiate my self among 'em by so compleat an Obligation.

Cbe. Now, Madam, I hope to see a lasting kindness betwixt us both. For from such bad Beginnings as this oft the greatest Friendships rise. And who knows but some lucky Star has order'd this?

Tha. Why truly I interpret it thus, and wish it from my Soul.

Cbe.

Che. And I beg it might be so? Believe this one thing, 'twasn't to affront you, but pure Love caus'd all this.

Tba. I do believe it, and therefore rather pardon it: For I'm not of that Nature Mr. *Cherea*, nor yet so insensible my self as not to know somewhat of the Power of Love.

Che. As I hope for Happiness Madam, I'm extreamly taken with you.

Pyth. Faith Madam look to your self then.

Che. I wouldn't hurt her if I might.

Pyth. I'll trust ye no farther than I can see ye.

Tba. Leave prating Fool.

Che. Now Madam I must crave your Assistance in this great Design. I trust and commit my self wholly to your disposal, and beg your Protection. Let me die, if I don't marry her.

Tba. But what if your Father? —

Che. What he? — I'm sure of his Consent, cou'd she be prov'd to be a Gentlewoman.

Tba. If you please to stay a little her Brother will be here strait: He's but stept for the Nurse that brought her up. And so Sir you may be by at the Discovery.

Che. Then I'll stay.

Tba. I think we'd better go i'th' mean time than stay at the Door.

Che. With all my Heart.

Pyth. D'ye know Madam what you're going to do?

Tba. Why that Question?

Pyth. Why? Sure you don't intend to take this Blade into your House again.

Tba. Why not?

Pyth. Trust me for once Madam, He'll make some new Disturbance.

Tba. Prithee leave your tattling.

Pyth. It seems you han't made sufficient tryal of him then.

Che. I'll do no harm good Mrs. *Pythia*.

Pyth. I'll not trust ye an Ace good Mr. *Cherea*, — unless your Head were off.

Che. But Mrs. *Pythia* thou shalt be my Keeper.

Pyth. /

Pyth. No Faith, who will trust their selves with you, either to keep or be kept by ye? Away with ye.——

Enter at a distance Chremes and Sophrona.

Tba. What Luck's here, here's the Brother just upon us.

Cbe. Alas-a-day! I beseech ye Madam let's in. I wou'dn't for the World be seen i'th' Street in this Dress.

Tba. Why so? 'Cause you're asham'd on't?

Cbe. Yes indeed am I.

Pyth. Yes indeed am I, say ye? For the young Woman
Cherea! *[clapping her Hands at him.]*

Tba. Do you go in Sir, I'll follow ye.—— *[Exit Cherea.]*
But do you stay here *Pythia* to bring in Mr. *Chremes*.

Exit Thais.

Pyth. to her self.] What Trick now? What Mischief can I think of?—— How shall I contrive to make this Rogue *Parmeno* pay Sawce for this damnable Cheat, he has put upon us?

Cbe. Come bestir your self Nurse a little faster.

Soph. So I do you see.

Cbr. Ay, but you don't advance.

Pyth. to Chremes.] Have you shown Nurse the Tokens?

Cbr. Yes, all of 'em.

Pyth. Pray Sir, what says she? Do's she know 'em again?

Cbe. Ay, and remember 'em very well.

Pyth. That's good News introth, I wish the poor Gentlewoman well with all my Heart.—— Be pleas'd to walk in, my Lady has look'd for ye some time.——

Exeunt Chremes and Sophrona.

Enter Parmeno at a distance.

Yonder comes that precious Rogue *Parmeno*, ——
In the Name of Heaven, how unconcern'dly the Fellow stalks it?—— But I believe I have found out a way to revenge my self on him as I wou'd wish.—— I'll go in and see the Truth of this Discovery then I'll come again and fright the Rascal to some Tune.

Exit Pythia.

Par.

Par. alone.] I'm come to see how *Cherea* carries on his Intrigue ; Which if it be manag'd cunningly, Goodly, goodly ! What Monuments of Praise are due to my Worship ? For to say nothing of procuring him the Person he loves without Trouble, Fees or Charges, when the Amour might have proved very difficult and costly from a covetous Bawd : I've done that which I think I deserve a Statue for ; Having shown this Spark a way to know all the Tricks and Customs of these common Jilts, and by timely notice to abhor 'em forever after. When they're abroad forsooth, none so cleanly, none so modish and genteel, none so delicately neat as they : When their Ladiships feast with their Gallants, they feed as nicely as possible : But to see the insatiable Gluttony, the vile Nastiness, the griping Penury of these filthy Jades at home ; how greedy of a Crust, how eagerly they flabber and fofs up brown George out of stinking Pottage ; to know all this before-hand may be the saving of a young Man.

Pyth. at the Door over-hearing him.] Faith I'll be even with you for your Rogueries you've said or done ; you shall have small Joy Sirrah, in making Sport with us.

Enter Pythia taking no notice of Parmeno.

Pyth. entering.] Bless me ! What a base unworthy Action's this ? An unfortunate young Gentleman ! And *Parmeno* an ungracious Wretch to betray him hither !

Par. What's in the Wind now ?

[*Aside.*

Pyth. to her self.] It grieves me to the Soul : Dear Heart, I left the House in haste to get out of the sight on't. — What a dreadful Example do they say they'll make on him ?

Par. Heavens ! What new Mischiefs this ? Is my Plot come to this then ? — I'll e'en speak to her. [*Aside.*] — What's the Matter Mrs. *Pythia* ? What's that you talk'd of ? Who's that will be made an Example ?

Pyth. D'ye ask that, ye desperate Fool ? Why you've quite ruin'd the young Gentleman you brought for the *Eunuch*, when you thought, I warrant, you had put a Trick upon us.

Par. How so ? — What has happen'd ? — Prithee tell me.

Pyth. I will so. — You don't know then that the Girl that was presented to my Lady to day is a Gentlewoman of this Town, and her Brother a Person of Quality?

Par. I know nothing on't.

Pyth. But so it provid'd. — And 'twas she that your poor Wretch ravish'd. When her Brother knew of it, a most bloody-minded Fellow, —

Par. What did he do? [Fearfully]

Pyth. — First bound him Hand and Foot, 'twou'd grieve your Heart to see it. —

Par. Bound him? Damnation!

Pyth. — Tho' my Lady begg'd all she cou'd for him.

Par. What say ye? [Hastily]

Pyth. Now he threatens to serve him like a common Horner, a thing I ne're saw, nor wou'd't for the World.

Par. With what Face can he answer so great a Villany?

Pyth. Why so great, I beseech you?

Par. Why isn't it the greatest of all Villanies? — Pray, who e're heard of one apprehended for a Fornicator in a common Bawdy-house?

Pyth. I can't tell that.

Par. That you mayn't say you don't know on't, this I declare, and forewarn you, that 'tis no less than Mr. *Phedrie's* Brother, —

Pyth. How? Prithce, 'tisn't he? Is't?

Par. — Therefore your Lady had best take care he comes to no harm. — But why don't I break into the House my self? [Offers to go.]

Pyth. Have a care what you do *Parmeno*, you'll do him no good, and ruine your self into the Bargain; for ev'ry Body believes 'tis all your contrivance.

Par. coming back.] What course shall I set upon? — [Seeing Laches at a distance.] Oh, yonder comes my old Master from his Country-house. — Shall I tell him on't or no? —

[Studies.] — Introth I will, tho' I certainly know I shall make a Rod for my own Breech. Necessity has no Law, he must rescue his poor Son.

Pyth. You do well. — I'll go in. — Be sure you tell him the whole Story from the beginning to the end.

Enter Laches.

Laches to himself.] I always find this advantage from the nearness o' my Country-house, that I'm never much tired with the Town or Country : When I begin to be sick of the one, I shift Lodgings to the other.— But isn't that our Man *Parmeno* ? — 'Tis he, as I hope to live, — *Parmeno* ! Who is't you wait for at this House ?

Par. turning short.] Who's that there ? — Ah, Sir, you're welcome to Town.

Lac. Who d'ye wait for ? Hah !

Par. I'm Thunder-struck, I can't wag my Tongue for fear. *[Aside.*

Lac. Ha ! What's the Matter ? Why d'ye shake so ? Is all well at home ? Prithee tell me.

Par. Firſt I'd have you be fully ſatisfied of this one thing, Sir, that whate're has happen'd, I'm as innocent as a new-born Babe.

Lac. Why, what's the Matter ?

Par. That's well askt, for I ſhou'd ha' told you that before. — Mr. *Phedrie* bought an *Eunuch*, which he preſented to this Woman.

Lac. To what Woman ?

Par. *Thais*.

Lac. He buy *Eunuchs* ? — S'bud, I'm undone then.— What did he coſt ?

Par. Fifty Pounds.

Lac. I muſt run my Country then.

Par. Then his Brother *Cberea* fell in Love with a Muſick-Wench.

Lac. How ! What ? Is he in Love too ? Do's he know what belongs to that Sport already ? Is he come from his Poſt to the City ? — One Plague upon another !

[Angrily, looking on Parmeno.]

Par. Pray Sir, don't you direct your Diſcourſe to me, I waſn't his Counſellor.

Lac. Speak another Word about your ſelf, you Hang-man ; and as I live. — But tell me the whole Buſineſs quickly.

Par. Mr. *Cberea* was ſent there inſtead of the *Eunuch*, Sir.

Lac. Inſtead of the *Eunuch* ?

Par. Very true Sir, and now they've apprehended him for a Rape, and have bound him Hand and Foot.

Lac. Hell and Furies!

Par. But mark the Impudence of these Jades.

Lac. Is there any Roguery you ha'nt told me on yet?

Par. You've heard all, Sir.

Lac. Why don't I brake in upon 'em?

Exit Laches.

Parmenio alone.

I don't question but I've brought an old House upon my Head by this Day's work; and yet I couldn't possibly avoid it.—Howe're I'm pleas'd that these Strumpets shall feel some of the smart by my means. The old Gentleman has sought an occasion this half Year, to make notorious Examples of some of 'em, and now I think he has found one.

Enter Pythia.

Pyth. to her self.] I faith this was the pleasanter Scene I e're saw in my Life, to see the old Gentleman come blundering upon us in such a Mistake. I had all the Sport to my self because I knew his Ailment.

Par. over-bearing.] What a Plague's here? [*Aside.*

Pyth. to herself.] I'm now come to see for the Fool *Parmenio*.—But where in the Name of Goodness shall I find him?

Par. O' my Soul she looks for me. [*Aside.*

Pyth. to herself.] O! I see him, I'll be with him presently.

Par. What's the Matter *Mrs. Impertinence*? What would you be at? What are you so tickl'd at?—What ne're a done?

Pyth. Oh my Sides!—I've almost burst my Sides with Laughing at thee.

Par. Your Reason pray?

Pyth. A pretty Question!—Faith, thou'rt the arrantest Ass I e're did, or shall set my Eyes on?—'Tis utterly past my skill to tell thee what excellent Sport thou hast made within.—I took thee for a cunning ingenious Fellow.—

Par. How's this?

Pyth.

Pyth. Had ye no more Wit than to believe presently what I said? Were you not ashamed of the Villany you put the poor Gentleman upon, but you must tell Tales of him to his Father? How simply did he look, think ye, when his Father surpriz'd him in that Disguise? What? Don't you see what a fine pass you've brought your self to?

Par. Ha! How's this you filthy Carrion? Did ye tell me a Lye, and then laugh at the Wit on't? D'ye think it such fine Sport to abuse us ye Jade?

Pyth. Oh the finest Sport i'th' World.

Par. D'ye think you shan't pay dearly for this?

Pyth. Perhaps so.

Par. Ay, Faith shall ye.

Pyth. I fancy as much. These Threats may come to Morrow, but you'll be hang'd to day for entering a young Gentleman a Debauchee, and then discovering it, they'll both have a pull at your Coat for this.

Par. I'm a Reprobate.

Pyth. You see the Reward of your Roguery; and so Good bye to ye.

Exit Pythia.

Par. alone.] Like a senseless Fool! I've betray'd my self like Rats with their own Squeaking.

Enter Thraſo and Gnatho at another part of the Stage.

Gna. to Thraſo.] What's in hand now Sir? Upon what Assurance or Design came we hither? What Enterprize next, Sir?

Thr. Who I? I'll e'en surrender my self to her upon discretion, and e'en do as she'd have me.

Gna. How Sir?

Thr. Why shou'd I be less submissive to this Lady than Hercules was to Omphala?

Gna. A pat Example,—— Wou'd I could see the Slipper flung at your soft Head too. [*Aside.*]—— But what makes her Door open? [*Discovering Cherea.*] What Mischiefs a foot now?—— I think I never saw that Face before.—— What makes him cut Capers thus as he comes out?

Enter Cherea.

Che. to himself.] Come my dear Country-men, Was ever any Man born under a happier Planet than my self? Not a Man upon my Word. For 'tis plain the Powers above to shew in me how great their Sovereignties have singled me out, on whom they have shew'd down so many Blessings all at once.

Par. Why's he so merry, trow?

Che. My dear *Parmeno*! 'Tis to thee I'm indebted for the Rise, the Advancement, and the Perfection of all my Comforts.— Dost know my dear sweet Creature's prov'd a Gentlewoman?—

Par. I heard it by the bye, Sir.

Che. — And that she's to be my Bride?

Par. As I hope to be Knighted that's admirable.

Gna. D'ye hear Sir, what he says? [*Aside to Thraso.*

Che. Then I'm heartily glad my Brother's Amours are in such a happy Condition. The Families are both united now; *Thais* has put her self wholly under my Father's Care and Protection, and is wholly ours.

Par. Then *Mr. Pbedrie* is like to have her for good and all.

Che. Yes, indeed.

Par. This too is worth a laughing at, for the mighty Captain's routed.

Che. Do you take care that my Brother may know of this as soon as ye can, where'soe're he be.

Par. I'll see for him at home.

Exit Parmeno.

Thr. So *Gnaitho*, Dost not think I'm gone to all Intents and Purposes?

Gna. There's no thinking otherwise.

Cherea to himself.] Where shall I begin first? Or whom commend most? Him that advis'd me to do't, or my self that had the Heart to venture upon't, or the good Fortune that directed us both, and that brought so many Circumstances of so great moment, and so luckily too into the Compass of one Day.—

Or shall I praise the Indulgence of my Father?
Great *Forve*! that dost poor Mortals Fate secure,
Grant that our Joys may with our Lives endure.

Enter Phedrie.

Phe. to himself.] Bless me! *Parmeno* tells me Wonders,
But where's my Brother?

Cbe. Here at your Service.

Phe. I'm extreamly glad for your good Fortune, Brother.

Cbe. I believe so, and truly Brother, there's ne're a Mistress
more worthy to be belov'd then your's, she has so vastly oblig'd
our Family.

Phe. Hey-day! Do you commend her before my Face.

Thr. to Gnatbo.] I'm quite undone! The less I Hope the
more I Love; Good *Gnatbo*, I rely wholly upon thee.

Gna. What wou'd you ha' me do Sir?

Thr. Bring it about either for Love or Money, that I may
continue a little in Madam *Thais*'s Favour.

Gna. That will be hard.

Thr. You can do't I know, if you give your Mind to't: If
ye perform it, Command what Gift or Reward you please,
'tis your own?

Gna. Shall it so Sir?

Thr. It shall indeed.

Gna. Why then Sir, if I do't, I desire to have free Egress
and Regress into your House, whether you be at home or
abroad, and a Place at your Table, whether invited or no.

Thr. It shall be so upon my Honour.

Gna. Well, I make an Effort.

Phe. Whose Tongue's that?— O Captain is't you?

Thr. Gentlemen, I'm your humble Servant.

Phe. Perhaps you know not what has happen'd at this
House.

Thr. Yes Sir, I do.

Phe. What makes ye scouting in these Quarters then?

Thr. Under your Protection, Gentlemen.—

Phe. D'ye know the Protection you're to expect? Take
this from me Good-man Captain, if I find you scauntering
here again in the Street, you mustn't think to sham me of

with ; I was looking for a Friend, and my Business lay this way, for you're like to have no Quarter.

Gna. Soft Sir, that's not like a Gentleman.

Pbe. I'll be no worse than my Word.

Gna. Indeed Sir, I didn't think you'd been so huffy.

Pbe. You'll find it just so.

Gna. Pray be pleased, Gentlemen, to hear your Servant Gnatho, a Word or two, and then do what you please in this Affair.

Pbe. Let's hear't then.

Gna. Do you Captain move a little a one side: In the first place, let me beseech ye both to be perswaded, that whate're I do i'th' case is purely for my own sake, but if your Interest shou'd jump with mine, you're unwise if you don't follow my Counsel.

Pbe. Out with't then.

Gna. What if you took the Captain in amongst ye too ?
[Fawningly.]

Pbe. How amongst us ?

Gna. Consider a little better Sir. — Why faith you and your Mistress live very high, for you're used to an easie splendid Life, you've but a small Allowance your self ; and this *Thais* will be requiring more : Now that you may supply her, and save your own Pocket, there's not a fitter or more convenient Utensil than this Blunderbuss i'th' whole World. For first, he has Money enough at Command, and none more prodigal on't than he. Then he's a Soft-headed Fool, and a Half-witted Coxcomb, and a fumbling Fellow that snores Night and Day. You needn't fear the Gentlewoman's falling in Love with him ; then you may kick him out a Doors when you please. —

Pbe. to Cherea.] What had we best do ?

Gna. Then Sir, what's best of all, he treats as high and nobly as a Lord.

Pbe. Ten to one but we may have occasion for this Fool sometime or other.

Cbe. I'm of that Mind too.

Gna. Gentlemen, I'm oblig'd to you. — One Favour more let me beg of you, to admit me also into your retinue. — I've been cleaving of that Block long enough already.

Pbe. We grant it.

Cbe.

Cbe. And with all our Hearts.

Gna. Then in requital Gentlemen, here's to the fleecing and jeering the Cully to death.

Cbe. That's well.

Pbe. He deserves it.

Gna. to Thrafo.] Now noble Captain, you may make your Approaches.

Thr. And prithee how do Matters stand ?

Gna. How ? the Gentlemen didn't know your Worth: When I had inform'd 'em of your good Qualities, and given 'em a Character of ye as your noble Actions and Vertues deserve, your Suit was granted. *[Aside to him.]*

Thr. to Gnatho.] Well hast thou done.---- *[To Phe. and Che.]* Gentlemen, great Thanks do I return ye. I never was any where but that all kind of People lov'd me most dearly.

Gna. Didn't I tell ye how choice he was of his Expressions ; polite upo' my Word.

Pbe. Now there's nothing wanting ; You may retire.

[Turns to the Spectators.]

Gentlemen adieu, one kind Applause.

The End of the Eunuch.

and with the following

of the French

and with the following

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THE
Self-Tormenter.

COMEDY,

Acted at the Feast of Cybele,

W H E N

L. Valerius Flaccus,
and
L. Cornelius Lentulus } were *Curule Edits*,

By the Company of *Ambivivus Turpio*.

It was taken from the *GREEK* of *Menander* ;

Flaccus made free by *Claudius*, Compos'd the
Musick, which was perform'd the first time Acting
on unequal *FLUTES* ; The second time on two
Right-handed *FLUTES*.

This *PLAY* was Acted a Third time,

Under the Consulship of } *Titus Sempronius,*
and
} *M. Juventius.*

A. V. C. 591. Anti Christ. 159.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

- Chremes, { *An old Gentleman hard by Athens, of a Nature somewhat strict and severe; very busie, and a great Meddler.*
- Menedeme, { *A Gentleman, Chremes's Neighbour; The Self-Tormenter; of a Melancholy, yet of a softer and milder Disposition than the former.*
- Clitipho, { *Chremes's Son, a hot, wild Spark; a toose Lover, and somewhat stubborn to his Parents.*
- Clinie, { *His Friend, Menedeme's Son; of a civil, courteous, pliant Temper, passionately in Love with Antiphila.*
- Syrus, { *Servant to Clitipho, and his Instructor; a very sly, subtle, active, intriguing Fellow: always plotting against Chremes, and tricking him of Money.*
- Dromo, { *Servant to Clinie.*

W O M E N.

- Sostrata, { *Chremes's Wife, of a soft, easie and indulgent Nature, very submissive to her Husband.*
- Antiphila, { *A young Gentlewoman, Clinie's Mistress, very innocent, modest, loving, and faithful.*
- Bacchis, { *A noted Courtesan, kept by Clitipho, a baughty, proud, impudent, drinking, chargeable Miss,*
- Phrygia, { *Her Waiting-Maid.*
- Antiphila's Nurse.

SCENE, The Fields near *ATHENS*.

The TIME about Ten or Eleven Hours.

THE

THE

Self-Tormenter.

ACT I.

SCENE, *The Country before Chremes's Door.*TIME, *The Shut of the Evening.**Enter Chremes, and Menedeme with a Rake, &c. upon his Shoulders; returning from the Field.*

Cbr. **T**HOU' our Acquaintance is but of very short standing, for it began, ye know, upon your buying this Farm here next mine; that and little else being the occasion of it; yet either your own worth or your Neighbourhood, which I esteem next door Friendship, makes me take the boldness with all freedom to tell ye, that you do not seem to live as becomes either your Age, or your Condition. For in the Name of Heaven and Wonder! What do ye do with your self? What wou'd be at? If a body may judge by your Face, you write Threescore at least. I don't know any body that is better seated; has a prettier Estate; or is better serv'd than you: and yet you manage all the Business your self, as if you hadn't a Soul i'th' World to help ye. Let me go out ne're so early
in

in the Morning, or come home never so late at Night, there you're at it, Digging, Plowing, or Lugging something or other; in a perpetual hurry, without any regard to your Quality or Person. I'm very certain you don't do this for your diversion.—— Perhaps you'll say, *I hate to see my Work go on so slowly*: Let me tell ye, Neighbour, if you'd bestow but half the Pains upon your Servants, that you do upon your Ground, your Business wou'd go on ten times faster.

Men. Chremes, ha' you so much leisure from your own Business, as to mind another Man's that don't concern ye?

Chr. Common Humanity, Sir, obliges me to be so concern'd, as I'm a Man: And therefore you may take what I say either by way of Advice, or by way of Enquiry: that if what you do be well, I may do so too; if ill, I may divert you from it.

Men. I have Reason for what I do: you may do as you please.

Chr. Can any Man ha' Reason to torment himself? 102

Men. I have.

Chr. If there were any just occasion for this toyling and moyling of yours, I shou'dn't be against it. But then I wou'd gladly know what it is: and what ye ha' done to deserve so ill of your self.

Men. Hey, ho!

[Weeps.]

Chr. Never cry for the Matter: but whate're 'tis let me know't: Out with it: Fear nothing, but depend upon me. I'll either condole with ye, or advise ye, or assist ye in what else I can.

Men. Wou'd ye needs know't then?

Chr. For the very Reason I just told ye of.

Men. You shall ha't then.

Chr. But pray Sir, down with your Tools the mean time, and don't tire your self so.

Men. By no means.

Chr. Pray what's your design in't?

Men. Ah! Let me alone that I mayn't indulge my self one minute.

Chr. Indeed, Sir, but I won't. [He forces the Rake, &c. from him.]

Men. Ah! that's not fair.

Chr.

Cbr. Bless me! What a weight's here?

Men. I deserve it all.

Cbr. Come, come; out with't now.

Men. I have an only Son, a Youth.— What did I say I have? Ah *Chremes*! I had one, indeed; but whether I have now or no, I know not.—

Cbr. Why de'e say so?

Men. I'll tell ye, Sir.— Hard by dwells a poor old Woman of *Corinth*, whose Daughter my Son began to be so fond of, that it had like to ha' been Match; and all this without my knowledge. When once I found out the Intrigue, I began to take him to task roundly; and not with the tenderness that is due to the Weaknesses of Youth: But extremely sharp I was, after the common ranting way of Fathers. I was every day taunting at him: *How now*, said I, *De'e think to go on after this vile rate? And keep a Mistress so openly, whilst I am living?* No *Clinie*, you're mightily mistaken, and don't know me, if you think so; I shall look upon ye as mine, as long as ye do what ye ought to do; but if otherwise, I know what I ought to do, and you shall find it. I know this is only the Effects of too much Idleness; when I was at your Tears I didn't give my Mind to Women; but was forced to go a Souldier into *Asia* to get a Livelibood; where by the War I got me both Riches and Honour too. At last, Matters came to that pass, that the poor Boy hearing the same thing press'd upon him so often, and so gravely, was brought over. And thinking my Age and Prudence better Guides than this own, he shipp'd off for *Asia*, and went Reformade under the King of *Persia* there, Mr. *Chremes*.—

Cbr. How's that, Sir?

Men. He stole away without my knowledge, and has been gone a whole quarter of a Year. [Weeps.]

Cbr. You're both to blame. Yet what he has done shew'd both an ingenicus Temper, and a brave Spirit.

Men. When I heard of his Journey from some of his Intimado's, I went home with a Heart full of Sorrow, my Mind half diltracted, not knowing where to turn my Head for Grief. I sat me down, my Servants all attend my beck, some help to undress me, others run to lay the Cloth, and get my Supper ready; And all most diligent to assuage my Grief; At sight of this, I thus began to muse: *Alas! Must*
so

so many sweat and toil for me alone? So many strive to humour me? So many Women spend their time to adorn my House and me? Shall all these vast expences be for me alone? For me, whose Cruelty has driven hence my Son? My only Son, who ought to have an equal share with me or more, since Youth can better relish these Enjoyments. If I still keep this course of Life, no plague too great can light upon my Head. Whilst he thus lives in penury abroad, banished from home by my severity, I'll even revenge his wrong upon my self: I'll labour, spare, pinch, and scrape up all for him. With that I put my resolution in Practice; for I've turn'd all things out o' doors, left neither Dish, nor Bed for use, but pull'd down all. I turn'd off all my Maids and Men too, except a few to till my Land which were no charge to me. I expos'd all to Sale, and put House to be Sold over the Door. I praid the Sum of two or three thousand Pounds, and bought this Farm, where I toil and moil every day: I'm fully persuaded Neighbour, I do less injury to my poor Child whilst I'm in Misery, as well as he: nor ought I to take any manner of Pleasure till he return safe to be sharer with me.

Cbr. I believe you're a very indulgent Father, and he as dutiful a Son, if manag'd to the best advantage: But indeed you didn't know his Temper, nor he well yours: And when things are so, there's no living. You never told him how much you valu'd him, nor had he that confidence in you which he might have presum'd upon. If this had been, things had never came to this.

Men. Very true, Sir, I confess; but I'm the most in fault.

Cbr. Introth, Sir, I hope the best yet, and do verily believe you'll see him safe at home e're long.

Men. Ah! Heavens grant I may.

Cbr. I'll warrant ye, Sir.— This is *Bacchus's Day*; and I shou'd be glad of your Company at Supper to night, if you cou'd conveniently.

Men. I must beg your pardon for that.

Cbr. Why so?— Pray Sir give your self some little Refreshment. I'm sure your absent Son wou'd gladly have it so.

Men. There's no Reason I that forc'd him to hardship, shou'd shift it off my self.

Cbr. Is that your resolution?

Men.

Men. 'Tis so, Sir.

Chr. Good night t'ye, Sir.

Men. And to you too.

*Exit Menedemus with his
Rake upon his Shoulder.*

Chremes alone.

I profess he has forced Tears from me, and I can't but pity the poor Gentleman.—— But as the Day goes 'tis time for me to invite my Neighbour *Phania* to Supper.—— I'll call in and see if he's at home.——

*[Steps to Phania's
Door and returns.]*

Oh, I see he need not be reminded, for they tell me he's at our House already.—— I make my Guests stay for me now: I'll in to 'em.—— But what makes the Door go? —— Who's that comes out of my House.—— I'll step a little a one side.

[He retires.]

Enter Clitipho.

Clit. to Clinie within at Chremes's House.] As yet you needn't fear *Clinie*: they han't been such a while away; I'm confident she'll be here, and the Messenger too in a short time. Therefore shake off these causeless Fears that so torment ye.

Chr. Who's that my Son talks to? *[Aside.]*

Clit. Oh! Here's my Father; just as I was wishing for him, I'll up to him.—— Sir, I'm glad I've met with ye.

Chr. Why what's the Matter?

Clit. Sir, D'ye know our Neighbour Mr. *Menedeme*?

Chr. Yes, very well.

Clit. And that he has a Son too?

Chr. Yes, I heard he's in *Asia*.

Clit. No Sir, but he's now at our House.

Chr. Indeed!

Clit. I happen'd on him just at his Landing, and brought him hither to Supper, for we've been very intimate from our very Childhood.

Chr. Your News pleases me strangely.—— What wou'd I give now that Mr. *Menedeme* had come when I invited him, that I might have been the first to have surpriz'd him with these joyful tidings. I believe 'tisn't too late yet.

Clit. O Sir, have a care, what you do, twon't be proper.

Chr. Why not?

Clit. Because he's in a great Quandary what to do with himself. He's but just come ashore, and is dismally afraid, both of his Father's Displeasure, and his Mistress's Inconstancy; whom he loves most entirely. 'Twas upon her account that all this stir, and his parting from his Father was occasion'd.

Chr. I know't.

Clit. He has just now sent his Foot-boy into the City to her, and I made our *Syrus* go along with him.

Chr. What says the young Man to the World?

Clit. What, Sir? Why that he's the greatest Wretch in it.

Chr. He the greatest? No Man less. Does he want for any thing that the World calls good? his Father's well, his Country happy, he has store of Friends, Relations of good Quality, and a plentiful Estate. And these always prove good or bad according as the Man is; they are Blessings to those that know how to use 'em, but plagues to them that do not.

Clit. But, Sir, his Father was always a cross old Gentleman. And I'm afraid of nothing so much, as that his Passion shou'd make him use his Son worse than he deserves.

Chr. What he cross? — I'll say no more though, 'tis convenient he shou'd stand in some awe of his Father.

[*Aside.*]

Clit. What's that you say to your self, Sir?

Chr. I say, that however the Case stood, he ought to have staid at home. If his Father was a little more harsh than agreed with his debauch'd Inclinations, he shou'd ha' taken it patiently; for who shou'd he bear withal, if he can't with his Father? Which is most proper, think ye, the Father to live after the Son's Humour, or the Son according to his Father's: As for the young Man's pretending he's hardly dealt by, 'tis no such Matter. For the Severities of Parents (I mean such as are not excessively severe) are very much the same; namely, they won't suffer their Sons to be always at the Bawdy-house, nor always at the Tavern; and will allow 'em but a little spending Money; and yet all this is for their Childrens good. For when ones Mind is quite drencht in Debaucheries, all that he does will have a notable Smack on't. And Son take this

The Self-Tormenter.

III

this for a Rule, Never to buy Wit, when you can have it at another Man's Cost.

Clit. I fancy so.

Cbr. I'll go in, and see how Supper goes forward. You know how late 'tis, therefore don't be out of the way.

Exit Chremes.

Clitipho alone.

What unconscionable Creatures these same Fathers are! to expect their Children shou'd turn Philosophers in their hanging Sleeves, without so much as touching upo' the Levities of Youth. They measure us by their own depraved Appetities as they are at present, and not as they were formerly. — Well! If ever Heaven send me a Son o' my own, he shall have an extream loving Father o' me: For he shan't be afraid to make me his very Confessor, and I'll be sure to give him Absolution: I'll not do as mine, who slyly insinuates his Morals by a side-wind. — It vexes me, — when he begins to be mellow, he'll then tell me of all his old Pranks! But now he reads me a Lecture, about *Buying of Wit at other Mens Costs*. A crafty Gentleman i'faith! Little does he think that he has preach'd to the Wind. My Mistress's Words stick more in my Stomach by half than all his Preachments; Give me this fine thing, and buy me that: And i'faith I can't answer her a Word. There's none so damnably put to't as I. — Altho' this Mr. Clinie has enough lying upon his own hands, yet his Mistress is well and modestly brought up, and unacquainted with the Tricks o' th' Town: But mine's an imperious, craving, frately Dame: damnably expensive, and as proud as the Devil. When she asks me for any thing, I return her a Nod; but to tell her I han't for her, is a mortal Sin.

I did but lately these damn'd Tricks espy,
Yet all lies hush'd and kept from Daddy's Eye.

Exit.

The End of the First Act.

A C T II.

Enter Clinie as from Chremes's, and Clitipho behind him at distance.

Clin. *to himself.* **H**AD there been any good News for me about my Mistress, I'm sure they'd ha' been here before now. But I'm horribly afraid some Body has been tampering with her in my absence. There are a thousand Circumstances running in my Brain that rack my Mind: Opportunity, Place, Youth, a wicked Mother that governs her, and that would pawn her Soul for Half a Piece. —

Clit. Mr. Clinie.

Clin. What a Wretch am I?

Clit. Have a care, Sir, that none of your Father's Family drop out and see you here.

Clin. I'll look to that. — But I'm afraid there's some Mischief towards, for my Mind misgives me strangely.

Clit. Dye use to judge of things, before ye know what they are.

Clin. Why, if there hadn't been some unluckiness it's Wind, we should have seen 'em before this time.

Clit. They'll be here in a minute, Sir.

Clin. But when will that minute come?

Clit. You don't consider that 'tis a great way off. And when Women, ye know, fall once to Powd'ring and Comb-ing, they are an Age a rigging out.

Clin. Ah, Clitipho, I'm very uneasy.

Clit. Bear up Man, — Yonder comes Dromo and Syrus both together.

Enter

Enter Syrus and Dromo at another part of the Stage, talking together.

Syr. to Dromo.] — Say'st thou so my Lad? Hah!

Dro. Just as I tell ye.

Syr. But hold, — [*Looking about him.*] Whilst we go twattling on, we've lost the Women.

Clin. D'ye hear that Clinie? Your Mistress will be here presently.

Clin. Yes, I do hear at last; and now am come to some Life and Sense again, *Clitipho.*

Dro. to Syrus.] Faith I don't wonder they lag behind: Having drawn so great a train at their Heels.

Clin. over-hearing Dromo.] Confusion! How came she by such a Train?

Clin. D'ye ask me Sir?

Syr. to Dromo.] Troth we didn't do well to leave 'em so, for they've things of considerable value about 'em, —

Clin. All's past recovery.

Syr. — As Jewels and fine Cloaths. — Besides 'tis somewhat duskyish, and they know not a step o' th' way. — In sober sadness we've done like a couple of Fools. — Prithee Dromo, do you go back, and meet them. — Make haste; What d'ye stay for?

Exit Dromo.

Clin. Oh cursed Misfortune, how basely have my hopes deceiv'd me!

[*Aside.*

Clin. What's the Matter? What makes ye so concern'd now?

Clin. So concern'd say ye? — Don't ye hear what a train of Servants, what Jewels and fine Cloaths she brings with her? When I left her but with one Girl to wait upon her; Where shou'd she have all this, think ye?

Clin. Po! now I know his Distemper.

Syr. to himself.] Bless me! What a damnable Crew is coming? — I'm sure our House will scarce hold 'em all. — What a plaguy deal will they eat and drink, and how woefully our old Master will be put to't! — But hold, here are the Sparks I wanted,

Clin. Oh Heavens ! What's become of true Faith ? Whilst for your sake, *Antiphila*, I fled my Native Country like a rambling Madman ; you have feathered your Nest finely at home, and left me i'th' midst of all my Troubles. You, I say, that are the Cause of my foulest Disgrace, and of my being so regardless of my Father. Now I'm ashamed and troubl'd to the Soul, that he who read me so many good Lectures upon the Tricks of those Creatures, lost all his Advice ; and wasn't able to make me leave her. But now it must be done : When it might have been much to my advantage, then I wouldn't. — Not a Creature more miserable than me.

Syr. aside.] Faith Mr. *Clinie* has misunderstood every Syllable we were talking of. — [To *Clinie*.] Hark ye, Sir ; you think worse of your Mistress than she deserves : for as far as we can gather from Circumstances, she's still the same Woman ; and her Heart as true to you as ever.

Clin. How's that ? Prithee tell me. For I'd desire nothing o'th' World sooner than to find my Jealousies falsely grounded.

Syr. In the first place, that you may be sure to know all : the old Woman that went for your Mistress's Mother was nothing related to her ; and she's gone to her long home. This by chance I heard *Antiphila* tell the other, as I was coming along.

Clin. Prithee what other was that ?

[Hastily.]

Syr. Good Sir, have Patience, and let me finish my first Story, and then I'll come to yours.

Clin. Dispatch it quickly then.

Syr. To begin ; When we were got to the House, *Dromo* knocks at the Door ; out comes an old Woman : as soon as she had open'd it, *Dromo* whips in, and I after him ; the old Woman claps to the Door, and falls hard to her Work again. And now was the time or never, Sir, to learn how your Mistress had spent her time in your absence ; since we dropp'd upon her unawares, and this gave us an opportunity of making a guess at their common Practices ; which give the best Light into Peoples Humours. We found her hard at it making of Tapestry, meanly dress'd in a Sute of Mourning, for the old Woman that's dead, I suppose. She had no rich or gawdy Attire on, but dress'd like those homely Dames that have

have no Gallants to see : Nor yet dawb'd over with nasty Paint : But her Hair loosely dishevelled, and carelessly thrown about her Shoulders. Forbear ! *[Clinie going to speak.]*

Clin. Prithee honest Boy, don't feed me like a Fool.

Syr. Well Sir, the old Woman she spun : Besides her there was a Girl weaving too with patch'd Cloaths, ill dress'd and very nasty.

Clit. If this be true, Mr. Clinie, as I fancy 'tis, thou'rt the happiest Man alive. Didn't you mind how fluttish and nasty he said the Maid was ? That's a certain sign Man, the Mistress is honest, when the Confident goes in Rags : for 'tis always the way to see the Chamber-Maid first before they make court to the Mistress.

Clin. Prithee, dear Rogue, on with your Story, but have a care of currying Favour by your Flams.—— What said she, when you first mention'd me ?

Syr. When I told her you were landed ; and desired her Company forthwith, she immediately threw aside her Work, and cou'dn't speak for crying ; which, you may be sure, was all for your sake.

Clin. As I hope for Mercy, I'm so transported, I scarce know where I am, I was in such a fright, but just now.

Clit. I knew, Sir, there was nothing amiss.—— Now 'tis my turn, *Syrus* : Let's know who that Other was.

Syr. We've brought Madam *Bacchis* your Mistress, Sir.

Clit. How ?—— *Bacchis* d'ye say ? Why ye cursed Dog whether d'ye bring her. *[In a Passion.]*

Syr. Whether d'ye bring her ? Why to our House, Sir.

Clit. What to my Father's Sirrah ? *[Hastily.]*

Syr. Yes, to your Father's.

Clit. To see the Impudence of this Rascal !

Syr. Hark ye, Sir, *Faint Heart never won fair Lady.*

Clit. Look to't Sirrah, shall you pretend to advance your own Reputation upo' my cost : If you step but the least awry, I'm gone to all Intents and Purpose.—— And what will ye do then ?

Syr. But Sir——

Clit. But, What ?

Syr. I'll tell ye, if you'll give me leave.

Clin. Prithee, give him leave.

Clit. Well then,

Syr. The Case is thus, — as if —

Clit. Pox he's going to tell a Story of nine Hours long.

Clin. I think so too. — Therefore, *Syrw*, leave fooling, and come to the Point.

Syr. Introth Sir, I can hold no longer, you're grown so troublesome, that there's no dealing with you. —

[*To Clitipho.*

Clin. to Clitipho.] Faith you shou'd give him the hearing tho', therefore pray be silent a little.

Syr. You'd have a Mistress, Sir; you'd enjoy her, and be able to present her too, but you wou'dn't run any hazard for her. Really you are wonderous wise: If it be Wisdom to aim at that which can never be. You must either take the Hazard with the Prize, or lose the Prize and run no Hazard. Now, Sir, take which side you like best: Tho' I'm very certain the Plot I've laid is both well contrived and safe: First, you'll have the Liberty of your Mistresses company under your Father's Nose, without the least danger; and then by the self-same means I shall find a Trick to nib the old Man o'th' Money you promis'd her; for which you've so often deafen'd my Ears with your Duns. And what a Duce wou'd you have more?

Clit. Provided it be as you say.

Syr. Hang your *Provideds*, can't you run the hazard on't?

Clit. Well, come on then, your Plot, how is't laid?

Syr. Your Mistress shall go for this Gentleman's.

Clit. Very fine! — But prithee, What shall he do with his own then? Shall she be clapp'd upon his Back too, as tho' one wasn't enough to crack his Credit.

Syr. We'll have her to your Mother's.

Clit. What to do there?

Syr. Faith, Sir, 'twill take up *nine Hours* indeed to give ye the Why's and Wherefore's. 'Tis enough, that I ha' reason for't.

Clit. Meer Stuff! I can see nothing as yet to remove my Suspicions.

Syr. Hold Sir. — If you're afraid of this Plot, I've another in my Head, which I'm sure you'll both own to be safe enough.

Clit. Prithee invent me such a one as that.

Syr.

Syr. That I will in an instant. — I'll give 'em the meeting, and pray 'em to face about, and march home again.

[Scornfully.]

Clit. Hab! What's that you say?

Syr. I'll rid you of your Fears with a vengeance: that you may be sure to sleep sound in a whole Skin. —

[Is going off.]

Clit. to Clinie.] What had I best do now?

Clin. What you Sir? Why e'en make good use of —

Clit. Heark ye, Syrus, tell me truly what I shou'd do.

Syr. Away, away, you'll wish ye had, when 'tis too late.

Clin. Here's a fair Opportunity offer'd; make good use on't while you may; you are n't sure of having the like again.

Clit. Why, Syrus, I say.

Syr. Bawl till your Heart ake, I'll on for all that.

Clit. to Clinie.] In good earnest you're i'th' right on't. — But heark ye, Syrus; Syrus I say; Soho Syrus. —

[Aloud.]

Syr. The Spark's fired, I see. — [Aside.] Your pleasure, Sir.

Clit. Come back, come back.

Syr. returning.] Here I am Sir, — Now to the Business: by and by you'll say you don't like this neither.

Clit. No Syrus; I throw my self, my Love, my Reputation too into your Hands. I'll leave all to your determination; but see you discharge your Trust well.

Syr. That's Counsel worth laughing at i'faith: As tho' my Game wasn't at stake as well as yours. If an unlucky Cast comes up, and spoils all our Designs, you'll come off with a Reprimand, or so; But poor Pilgarlick must meet with a dry beating. Upo' this Score, I must mind my Business very closely. But you must beg this Gentleman to gallant your Mistress the while.

Clin. He may be sure of my assistance: And as the Case stands I'm oblig'd to't.

Clit. Oh, Sir, I'm extreamly engag'd to ye.

Clin. You must take care Bacchis ben't out in her part.

Syr. Oh, she has her Lesson to a tittle.

Clit.

Clit. For my part, I wonder how cou'd wheadle her to come so soon; for she sometimes wou'd scorn the very best of ye.

Syr. I took her in the very Critical minute, which is the most nicking Advantage: For who shou'd I find there but a sneaking Captain paying his Devoirs for one single Night's Lodging: she manag'd this poor Devil tightly with such Artifice, as to inflame his greedy Appetite by keeping him at Bay; and at the same time to do a Signal piece of Service to you.— But hark ye Sir, have a care of making any false step: You know how plaguy sharp-sighted your Father is in these Intreagues. And I can tell, how hard it is for you to keep your self within Compass. You must have a mighty care of all double-meaning Expressions, of casting a Sheep's Eye over your left Shoulder; of sighing, spitting, humming, and jeering.—

Clit. Faith I'll act it rarely.—

Syr. See that you do then.

Clit. — You your self shall admire me for't.

Syr. But see how quickly, the Ladies come after us?

Clit. Where are they? Why d'ye hold me Boy.

[*To Syrus holding him.*]

Syr. You've nothing to do with her now.

Clit. Right, not, before my Father.— But till then.—

Syr. No nor till then neither.

Clit. Come let me go.

Syr. *still holding him.*] Not a step, I say.

Clit. Prithee, for one minute.

Syr. That I forbid too.

Clit. A civil Respect at least.

Syr. Get ye gone, if you've any Guts in your Brains.

Clit. Well I'm going, but what must *Clinie* do?

Syr. Stay here.

Clit. He has a fine time on't!

Syr. Troop off, I say.

[*Clitipho walks off a little a one side.*]

Enter

Enter at a distance Bacchis, Antiphila, Dromo,

Waiting-Maids, &c.

Bac. *Intro.* dear *Phile*, I can't but commend ye, and think ye very happy; in being so careful as to make your good Behaviour wholly answerable to your Beauty. As I'm a Sinner, I don't admire that all the Sparks of the Town shou'd die for ye; since your Discourse discovers the Sweetness of your Disposition: For my part, when I came to consider the Life and Conversation of all such as you, who aren't common to every Coxcomb; I don't wonder to find ye so modest and virtuous, and ourselves so very little like ye. For you it is the best way to be honest, but our Gallants won't suffer us to be so. Our Beauty makes 'em adore us for a while, but when that's decay'd, the Sparks are mad for a new Face: So that if we didn't provide for our selves in time, we might e'en pine away the rest of our days in a Desert. For you Madam, that take up with a Person, whose Age and Nature is correspondent with your own, he wholly keeps himself to you, and by mutual consent your Loves are made firm; and nothing can ever separate your Hearts.

Ant. I'm little acquainted with others; my self I know well enough, who always take care that my dear *Clinie's* Happiness shou'd be the Foundation of my own.

Clin. overhearing. Ah, my dear *Antiphila*, 'tis for thy sake alone that I'm come home again; for whilst I was from thee all the Hardships I was put to were nothing to the being depriv'd of thy sweet Company.

Syr. to Clitipho peeping from his Covert. I believe him, Sir.

Clit. I can scarce contain my self old Boy! Is't not a plaguy thing to be debarred of one's Humour? Hah!

Syr. to Clitipho. As far as I can perceive your Father will make ye smart for't, if you ben't gone.

Bac. What young Gentleman's that which ogles us so?

Ant. seeing Clinie. Oh, ——— Lend me your Hand, I beseech ye.

Bac,

Bac. For Heaven sake, what ail ye my Dear?

Ant. I'm going. ——— [*Faints away.*]

Bac. Help. ——— Alas, poor Soul! ——— [*Antiphila recovers a little.*] How came this Fit upon ye my *Philie*!

Ant. in a soft Tone.] Do I see my *Clinie*, or do I Dream?

Bac. Who's that you see?

Clin. My Life, my Soul; Heavens bless thee. ———

Ant. And thee also my long wish'd for dear *Clinie*. [*Embracing.*]

Clin. How is't my dear?

Ant. Well; since I've got you again my Dear.

Clin. embracing.] And have I got you again, my Dear, within these Arms? You that I have so passionately long'd for?

Syr. Come, come, turn in: The old Man and his Supper stays for ye.

Exeunt Omnes.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT

A C T III.

Chremes alone.

TIS just break of Day : And why shou'dn't I knock at my Neighbour's Door now, and give him the first news of his Son's Return, tho' the young Man I fancy will hardly thank me for't? But when I see the poor Gentleman take on so extreamly for his Son's leaving him, how can I find in my heart to keep from him this unexpected Comfort, since his Son will be never the worse for't neither? This must not be: For I will assist the old Man to the utmost of my Power. And as I perceive his Son and mine help one another all they can, and go Hand in Hand together in all their Concerns; so it is but reasonable that we their Fathers should do one another all the good Offices we are able.

Enter Menedeme on the other side of the Stage with a Rake, &c. upon his Shoulders.

Men. to himself.] Either I'm born under the Fatality of an unlucky Planet, or that old Saying's worth nothing, that *Time cures all things*. For this absence o' my Son afflicts me every day more and more; and the longer he's away, the more I desire to see him again, and the more I miss him.

Chr. to himself.] Oh, yonder's the Gentleman himself coming from home; I'll to him, and discourse.—Morrow t'ye Neighbour; I'm come to ye with such News, that I believe you'll be heartily desirous to know what 'tis.

Men. Why, Sir, ha' ye heard any thing of my Son then?

Chr. He's safe and sound, Sir.

Men.

Men. Where is he, I beseech ye ?

Chr. At my House, Sir.

Men. What my Son ?

Chr. Yes, your Son.

Men. Is he come home then ?

Chr. Yes, indeed.

Men. My Boy Clinie come home ?

*[Throws down
his Rake, &c.]*

Chr. Even so.

Men. Let's be going then.—— I beseech ye, Sir, bring me to the sight of him.

Chr. But he wou'dn't for the World ha' ye know he's come back: He avoids your Presence upon the account of what he has done; and is now afraid, you shou'd be more severe than ever.

Men. But didn't you tell him, how I was quite another Man ?

Chr. Not I Sir.

Men. Why didn't ye ?

Chr. Because if he finds you so soft, and give way so easily, it will be the worse for him and you too.

Men. It can't be help'd; for I've been too too severe a Father already.

Chr. Ah, Sir, you're always upo' th' Extreams, either too profuse or too sparing; you run into the same Inconveniences by one as well as the other. Formerly you forc'd your Son out of Doors rather than suffer him to keep a Mistress, who then was contented with a little, and wou'd ha' been glad to have snapp'd at any thing: But when she was forc'd, by his leaving her, to grow common, and now can't be kept without a Mine of Money; now you give him his full libert. For to let you know how she's accounted for the Ruin of Mankind; she carries at her Heels no less than ten or a dozen Waiting-Maids, with a great Luggage of Golden Trappings; were a Prince her Gallant, he'd be put to't, to maintain her: Don't you think to do't.

Men. Is she at your House too ?

Chr. She at my House say ye ?—— Yes, to my cost, I've made but one Treat for her and her Retinue; and i'faith, if I make another, I must be forc'd to run my Country. To omit other Charges, what a cursed deal of Wine has she con-

consum'd me by her tasting and sipping only ; Crying, *Good old Father, this same Wine is too rough, pray Sir, let's have some that is more smooth.* I peirc'd every Cask, and Pipe in my Cellar ; and all my Servants were as busie as so many Bees : And this was but one Night's work ; What will become of you then, when they'll prey upon you every day ? As I'm a living Soul, Sir, I heartily pity your Condition.

Men. E'en let him do as he list : Let him take it, spend it, make Ducks and Drakes of it ; I'm resolv'd to bear it, so I can but have him at home with me.

Cbr. If you be so much set upon't : I believe 'twill be much the better way to conceal your Design, whate're you allow him.

Men. What wou'd ye have me do ?

Cbr. Any thing rather than that you intended ; Can't you convey him Money by a second hand, and let your own Servant bubble ye or so ? And, the truth on't is, I have an inkling that they are about some such thing already ; and that they are contriving how to do't most cleverly : My Man *Syrus*, he whispers with yours, and the young Men they lay their Heads together too : And 'tis better to lose a Pound this way than a Penny t'other. 'Tisn't so much the Money, Neighbour, that is to be minded, as the manner how to give it him with the least danger : For if he once finds which way the Stream runs, and that you had rather part with your Life and Money too, than lose him : Phy ! What a vast Gap do you lay open to his Debaucheries ? So that your Life will be a burden to ye ; *For too much Liberty corrupts an Angel :* Whatsoever Crotchet comes in his Crown, he'll be for't without considering whether his Demands be reasonable or no : You'll never endure to see your Estate go to wreck, and your Son spoil'd into the Bargain. If you refuse him a Farthing ; he'll fall to the old Dog-trick, which he finds will work most upon ye, and threaten to be gone forsooth.

Men. All this seems true and probable enough.

Cbr. Troth, Sir, I cou'dn't sleep a wink this Night for racking my Head to restore to you your Son.

Men. Your Hand Sir.—— I hope, Sir, you'll go on as you've begun.

Cbr. I'm ready to serve ye.

Men.

Men. D'ye know what I mean, Sir?

Chr. Lets hear't.

Men. That you'd hasten 'em in the Design, you perceive they have, of getting the Money from me: For I long to give my Boy what he wants, and as much to have a sight of him.

Chr. I'll do my best, Sir. I must take my *Syrus* in Hand, and give him his Lesson.— But hold some body's coming out of my House.— You had best get out o' th' way; for fear they perceive we are plotting together. A little business at present calls me hence; for my Neighbour *Simus* and *Crito* have some difference about some Lands, and made me their Referree: I'll go tell 'em they must not look for me to day, as I promis'd 'em: I'll be here again in a minute.

Men. Pray Sir do.

Exit Chremes.

Menedeme alone.

Bless me! What an odd Composition Men are of! that they shou'd see further and judge better of other Peoples Affairs than their own? It may be, because in our own Concerns we are too much prepossess'd by our Passions of Joy or Grief. This same *Chremes* now, how much wiser he seems to be for me, than I am for my self? [Going off.]

Enter Chremes.

Chr. to *Menedeme as he is going off.*] I've got clear of 'em both, that I may serve you with more leisure.

[*Exit Menedeme with his Rake, &c.*
upon his Shoulders.

Enter Syrus at a distance.

Syr. to himself.] Well, Friend *Syrus*, take this way or that way, Money must be had by hook or by crook; and our old Fox must be trapp'd too.

Chr. partly bearing.] I wan't mistaken I perceive when I said they were about some such design. *Clinie's* Man is a poor dull Tool, but mine's a sharper; he must do the Business.

Syr. Whose Tongue's that?— Zookers all's spoil'd? Did he hear me trow or no?— [Aside.]

Chr. *Syrus!*

Syr.

Syr. What is't you, Sir?

Cbr. What's your Business here?

Syr. No great Matter.— You're a brave Man, Sir, to be stirring so early this Morning, after such a rattle last Night!

Cbr. Why there was no hard drinking.

Syr. No hard drinking, say ye? marry, I think, you're heart of Oak.

Cbr. No more of that.

Syr. This same Wench of *Clinie's* is a good sort of a Wench, and pleasant enough.

Cbr. Ay, so I found her.

Syr. And introth has a very good Face too.

Cbr. So, so.

Syr. Tho' not comparable to the Women in your days: but really as the World goes now, the Woman is very well: And I don't wonder *Clinie* is so desperately smitten: But he has a Father a covetous, miserable, griping old Hunks, our next Neighbour; D'ye know him Sir?— Because he's afraid he shou'd be starv'd himself, he has turn'd his poor Son out a grazing; Don't you know what I say to be true?

Cbr. Ay, Why not?— There's a Rascal deserves the Strapado.

Syr. What Rascal, Sir?

[Fearfully.]

Cbr. The dull Rogue *Clinie's* Man.—

Syr. (Faith *Syrus* I was plaguily afraid of thy Corps.)

[Aside.]

Cbr.— That suffer'd all this.

Syr. What cou'd he do?

Cbr. What cou'd he do? Why he might ha' found out some device, or invented any slight t' have help'd the young Gentleman to Money for his Mistress: And so ha' sav'd the stingy old Fellow from all this vexation, whether he wou'd or no.

Syr. You're pleas'd to rally Sir.

Cbr. 'Twas no more than his Duty, *Syrus*.

Syr. Pray, Sir, do you approve of those that put tricks upo' their own Masters?

Cbr. Yes, if there be just occasion for't.

Syr. Very well ifaith.

[Aside.]

Chr. Sometimes a little Tricking saves a great deal of Trouble : As in this Case, 'twould ha' kept his only Son from rambling.

Syr. Faith I can't tell, whether he's in jest or in earnest : However he encourages me to that which I had a plaguy mind to before. [Aside.

Chr. And now, *Syrus*, why does the Fellow idle away his time so ? Till his Master be forc'd to march off a second time, for not being able to defray his Mistress's Charges : Won't he raise one Battery against the old Man's Pocket ?

Syr. The Fellow's a Fool, God blefs him.

Chr. You shou'd give him one push for the young Gentleman's sake.

Syr. Sir, I'd do't with all my Heart, if you'd say but the Word ; for I'm a compleat Master of that Art ;——

Chr. So much the better.

Syr. —— I don't use to fail, Sir.

Chr. Why do't then.

Syr. But pray, Sir, take care to remember this, if it shou'd chance one day to be your Son's Case, for you know we are all subject to failings.

Chr. I hope, I shall ha' no occasion for that.

Syr. Troth, so do I : nor do I mention this, because I suspect any such thing ; but I say again, if it shou'd chance to happen so, that you mightn't,—— You see he's but young. And E'dad, Sir, if that time once come, I shou'd manage ye most nobly.

Chr. We'll talk of that when that time comes. Do you mind your present Cue ?

Exit Chremes.

Syrus alone.

Well, I never heard Master talk better than mine upon this occasion. I cou'd never ha' hop'd to have had such a large Toleration for Roguery.—— But who comes out of our House there ?

Re-enter Chremes with Clitipho.

Chr. to Clitipho entering.] What Impudence is this I pray ? Is this your Trade *Clitipho* ? Do these things become you ? Hah !

Clit.

Clit. What did I do, Sir?

Cbr. Didn't I see ye just now with your Hand in the Courtesan's Bosom?

Syr. *listning.*] All's out, I'm quite broke.— [*Aside.*

Clit. Who I, Sir?

Cbr. These very Eyes saw it; come don't stand in a Lye. You deal basely by the Gentleman that you couldn't keep your Hands to your self. For 'tis a great Affront to entertain a Friend, and then play an under-hand Game with his Mistress. How strangely uncivil you were last Night at Supper too?

Syr. You're i'th' right on't Sir. [*To Chremes.*

Cbr. And how troublesome too? That, as I'm a living Soul, I was miserably afraid it shou'd cost ye a Duel. I know the Humour of these Lovers is to resent things extreamly, which no body dream of.

Clit. But, Sir, he has a mighty confidence in me, and knows I won't serve him an unhandsome Trick.

Cbr. What then? But you might ha' left 'em together a little while however: Lovers have a thousand things to say and do which your Presence is a curb to; I know this by my self: for I've never a Friend i'th' World, *Clitipho*, that I dare trust all my private Actions with: I'm afraid of my Superior, and asham'd of my Equal, least the one shou'd take me for a Fool, and the other for a Debauchee.— Suppose it to be his Case: For 'tis our Duty to know when and where to be complaisant to a Friend.

Syr. D'ye mind what he says? [*Aside to Clitipho.*

Clit. Ay, to my Sorrow. [*Aside.*

Syr. Didn't I tell you of this before? But you've play'd the part of a very staid and reserv'd Gentleman!

[*Aside, and jeeringly to Clitipho.*

Clit. Prithee hold your Tongue.

Syr. You are i'th' right, Sir.

Cbr. I swear *Syrus*, I'm asham'd of him.

Syr. So I believe, Sir: and good reason too, for it grieves me also very much.

Clit. What ne're a done.

[*Angrily.*

Syr. Faith, Sir, I speak as I think.

Clit. *to Chremes.*] Mustn't I come nigh 'em then?

Chr. Yes, in a civil way, but not as you do.

Syr. *aside.*] Our Plot's just sinking: He'll betray all before we get one Rag of Money.—— [*to Chremes.*] Pray, Sir, will ye be pleas'd to take a Fool's Counsel for once?

Chr. What's that?

Syr. To order him to withdraw a little.

Clit. Whether, I pray? [*Angrily.*]

Syr. Whither? Why whither you please: make room for the Lovers, and take a turn the while.

Clit. I take a turn? To what place?

Syr. Pish! as if ye wanted a place to walk in: take this way, or that way, or which way you will.

Chr. He says right, I'll have it so.

Clit. Confound ye for a Dog! for sending me to the Deel's Arse a peak.

Syr. Keep your Hands to your self then another time.

[*Aside to Clitiphó.*]

Exit Clitiphó.

Syr. What say ye, Sir? What d'ye think will become of this Son of yours, if ye don't, with the utmost Authority of a Father, give him due Correction and Instruction?

Chr. Let me alone for that.

Syr. Ay, Sir, and now's the time you must watch him.

Chr. I'll warrant ye.

Syr. Ay, so you had best: for he minds me every day less and less.

Chr. But hark ye *Syrus*, tho'! Ha' ye consider'd the business, I told ye of? Ha' ye found any Plot according to your Mind yet?

Syr. You mean about the bubbling of *Menedeme*.—— St Sir! I've just now stumbl'd upon one.

Chr. Thou'rt a brave Lad: Prithee what is't?

Syr. I'll tell ye, Sir: But as one thing brings out another.

Chr. What then Boy?

Syr. This same *Bacchis* is a plaguy Jade.

Chr. So I thought.

Syr. *aside.*] Yes, if you knew all.—— Do but observe what a Whore's trick she's going to play. Here lives an old Woman of *Corinth*, to whom this Baggage had lent about Thirty Pounds.——

Chr.

Cbr. Very well !

Syr. This old Woman's dead and gone, and left her young Daughter whom she keeps in pawn for the Money.

Cbr. So then.

Syr. Her has this *Bacchus* brought along with the rest : and she's now in your Lady's Apartment.

Cbr. Well, and how then ?

Syr. She baits at *Clinie* to lay down the Money, and then she'll give him the Girl for an Acquittance. But she demands the full Sum of Thirty Pounds.——

Cbr. Does she so ?

Syr. Whoo ! D'ye question it ?

Cbr. I did.—— But what d'ye mean to do next ?

Syr. Who I Sir ?—— I'll away to Mr. *Menedeme's*, tell him this Girl was spirited away from *Caria*, that's she's one of a rich and noble Family, and he'll get the Lord knows what, if he'll ransom her.

Cbr. You've mis'd the Mark.

Syr. Why so, Sir ?

Cbr. I'll answer ye for *Menedeme* : I'll ha' nothing to do with her : What's your Reply ?

Syr. Pray Sir, speak more to our Mind.

Cbr. There's no occasion for that,

Syr. No occasion, Sir ?

Cbr. No marry is there.

Syr. Why, Sir ? I don't take your meaning.

Cbr. I'll tell you presently.—— Stay, stay, a little !—— What's the meaning of this bustle at our Door.

Enter at a distance Sostrata, with a Ring in her Hand, and the Nurse.

Soft. to the Nurse entring.] If I ben't mightily mistaken, this is the very Ring I suspect my Daughter had about her when expos'd.

Cbr. What means my Woman by this talk, *Syrus* ?

Soft. How is't Nurse, is't not the same think ye ?

Nur. Truly, Madam, I said 'twas the same, as soon as e're I saw't.

Soft. But did ye view it well ?

Nur. Oh, very well, Madam.

Soft. Do you go in; and bring me word whether she has bathed her self; the mean time I'll wait here for my Husband.

Exit Nurse.

Syr. *to Chremes.*] She wants you Sir, you had best step and see what she'd have. I can't guess why she's so ill; dumps: 'Tisn't for nothing I'm sure.— I fear the worst.

Chr. Plhaw! What shou'd it be? She's only big with Fool, and wants to be deliver'd.

Soft. Hah, my good old Man!

Chr. And my good old Woman too.

Soft. I was looking for thee my Bird.

Chr. Well now, your pleasure.

Soft. First, I'd desire ye to believe that I wouldn't do any thing against your Commands.

Chr. That's very hard to believe, but if you'd ha' me, for once I'll believe't.

Syr. This clearing her self aforehand bodes some plaguy Mischief. *[Aside.*

Soft. Don't you remember, when I was once big with Child, you strictly charg'd me not to bring it up, if it prov'd a Girl.

Chr. I smell out the business, you have brought it up then. Isn't it so?

Syr. If that be true, 'twill make a damn'd hole in my Master's Pocket.

Soft. No such matter: for I gave it to an old Woman of *Corinth*, a good honest Neighbour of ours to expose it.

Chr. Bless us! Was there ever such a Simpleton?

Soft. Oh me! What hurt have I done?

Chr. What hurt quoth a?

[Angrily.

Soft. Indeed dear Husband! If I have offended 'twas ignorantly.

Chr. I know this well enough, tho' you had ne're own'd it, that every thing you say or do is ignorantly and foolishly. How many Blunders ha' you committed in this one thing! First, had you regarded my Authority, the Girl shou'd ha' been made away withal, and you shou'dn't ha' come with an idle flum of her Death, when you did all ye cou'd to save her.— But let that pass, 'twas Fondness, and a Mother's

Ten-

Tenderneſs ; I bear with't. But how rarely you've fore-caſt the Buſineſs ! And what were your Intentions ? Pray conſider on't. 'Tis moſt manifeſt you've betray'd your Child to this old Woman, either for a common Proſtitute, or to be expoſ'd to publick Sale. I fancy you thought any thing wou'd ſerve turn, ſo her Life was ſav'd. But why ſhou'd one trouble his Head with ſuch Fools, who know nothing of Juſtice, Honeſty or Reaſon : Be it better or worſe, for 'em or againſt 'em, they ſee nothing but what they liſt.

Soft. My dear *Chremes* ! I confeſs I was much to blame, and am convinc'd : And now let me beg of ye, as Nature has made you the Wiſer of the two, ſo be the more generous : And let your Goodneſs protect my Simplicity.

Chr. Well I'll forgive ye this Fault : But in ſober Sadneſs, Wiſe, my good Nature will be the ſpoiling of ye. But now let's hear the occaſion of this Story whate'r it be.

Soft. As we Women are always very fooliſh and ſuperſtitious ; ſo when I gave the Child to be expoſ'd, I took a Ring off my Finger, and ſent it with her ; that, if ſhe died, ſhe might ha' carried away ſome Token of our Kindneſs.

Chr. That's well ; ſo you ſav'd the Child's Life, and had your own Humour into the Bargain too.

Soft. [*ſhewing a Ring.*] Look ye, this is the very Ring.

Chr. How came ye by't ?

Soft. The young Gentlewoman that *Bacchis* brought with her, —

Syr. How !

[*Aside.*

Chr. What ſays ſhe to't ?

Soft. — She gave it me to hold, whiſt ſhe went to the Bath : At firſt I took no notice on't ; but when I had eyed it more narrowly, I knew it, and came running in all haſte to acquaint you.

Chr. And what can ye ſuppoſe or gather from this Gentlewoman ?

Soft. I can't tell without you'll examine her where ſhe had it, if ſhe can inform you about it.

Syr. My Plot's countermin'd : I find there's more i'th' Wind than I cou'd wiſh for ; ſhe's certainly my Maſter's Daughter, if this be true.

[*Aside.*

Cbr. Is the old Woman alive ye deliver'd the Child to?

Soft. I don't know.

Cbr. How did she say she had dispos'd on't?

Soft. Just as I order'd her.

Cbr. What's her Name, that we may hunt her up?

Soft. *Philtere.*

Syr. The very same. She's as surely found, as I'm lost.
[*Aside.*]

Cbr. Come, Wife, let's retire.

Soft. How things happen beyond my Expectation! I was extremely afraid you'd prove as severe now, as when you gave your first Orders.

Cbr. A Man can't always do, as he wou'd, if his Estate won't afford't: Now my Circumstances are such, that I shou'd be glad of a Daughter: Formerly 'twas otherwise.

Exeunt omnes.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT

A C T IV.

Syrus alone.

IF I am not very much mistaken, I'm in a fair way to be utterly routed ; all my Forces are so miserably freightned, that I shall never come off safe, unless I find out some way to keep the old Man from perceiving this to be his Son's Mistress. For to hope for one sounce of Money, or to think of topping upon the old Fellow will be to no purpose. I shall come off nobly, and with flying Colours, if I can compound for a Leg or an Arm. It goes to the very Heart of me, to ha' such a delicate Bit snatch'd so suddenly out of my very Chaps.— What shall I go about? — Or what shall I invent? — I must draw a new Platform.— Hang't, *Diligence out does the Devil*.— Suppose I go this way to work.— Pox, that won't do.— Suppose that way.— 'Twill be all one.— But I believe this will do't.— No,— Yes, best of all— I ha't, I ha't: I believe I shall once more come to the fingering of that damn'd Run-a-gate Money.

Enter Clinie at a distance.

Clin. to himself.] From this time forward nothing can happen to me that can give me any disquiet: Such is the Happiness I'm surpriz'd into. I'll so wholly give up my self to my Father's Pleasure now, that I'll be far better than he himself can wish.

Syr. aside.] I wasn't beside the Mark I see: The Gentlewoman is really discover'd, by what I hear from the Spark.—
[*to Clinie.*] I'm heartily glad, Sir, things are fallen out so favourable to your desires.

Clin.

Clin. Prithee, honest Boy, did you hear on't too?

Syr. Yes, for I was by at the Discovery.

Clin. Did ye ever know any one so fortunate as I?

Syr. No, Sir.

Clin. Let me die if I'm half so glad for my own sake as for hers, whom no Blessing can be too great for.

Syr. I believe so too. Now *Clinie* it comes to your turn to do us a small Kindness: You must remember your Friend, that his Business may be secur'd too, and his Mistress be still conceal'd from our old Gentleman.

Clin. *not minding him.*] Gods!——

Syr. Forbear these Raptures.

Clin. —— Shall my dear *Antiphila* be mine then!

Syr. Won't ye let me speak, Sir?

Clin. What wou'dst have me do, old Soul? I'm so transported, prithee bear with me.

Syr. Faith so I do, but fore against my will.

Clin. *still not minding him.*] We shall live as happy as the Gods.

Syr. I see my Labour's lost.

Clin. Now speak, I'm ready.

Syr. But by and by you won't.

Clin. Yes, but I will.

Syr. I tell ye, Sir, there's some care to be taken, that your Friend's Business be secur'd. Now if you go away and leave *Bacchis* at our House, my old Master will immediately find her to be his Son's Mistress: But if you take her along with ye, the Intreague will be as much i'th' dark, as ever 'twas.

Clin. Ah, but *Syrus*, nothing makes more against my Wedding than this; for with what Face can I speak on't to my Father? Do you mind what I say?

Syr. Yes.

Clin. What shall I say to him? What excuse can I pretend?

Syr. What?—— I wou'dn't ha' ye say one word of untruth: But e'en plainly tell him the whole Business.

Clin. How!

Syr. I'd have ye tell him your Passion for *Antiphila*, and that you'd needs marry her: but that this same *Bacchis* is *Clitipho's* Mistress.

Clin.

Clin. you demand of me nothing but what is just, reasonable and easie ; I suppose you'd ha' me beg my Father to keep all from your old Gentleman.

Syr. You mistake me ; I'd ha' your Father tell him the whole Story directly, from top to bottom.

Clin. How ! Are you mad or drunk ? Introth you'll plainly ruine him : Prithee tell me how he can have *his Business secur'd*, as ye say.

Syr. Oh I reckon this a Master-piece of my Cunning : In this Plot I triumph in having that mighty knack and faculty at Juggling as to cheat both of them, by telling the truth : So that when your old Gentleman shall tell our old Gentleman of his Son's Mistress, she shall laugh at it.

Clin. So you once more destroy all my hopes of Matrimony : For as long as *Cbremes* believes her to be my Mistress ; he'll never venture his Daughter upon me. Perhaps you don't care whether I sink or swim, so you can but serve *Clitipho's* turn.

Syr. What a Pox ! D'ye think I'd ha' ye act the *Cheats* for ever ? One day serves my turn, till I've finger'd the Money, that's all : Not a bit longer do I desire.

Clin. Will one day serve ? But what if his Father shou'd find out all i'th' mean time ?

Syr. Right ! And what if the Sky shou'd fall !

Clin. I dread what will come on't.

Syr. Dread ? A Fiddle-stick ! As if you were n't able to slip your Neck out o' the Collar, when you please ; you may clear all by making a full discovery.

Clin. Well come on then, let *Bacchis* be brought over then.

Syr. That's very well. — Here she comes.

Enter Bacchis and Phrygia.

Bac. to Phrygia entring.] I'faith this Rogues impudent Pretences have brought me hither to a fair purpose ; in hopes of the Thirty Guinea's he promis'd me : And if he fools me now, he shall fawn and cringe, till his Heart ake for me, to come hither again, and I'll not do't : Or else I'll make an Affignation, and appoint a time (which he'll be sure to tell his Master of ;) and when *Clitipho's* Mind is big with expectation

pectation, I'll baffle 'em and not come at all; and then Syrus's Back shall soundly smart for't.

Clin. *overbearing.*] She promises very fair, Syrus.

Syr. D'ye think she's in jest, Sir? She'll as fairly perform it, if I don't look to my hits.

Bac. *to Phrygia.*] They're in a dead Sleep sure; but I'll rowse 'em with a vengeance.—Hark ye, *Phrygia*, did you take notice of *Charine's* House which the Man shew'd us just now? [*Aloud.*

Pbr. I did Madam.

Bac. 'Tis the very next House o' th' Right-hand.

Pbr. I remember it.

Bac. Hie, you thither, full speed: For the Captain is just now with *Charine* at *Bacchus's* Feast.

Syr. What a Devil's to do now? [*Aside.*

Bac. Tell him I'm here fore against my will, and am kept by force: But I'll have a trick to get rid of 'em, and come to him strait. [*Phrygia going off.*

Syr. S'death! I'm at my last Prayers. [*Aside.*] Stay Madam, stay, Where are you sending her, I beseech ye? Call her back.

Bac. *to Phrygia.*] Get you gone, I say.

Syr. The Guineas are just ready, Madam.

Bac. Then I'll stay.

[*Phrygia returns.*

Syr. You shall receive 'em in a minute.

Bac. As you please for that: D'ye see me in such haste for 'em.

Syr. Pray, Madam, do you know, what you are to do?

Bac. What?

Syr. You must just step over to *Menedeme's*, and all your Train must go too.

Bac. Ye impudent Dog, what d'ye mean? [*Angrily.*

Syr. To coyn Money for your Ladiship's use?

Bac. D'ye think me a fit Person to play upon thus?

Syr. No, I'm in earnest, Madam.

Bac. Have I any business with you there?

Syr. No, Madam, but there I'll pay you the Money.

Bac. Let's be going then.

Syr. Come this way, Madam.

Ex. *Bacchis led out by Clinie, and Phrygia.*

Syr. Soho, *Dromo*.

Enter Dromo.

Dro. Who calls?

Syr. 'Tis I.

Dro. What's the Matter?

Syr. Bring over all *Bacchus's* Servants to your House quickly.

Dro. Why so tho?

Syr. Don't stand to ask Questions, let 'em carry all their Baggage with 'em too: The old Gentleman will think his Charge is lessen'd as soon as his House is clear o' th' Lumber: Faith he little thinks he shall pay sawce for't at the long run: And you, *Dromo*, if you have any Wit, take not the least notice of what you know.

Dro. You'll say, I'm a perfect Mute.

Exit Dromo, and presently re-enters with Bacchus's Servants, and their Luggage, crossing the Stage.

After them enter Chremes.

Chr. to himself.] As I'm a Sinner, I can't but pity my poor Neighbour's Cafe, to see him under such great Misfortunes, as to be forc'd to maintain this Creature, with all her Family at her back. I'm satisfied he won't feel much for a Week or so, 'cause of his longing desire to see his Son. But when he once comes to find such a vast Charge to continue daily, and that there will be no end on't, he'll wish his Boy at the furthest *Indies*.—— Oh, here is *Syrus* very seasonably.

Syr. Why don't I board him?

[Aside.

Chr. Syr. Ha! Sir!

Chr. What makes ye so merry?

Syr. I've wish'd for ye this half hour.

Chr. I fancy you've been tampering with the old Gentleman about somewhat.

Syr. You mean that which we discours'd of just now.——
No sooner said, but done.

Chr. In good earnest?

Syr. Yes, Sir, in good earnest.

Chr.

Chr. Faith I can't forbear stroaking thee. Come hither ye little Rogue, I'll remember thee for this: E'dad I will.

Syr. Ah, Sir, if you knew how prettily it jump'd into my Brain.

Chr. Pho! D'ye pride your self 'cause of your good Luck?

Syr. Troth, not I: I only speak the truth.

Chr. Let's hear't then.

Syr. *Clinie* has told his Father that *Bacchus* is your Son's Mistress: and that he brought her thither only to cast a Mist before your Eyes.

Chr. Very well!

Syr. Pray tell me what ye think on't.

Chr. 'Twas admirable, I swear.

Syr. *aside.* Ay, if you knew all.—— But mark what Plot's behind.—— Then *Clinie* tells him he has seen your Daughter, is much taken with her, and has a Mind to marry her.

Chr. What she that we've just found to be ours.

Syr. Yes, Sir.—— And he'll desire his Father to get your consent.

Chr. Why so, *Syrus*? I don't understand any reason for't.

Syr. Pshaw! you're so dull of Apprehension.

Chr. Like enough.

Syr. His Father is to give him Money for the Wedding to—you take me, Sir?

Chr. To buy him a Wedding-suit, I warrant.

Syr. Right, right.

Chr. But I'll neither give him my Daughter, nor my Promise.

Syr. No, Sir? Why not?

Chr. Why not, say ye? D'ye think I'll marry her to a—

Syr. As you please for that; I didn't say you shou'd let him have her for good and all; but only pretend it.

Chr. I hate such Pretences.—— Plot as you please, so as you don't make me one of the Plot. Shall I promise to give my Daughter, when I don't intend to do any such thing?

Syr. I was in hopes you might.

Chr. Not a bit on't.

Syr. Introth it might ha' been done cleverly; I had ne're undertook it, hadn't you urg'd me to't.

Cbr. I grant it.

Syr. But however, Sir, my Intentions were good.

Cbr. I'd ha' ye by all means do your best to cheat *Menedeme*, but then I'd ha' ye go another way to work.

Syr. So I will, Sir, we'll find out one.—— But for the Money I told ye your Daughter owes to *Bacchus*, that must be paid down upo' th' Nail. Neither will you (I presume) shift it off by saying, *What is't to me? Did she lend me the Money? Was't done by my Orders? What had she to do to pawn my Daughter, without my consent?* As for that, the old Saying's true, *You may have much Law o' your side, and but little Equity.*

Cbr. I'll ha' none of these shifts.

Syr. Tho' others may do't, yet 'twon't look well in you, for the whole Town counts you a rich Man, and very well to pass i'th' World.

Cbr. Well then I'll go, and pay the Money my self.

Syr. You'd better order your Son to do that.

Cbr. Why so?

Syr. Because he now goes under the Name of her Gallant.

Cbr. What of all that?

Syr. Why if he carry't himself, the thing will look as if it had something of truth in't: And by that means I shall the more dexterously bring about my own design too.—— Oh, yonder's the Man, you'd best step in and fetch the Money.

Cbr. So I will.

Exit Chremes.

Enter Clitipho at another part of the Stage.

Clit. *to himself.* There's nothing so easie, but it becomes hard to an unwilling mind. This very walk I have taken, tho' but little one, yet how faint 't has made me. And now, I dread nothing so much as to be sent on another Fool's Errand, and not suffer'd to come nigh my dear *Bacchus*.——

[*to Syrus.*] Now all the Gods confound thee for a Rogue, and all thy fine Tricks and Inventions! —— Thou art always framing some damn'd Villany to plague me with all.

[*Angrily.*

Syr.

Syr. Keep your Curses to your self (if you go to that) I'm sure your foolish Ill-nature had liked to have brought my Neck to a Halter. [*Huffingly.*]

Clit. O my Soul, I wish it had! I'm sure 'twas no more than you deserv'd.

Syr. Than I deserv'd. — How so pray? I'm glad I know so much of your Mind before ye receiv'd the Money I just got ready for ye.

Clit. What cou'd I ha' said less t'ye? You went and brought my Mistress hither, and then not suffer me to come nigh her.

Syr. Well, I ha' done, I'm cool again. — But can you guess where your Mistress is?

Clit. Why at our House?

Syr. No but she isn't.

Clit. Where then pray?

Syr. At Mr. Clinie's.

Clit. All's gone.

Syr. Courage, Sir: You your self shall go to her with the Money promis'd her presently.

Clit. Thou pratest like a Fool; Where shou'd I ha't?

Syr. From your own Daddy.

Clit. You only banter me. [*Smilingly.*]

Syr. You'll soon see that.

Clit. Nay then I'm made for ever, *Syrus*! — Dear Rogue, let me buss thee.

Syr. St! there comes your Father. — Have a care you don't play the Fool, and make a wonderment at the Matter; observe the Motion; do as you're bid, and ask no Questions.

Enter Chremes with a Bag of Money.

Chr. Where's this *Clitipho* now?

Syr. Say, here Sir. —

[*Aside to Clitipho.*]

Clit. Here he is, Sir.

Chr. to Syrus.] Ha' you told him the Business?

Syr. Most of it, Sir.

Chr. to Clitipho.] Here take this Money, and carry it to her.

Pyth.

Syr. Zookers : Why d'ye stand like a Post ? Why don't ye take it ?

[*Aside to Clitipho.*

Chr. Give't me, if you please.

[*Chremes gives him the Money.*

Syr. Follow me as fast as you can.—— [*To Clitipho.*]—— But you, Sir, be pleas'd to stay here a minute till we come back, for we've no occasion to stay long there. [*To Chremes.*

Exeunt Clitipho and Syrus.

Chremes alone.

So my Daughter has got Thirty good Pounds of me already, which account goes for her Board. I suppose the other Thirty must follow for fine Cloaths. After this comes a round Sum for a Portion. Well ! This same *Custom is the Devil*. Now must I leave all Works to find some honest Fellow to ease me of that Money I've been so long scraping together.

To him enter Menedeme.

Men. *to Clinie within.*] Dear Child, now do I think my self the happiest Father i'th' World, since I find you so well reform'd.

Chr. *overbearing.*] How sweetly he's mistaken. [*Aside.*

Men. Chremes ! 'twas you I wanted.—— Now, Sir, you may be the making of my Son, my self, and Family ; and I beg you'd do't.

Chr. Good Sir, What wou'd ye ha' me do ?

Men. It seems you have found out a Daughter to day.—— My Son Clinie desires your Consent to marry her.

Chr. Bless me ! What a strange Man are you ?

Men. What d'ye mean ?

Chr. Ha' ye so soon forgot the Trick we talk'd of just now, which was to be play'd to chouse you of your Money ?——

Men. I remember it.

Chr. —— Why this is it they're now at work upon.——

Men. What is't you say Chremes ?

Chr. —— I'll warrant ye, this same *Bacchis* at your House is my Son's Mistress too ; Is she not ?

Men. They say so.

Chr. And you believe it.

Men. Yes, that I do.

Chr. Then they pretend that your Son has a Mind to be married: So that when I've promis'd him my Daughter, you may let him ha' Money to buy Wedding-Cloaths and the like.

Men. That's the business then, he wants it for his Mistress.

Chr. No doubt on't.

Men. Alas unhappy Man! My Joys are nipt i'th' bud: And yet I'd rather endure any thing than part with him again.— What answer, Sir, shall I carry from ye, that he mayn't perceive I've found it out, or lay it to Heart?

Chr. To Heart say ye?— Pshaw! Menademe you cocker him too much by half.

Men. Let it be so: I'm gone too far to draw back: — I beg, Sir, but the continuance of your Favours.

Chr. You may tell him we met and treated of the Match;

Men. Well, and what more?

Chr. — That I'm ready to do any thing: that I like him for a Son-in-Law: And lastly, if you please you may tell him I've given my Consent.

Men. Oh that's it I'd have.

Chr. That he may ask ye for the Money the sooner, and you the sooner part with it according to your Wish.

Men. That's what I aim at.

Chr. Introth, by what I can see, you'll quickly be cloy'd with this Son of yours; but as the Case stands, if you've your Wits about ye, you must give it him very cautiously, and little by little.

Men. So I will.

Chr. You had best go in and see how much he'd have, I shall be at home, if you want me.

Men. 'Tis that I'd have, for whate're I do I shall make you acquainted with.

Exeunt.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V.

Menedeme alone.

FOR my part, I must own my self to be somewhat silly, and slow of Apprehension : But my Neighbour here, this same Assistant, Counsellor, and sage Director o' mine out-does me a bar and a half. All the honourable Titles of a Fool ; Block-head, Clod-pate, Ass, and Dolt may well enough be apply'd to me ; but they won't come up to him : for his Folly is beyond all Expression.

Enter Chremes at another part of the Stage.

Chr. to Sostrata within.] Prithee Wife don't tire out the God's with being so unmannerly over-thankful for having found out your Daughter ; unless you measure them by your self, and fancy they can't understand a thing without hearing it a hundred times over.— [*to himself*] But ith' mean time, what a-duce makes *Clitipho* and *Syrus* stay so long at *Menedeme's*.

Men. Who are those that stay so long, *Chremes* ?

Chr. Hah, Mr. *Menedeme* are you got hither again?— Well, Sir, did ye tell your Son what I said ?

Men. Every Syllable, Sir.

Chr. And what says he to't ?

Men. He was as much transported, as if he had a mind to be married.

Chr. Ha,— ha,— he.—

Men. What d'ye laugh at ?

Chr. My Man *Syrus's* Trick came just into my Mind.

Men. Indeed ?

Chr. This cunning Rogue has a knack of setting other Peoples Faces as well as his own.

Men. You mean my Son only counterfeits his Joy.

Cbr. Yes, Sir.

Men. This very business came into my Head too.

Cbr. Ah, he's a pickled Rogue.

[Laughs.

Men. You'd say so indeed if you knew all.

[Feeringly.

Cbr. Say ye so?

Men. Pray, Sir, give me the hearing.

Cbr. But hold.— First, I desire to know how much you've thrown away upon 'em: For as soon as you told your Son I had promis'd him my Daughter, immediately *Dromo*, I'll warrant ye, clapp'd in a Word, that the Bride wanted Wedding Cloaths, Jewels, Attendants, and the like, that you might give 'em Money for 'em.

[Laughs again.

Men. Not a word.

Cbr. How! not a word.

[In a maze.

Men. No, indeed.

Cbr. Nor your Son neither.

Men. Not a tittle, Sir, but was only very urgent to ha' the Match struck up to day.

Cbr. You amaze me.— But what did my Man, did he say nothing too?

Men. Nothing at all.

Cbr. How so, I beseech ye!

Men. Nay, I can't tell.— But I admire that you should see other things so well, and not this.— Pshaw! 'Tis only *Syrus* has set your Son's Face too so admirably well, that no Man could suspect in the least this *Bacchis* to be my Boy's Mistress.

[Feeringly.

Cbr. How's that!

Men. I'll not say a word o' their kissing and clipping: for I reckon that nothing.

Cbr. What more could be done to carry on the Counterfeit?

Men. Pish!

Cbr. What is't, I beseech ye?

Men. Well, observe then.— I've a little withdrawing Room at the back part of my House; where a Bed was brought in and made up.

Cbr. What follow'd?

Men.

Men. What? — Why thither went *Clitipho*.

Cbr. All alone?

Men. Yes alone.

Cbr. My Mind misgives me strangely.

[*Aside.*

Men. Immediately after him went *Bacchis*.

Cbr. All alone too?

Men. Ay, all alone too.

Cbr. I'm ruin'd.

Men. As soon as they were in, they made fast the Door.

Cbr. How! — Was your Son a Looker on all the while?

Men. Why not? He and I saw it together.

Cbr. Ay, *Menedeme*, she's certainly my Son's Whore then. I'm absolutely undone.

Men. How so?

Cbr. I ha' scarce where-withal to keep House for ten days.

Men. What! Are ye concern'd that he shou'd help his Friend a little?

Cbr. No, but for fear he shou'd help his she Friend.

Men. Yes, if he shou'd indeed.

Cbr. D'ye question that? — D'ye know any one of such a base and poor Spirit, as to suffer his own Mistress before his Face to be. —

Men. Ha—ha—he. Why not? That I might the easier be impos'd upon.

[*Jeeringly.*

Cbr. D'ye jeer me, Sir? — Now what reason have I to curse my own Stupidity? How many signs ha' they given me to discover the Cheat, hadn't I been a down-right Stock? What things have I been an Eye-witness to? Fool that I am! — But as I'm a living Soul they shan't go off Scot-free: for immediately I'll —

[*In a Passion.*

Men. interrupting.] Ha' ye no Government? Ha' ye no regard to your self? Methinks my Example might be of use t'ye.

Cbr. My Anger quite distracts me *Menedeme*.

Men. That you shou'd say such a word now. Isn't that a great failing in you to advise others, and be so wise abroad, and yet can't help your self at home?

Cbr. What course shall I take?

Men. The same which you said I was so defective in.—
Make him sensible that you are his Father, that he may venture to trust all his Secrets, Wants and Desires with you alone, lest he seek his redress elsewhere, and cry, *Good bye* Father.

Chr. Ay, let him be jogging to *Jericho* for me, rather than here by his Debaucheries bring his poor Father to a Crust. For, *Menedeme*, if I go on thus to supply all his Extravagancies, I shall quickly come to your Hedging and Ditching.

Men. What a great many Troubles will ye pull down upon your Head, if you don't look about ye : you'll shew your self a rigid Father, and pardon him at last, when he won't give ye one good word for your pains.

Chr. Ah, Sir ! You can't conceive how much it goes to the Heart of me.

Men. What you please for that.—— But what say ye to my Proposal ? Will you marry your Daughter to my Son ? Or ha' ye another in your Eye, that you like better ?

Chr. No ; I like him for a Son-in-Law, and I like the Alliance too.

Men. What Money shall I tell him you'll give with her ?—
What no answer ?——

Chr. *pausing.*] Money say ye ? [Shakes his Head.

Men. Yes, Sir.

Chr. Ah, Sir ! [Sighing.

Men. Come *Chremes*, don't trouble your self, tho' it be but a little ; Portion shall brake no Squares.

Chr. I design'd her indeed no more than Three hundred Pounds, being all my Estate wou'd bear : But if you tender the Welfare of me, my Estate, and Son, you may tell him I've promis'd to give all I'm worth for a Portion.

Men. What Project are ye framing now ?

Chr. You may pretend to wonder at it, and ask him too why I did it.

Men. And so I may, for I can't conceive, why you should do it.

Chr. No ?—— Why to curb, and cool his Courage now solely bent to Luxury, and Debauchery, and bring him to that pass, that he shan't know where to turn himself.

Men. What d'ye mean?

Cbr. Pray, Sir, let me ha' my Humour in this thing.

Men. Well! — But wou'd ye have me do so indeed?

Cbr. Yes.

Men. Then I will, Sir.

Cbr. Well, Sir, let your Son get ready, and send for his Bride. As for mine I'll rattle him to some Tune, as Fathers shou'd do their Children. — But for that Dog Syrus. —

Men. What will ye do to him?

[*Whilst Chremes speaks the next Exit Menedeme.*]

Cbr. What? If I live, I'll so lace his Jacket, and curry his Hide for him, that he shall remember't as long as he has an hour to breath: — Damn'd Rogue, to think to make a Laughing-stock and May-game o' me; I'll be hang'd if the Rascal dare ha' serv'd a poor friendless Widow so, as he has serv'd me.

[*Walks about in a buff.*]

Re-enters Menedeme with Clitipho, and Syrus following after.

Clit. *to Menedeme entring.*] I beseech ye Mr. Menedeme, is't come to that then? that my Father shou'd so suddenly cast off all natural Affection? For what Offence? What grievous Crime have I miserable Fellow committed? I do but what all young Persons commonly do.

Men. *to Clitipho.*] I'm sensible this is most hard and severe to you that bear the burden of it: But I my self resent it no less than you, tho' I know not why, and can give ye no reason for't, but only my extraordinary kindness for ye.

Clit. Didn't ye say my Father was hard by?

Men. Yes, there he walks.

Exit Menedeme.

Cbr. What d'ye blame me for *Clitipho*? What I ha' done was to cure thee, and thy rashness too; When I saw you of that sluggish Nature, and were all for the present Enjoyment, without considering the Future; I then took a Method to secure you from want, and my Estate from ruine. And seeing I cou'dn't make ye my Heir, as by Nature I ought, I had recourse to your nighest Relations, making over and trusting all to their Hands. There you'll ever find Sanctuary for your

Miscarriages, meet with Diet, Cloaths, and a House to hide your Head in.

Clit. Woe's me!

Chr. This is better than by making you my Heir, to let *Bacchus* run away with all.

Syr. I'm undone! What a Storm has my Rogueship raised before I was aware. ——— [Aside.

Clit. Wou'd to God I were dead!

Chr. Pray learn first what 'tis to live, when you've try'd that and don't like it, then die if you will.

Syr. Good Sir, will you hear me one word.

Chr. Speak then.

Syr. But may I freely, Sir?

Chr. Speak I say.

Syr. What Injustice and Madness is it, that he shou'd be punish'd for my Offence, ———

Chr. 'Tis done; don't you meddle nor make. No body impeaches you *Syrus*; therefore you needn't look out for a Sanctuary, or one to plead for ye.

Syr. Pray, Sir, what's your design?

Chr. I'm neither angry with you nor him, nor ought you to be so with me for what I ha' done.

Exit Chremes hastily.

Syr. He's flung away. ——— Pox! wou'd I had ask'd him. ———

Clit. What *Syrus*?

Syr. ——— Where I shou'd ha' had my Belly-timber, since he has turn'd us out of doors; ——— You it seems may mump it at your Sisters.

Clit. Am I reduc'd to this then, that I must starve for want of Bread?

Syr. However whilst there's Life there's hopes. ———

Clit. Of what?

Syr. — Of a good coming Stomach.

Clit. Are ye so gamesome in time of Adversity? And not give me one push at this dead life?

Syr. Yes, Sir, I'm ready for't, and was hammering on't all the time your Father was Schooling of ye. ——— And as far as I can perceive. ———

Clit.

Clit. Prithce what ?

Syr. *pausing.*] You shall ha't presently.

Clit. Pray what is't ?

Syr. The Case is thus : For my part, I don't believe you are any of their Son.

Clit. How's that *Syrus* ? Art mad ? [*Hastily.*]

Syr. I'll tell ye my Reasons, judge of 'em as you please.— Whilst they had none but you, and you alone were all their Joy, they then cocker'd you up, and gave ye any thing. But now they have found a Daughter, the've found an occasion to send you packing.

Clit. That seems very probable.

Syr. D'ye think he'd ha' been so damn'd mad for a Peccadillo else ?

Clit. I can't think he wou'd.

Syr. There's another business to be well consider'd : All Mothers you know are Pleaders for their Sons Faults, and constantly take their parts against their Fathers: But here we see no such matter.

Clit. Very true, Faith ; therefore good Boy, tell me what to do.

Syr. E'en put it to 'em to resolve ye that Scruple, and don't mince the Matter : If it be false you'll work upon their Affections: If true, you'll know your own Parents.

Clit. Your Counsel's good, I'll follow it.

Exit Clitipho.

Syrus alone.

E'gad this was a lucky Hit : for the less hope the Spark has, he'll much the sooner make his Peace with his Father, and at his own Terms too.— Perhaps the Toy may take him i'th' Crown to tye himself to a Wife ; but no God-mercy to Good-man *Jobber Knowles* here. [*Strikes himself on the Head.*] What noise is that?— Oh, 'tis the old Man coming again. — I must ev'n scamper for't.— Considering what has been done, I wonder he didn't order me to be truss'd up with a Whip-stitch before now.— I'll betake me to Mr. *Menedeme's*, and get him beg me off. I'll never trust this old Fellow.

Exit Syrus.

Enter

Enter Chremes and Sostrata.

Soft. Introth, my dear Husband, if you ben't very cautious, you'll make the Boy do himself some mischief. And I can't but admire how such a Whim came into your Head.

Chr. You'll be a Woman still! Can't I do any thing but you must thwart me presently, *Mrs. Impertinence?*—— Put the Case I shou'd ask ye what's amiss in't, or upon what account 'twas done, you can't answer me. Therefore why do ye so confidently oppose me ye old Fool?

Soft. Can't I answer ye?

Chr. Yes, yes, you can, I'd rather grant that, than tell the Story a hundred times over.

Soft. What an unreasonable thing 'tis to make me stand like *Mum-chance* at such a time as this?

Chr. I don't make ye, speak your Heart out, I'll do as I please for all that.

Soft. Will ye so?

Chr. Yes by Cocksnowns will I.

Soft. You don't consider the ill consequence of it. He'll think himself a Foundling.

Chr. A Foundling say ye?

Soft. Indeed, dear Husband he will.

Chr. And you may so too.

Soft. Oh I beseech ye, let them say so that hate us most: Shall I say he's none of my Son, that is my Son?

Chr. What? Are ye afraid you can't make it out he's your Son whene're you please.

Soft. What because he's so like my new found Daughter?

Chr. No, but because he's so like you in Humours, which is a more convincing Argument by half: That way you'll easily prove him your own: For he resembles ye extreamly: There's ne're an ill quality in him, but you have the same: Besides there's not another Woman upon God's Earth, that cou'd ha' had such a Son.—— But here comes the Youth.—— How gravely he looks. When you view him thoroughly, you'll know what he is.

Enter

Enter Clitipho.

Clit. *to Sofstrata.*] If ever there was a time, Mother, you took delight or pleasure in calling me Son; I'd entreat ye to bring it to remembrance, and take pity upon a Wretch: who craves and desires to know who are his Parents.

Soft. For Heaven's sake dear Child, ne're so much as think you had your being from any but us.

Clit. I can't help it.

[*Sighing.*

Soft. *weeping.*] Ah me! How cou'd ye find in your Heart to ask me such a question? As I hope for your Prosperity when we are dead and gone, you are mine, and his. And look to't (if you've any kindness for your Mother) that I never hear such a word from you again.

Chr. And, Jackanapes, if you have any Reverence for your Father. Let me see any more of these Tricks, and you had better eat your Nails.

Clit. What Tricks, Sir?

Chr. If you must needs know, I'll tell ye. The Tricks of an impertinent, idle, cheating, drinking, whoring, consuming Debauchee.— Believe what I say, and don't doubt that I am your Father.

Soft. Does this come from a Father's Mouth?

Chr. No! Tho' you had sprung out o' my fertile Brain, as *Pallas* they say did from mighty *Jove's*, I'd not endure my self to be disgrac'd by your lewd Tricks.

[*Angrily.*

Soft. The Gods forbid that.

Chr. I know not what the Gods will do, but I'll do my endeavour to prevent the worst.— [*to Clitipho.*] You look about for Parents, which you don't want, but not at all for what is most wanting, as how to obey your Parents, and to preserve what they by Industry have got. How cou'd ye ha' th' impudence to cheat your Father, and bring before his Face your — I'm asham'd to name the filthy Word before your Mother; tho' you were not so to do the baser Act.

Clit. Alas! How mad am I with my self! How asham'd of my self! I can't so much as see which way to begin to pacifie him.

[*Aside.*

Enter

Enter Menedeme.

Men. to himself entering.] Introth, *Chremes* handles the poor young Gentleman too severely, and too roughly; Therefore I'm come to make up the Breach again.— Oh, best of all; there they are.

Cbr. Oh Mr. *Menedeme*, Why isn't my Daughter sent for to your House? And the Writings drawn about the Portion we agreed upon?

Soft. For God's sake Husband never do that.

Clit. kneeling.] Dear Father! I beseech ye to pardon me.

Men. Pray do, Mr. *Chremes*; let his Repentance win upon ye so far.

Cbr. Shall I in my right Senses part with my whole Estate to a Baggage.— I'll be twice advis'd first.

Men. That we'll take care to prevent.

Clit. still kneeling.] Sir, if you tender my Life, forgive me.

Soft. Come, come sweet Husband do.

Men. Prithee Mr. *Chremes* don't be so obstinate,

Cbr. What means all this?— Well, I perceive, I must not do, what I design'd.

Men. Now you do like a worthy Gentleman.

Cbr. But then upo' this Condition, that he shall do as I shall think most proper for him.

Clit. I'll do any thing, Sir, pray command me.

Cbr. I'd ha' ye Marry.

Clit. But Sir.—

Cbr. I'll take no Excuses.

Men. I'll engage for him, he shall do't.

Cbr. But he himself says no such matter.

Clit. My Case is desperate.

[*Aside.*

Soft. What d'ye boggle for *Clitipho*?

Cbr. Nay let him e'en take his own way.

Men. He shall do as you'd have him.

Soft. Marriage is a Bugbear to Fools, but they that ha' try'd it find it a Blessing.

Clitipho to Chremes.] Well, I'll obey your pleasure, Sir.

Soft.

The Self-Tormenter.

153

Soft. *to Clitipho.*] In good Faith my Boy I've a fine Girl in my Eye for thee, which you can't choose but be pleas'd with ; 'tis our Neighbour *Phanocrates's* Daughter.

Clit. Pho ! That Carrat-pated, Wall-eyed, Pimple-faced, Hook-nosed Creature ? It goes against me, Sir.

Chr. Loy ye now, how nice he's grown !—— You may guess what his Mind has been most upon.

Soft. *to Clitipho.*] I'll tell ye of another then.

Clit. No need of that: Since I must marry, I've just one in my own Eye, which I like very well.

Soft. That's my good Boy !

Clit. *Archonides's* Daughter.

Soft. That's as well as I could wish.

Clit. *to Chremes.*] Now, Sir, I've one Favour to beg.

Chr. What's that ?

Clit. To pardon *Syrus* all he has done for my sake.

Chr. Well, I will.

[*Turns to the Spectators.*]

Gentlemen,

Fare ye well, and give us your Approbation.

Exeunt omnes.

The End of the Self-Tormenter.

T H E

Self. [Clipping] In good faith my Boy I've a fine Girl
in my eye for thee, which you can't choose but be pleas'd
with; this our Neighbour's daughter's Daughter.
Cl. Pity! This Carver-pated, Wall-eyed, Pimple-faced,
Hook-nosed Creature? It goes against me, Sir.
Self. O ye ye now, how nice he's grown! — You may
guess what his Mind has been mull'd upon.
Self. [Clipping] I'll tell ye of another than
Cl. I'm tired of that. Since I must marry, I've just one
in my own eye, which I like very well.
Self. That's my good Boy!
Cl. [Clipping] I'm tired of that.
Self. I think as well as I could wish.
Cl. [Clipping] Now, Sir, I've one Favour to beg
of you, that's that
Cl. To pardon, you all he has done for my sake.
Cl. Well, I will.

Gentlemen,
Have ye well, and give us your approbation.
[Exeunt omnes.]

The End of the Self-Tormentor.

THE
BROTHERS.

A
COMEDY,

Acted at the Funeral-Games of *L. Emilius Paulus*.

W H E N

Q. Fabius Maximus
and
P. Cornelius the African } were *Curule Edils*.

By the Company of { *L. Attilius of Preneste,*
and
Minucius Protimus.
Flaccus made free by *Claudius*, Compos'd the
Musick, which was perform'd on *Tyrian FLUTES*.

It was taken from the *GREEK* of *Menander* ;

And ACTED

Under the Consulship of { *L. Anicius,*
and
M. Cornelius.

A. V. C. 583. Before Christ 168.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

- Micio,** *A Rich Citizen of Athens, a mild, sweet-natur'd old Gentleman, and a Batchelor; extream loving and kind to his Nephews Eschine and Ctesipho; the first of which he adopts for his own.*
- Demea,** *His Brother, Father to Eschine and Ctesipho, a Countrey Gentleman, and a violent, angry, fretful, bawle, meddling Fellow; strict and severe to his Sons, and a great pretender to Education.*
- Eschine,** *Demea's Eldest Son, adopted by Micio, and in Love with Pamphila; a wildish, loose, Spark of the Town, generous and free-hearted, who by reason of Micio's Indulgence often runs into open Extravagancies.*
- Ctesipho,** *His Brother, as naturally vicious as the other, but for want of Incouragement is very fearful and secret, concealing all from his Father, whom he lives with in the Countrey.*
- Hegio,** *Sostrata's Kinsman, a down-right, true hearted, honest Athenian.*
- Syrus,** *Eschine's Servant, a subtle, insinuating, sly, ingenious Fellow, bold and saucy, almost always bantering, imposing and putting upon Demea.*
- Dromo,** *Another of Eschine's Servants.*
- Geta,** *A very honest, true and faithful Servant of Sostrata's.*
- Sannio,** *A Foolish Woman-Merchant, alias a Bawd.*

W O M E N.

- Sostrata,** *A decay'd old Gentlewoman of Athens.*
- Pamphila,** *Her Daughter, Debauch'd by Eschine.*
- Canthara,** *Nurse to Pamphila.*

M U T E S.

- Parmeno, Storax,** *and other Servants of Micio's, the Musick-Girl, Rabble, Attendants, &c.*

Scene, **ATHENS.**

TIME, *about Eight or Nine Hours.*

T H E

BROTHERS.

A C T I.

SCENE, *The Street before Micio's Door.*

TIME, *Betimes in the Morning.*

Micio *speaks within.*] *Storax, I say!*—

Enter Micio alone.

Mic. *entring.*] **S**O! No News, I see, of *Escbine* since last Night's Entertainment, nor of any of the Servants that went to bring him home.— Well, 'tis true, as they say, if a Man be but out of the way, or out stays his time a little, he's less concern'd at the Scolding and Suspicions of a jealous Wife, than a fond Parent is for a Child upon the like occasion: For she, if you don't come in at your Hour, takes it for granted, that you have pick'd up a Girl, or a Girl you; or else that you're at the Tavern, or some other place of Diversion, or so; however that you fare well, what're becomes of the poor Soul at home. But for me now, what a

M

World

World of Thoughts, and what a rabble of Whimsies have I i' my Head, for this Boys lying out last Night? Left he should be starv'd with Cold, tumbld into a Cellar, or ha' broke a Leg or an Arm.— Lord! That a Man should set his Heart upon any thing, and make it dearer to him than himself. And upon the whole Matter, this Boy is none of my Son neither, but my Brother's, who is of a quite different Humour from me. For my part, I always chose the quiet Life of the Town, to live at ease, and (what the Wits count a Happiness) have never been troubled with a Wife. But my Brother o'th' other hand has always liv'd in the Country, pinching and taking a World of Pains; committed Matrimony, and was the Father of two Sons: The Eldest I have adopted, brought up, esteem'd and lov'd as my own; I please my self in him, the only Creature I dote upon. Then I do all I can to make him think as well of me: I deny him nothing, let him ev'n do what he will himself, and don't think it fit upon every turn to make use o' my Authority. In short, I ha' brought him to this, that he'll conceal none of the Levities of his Youth, which others so industriously hide from their Fathers. For he that won't stick to falsifie to his own Father, or will put upon him, will be sure to make bolder with other People. 'Twas always my Opinion, That 'tis much better to keep Children in order by Shame and Generosity of Inclination, than by Fear. My Brother and I can't agree in this Point, and my way of Breeding won't down with him. Ever and anon he comes open Mouth to me.— *Why Micio! What d'ye mean? Will ye be the Ruine of our Child? Why does he whore? Why does he drink? Why d'ye maintain him in all this? You let him go too fine: You are extreamly silly in't.* He's extreamly severe, say I, beyond all Right and Reason: And truly, in my Mind, that Man is very much out, that believes that Government purely by force should have more Authority, and a better Foundation, than when 'tis accompanied with Tenderness and Respect. This is my Logick, and I argue thus: He that's compell'd by Threats to do his Duty, will be wary no longer than you've an Eye over him, but when he sees he shan't be found out he'll ev'n follow his own Inclinations. But he that's govern'd by Love obeys most chearfully, strives to make his due returns, and is the same whether you are present or absent. 'Tis a Father's part to use

use his Child so as his own choice rather than outward constraint, should put him upon doing well. Here lies the difference between a Father and a Master: and he that does otherwise, let him own that he understands not at all how to govern Children. [*seeing Demea at a distance.*] But isn't that the Gentleman I am discoursing of.— 'Tis he for certain.— He knits his Brows, but I know not why. I believe he's upon the Railing pin, as he uses to be.

Enter Demea.

Mic. Brother! You are welcome to Town.

Dem. Oh! Well met! You're the Man I want.

Mic. What makes you so off the Hooks?

Dem. Is that a Question for me? When we have got such a hopeful Youth as *Eschime*?

Mic. I said, 'twou'd be so. [*Aside.*] What has he done now pray?

Dem. What has he done? He's asham'd of nothing, afraid of no body, and looks upon himself to be a lawless Man. I have nothing to say to old Stories, but what a pranck has he just now plaid?

Mic. What's that I pray?

Dem. Why, he has gone and forc'd open a Man's Door, broke into his House, beat the Master and all his Family most barbarously, left 'em for dead, and carry'd off a Wench he had a fancy for, by force of Arms. Every body cry'd shame on't: What a World of People told me on't, as I came along! Nay, the whole Town rings on't. To say no more, if he wou'd but take Example, does he not see how closely his Brother minds his business, lives sparingly and soberly in the Country? He wou'dn't do such a thing for the World. But, Brother, in blaming *Eschime*, I blame you too, 'tis you have been the spoiling of him.

Mic. There's nothing more unreasonable than a Man unacquainted with the World; that thinks nothing well done, but what he does himself.

Dem. Why that pray?

Mic. 'Cause you take things much otherwise than ye ought. Believe me Brother, 'tis no such mighty business for a young Fellow to wench and drink a little: No, nor yet to break a Door: If you and I were less extravagant, 'twasn't for want

of Will, but Money : And you count that your Vertue, which is only owing to Necessity ; which is not fairly done. For had we had where-withal, we shou'd ha' been as wild as others. And had you but common Sense, you wou'd give that fine Son of yours the same liberty, whilst he's young : rather than he shou'd, when your Bones are laid (which he has often pray'd for) take the same wild Courses at an Age, when they will less become him.

Dem. 'Sbud ! You're enough to distract one ! Then, be-like there's no harm in a young Man to live at this mad rate !

Mic. Patience, good Brother ! Prithee don't deafen my Ears with old Stories. You gave me your Son, and by Adoption he's mine ; If he be extravagant, I shall bear the blame on't, and pay for't over and above. He treats, he drinks, he dresses ! 'Tis all at my Charge. He keeps a Miss too ! I'll supply his Pocket as long as I'm able, and when that fails, perhaps they'll turn him out. Has he broke any Doors ? They shall be made good. Torn any Cloaths ? They shall be mended too. I thank my Stars I've where-withal to do it, and as yet not uneasie under it. In short ! Either leave off complaining, or choose who you will be judg'd by : and I'll make't appear, that you're more to blame than I.

Dem. Mercy upon me ! Learn to be a Father of them that are so indeed.

Mic. You are his Father by Nature, but I have the care of him.

Dem. Ay, special care !

[Scornfully.]

Mic. Nay, if you're at that Sport, I'll be gone.

[Offers to go.]

Dem. Will ye so ?——

Mic. What shou'd I stay for to hear the same thing a thousand times over.

Dem. 'Tis only from my concern for him.

Mic. And I'm concern'd for him too ; But, good Brother, let's each concern our selves as we ought ; you for one, and I for t'other : For you to take care of both, looks as if you revok'd that grant which made him mine.

Dem. Ah ! Brother.

[Shakes his Head.]

Mic. I'll have it thus.

Dem.

Dem. Will ye so?— Well, if that's your resolution: Let him squander all, damn all, himself and all, 'tis all one to me. If ever I speak a Syllable more.—

Mic. Now you begin to be angry again. [In a Passion.]

Dem. Don't ye think there's reason for't. Do I desire to ha' your rare Son from ye? It grieves me, I must confess, for he's my own Flesh and Blood still. If I oppose, I shall— But I ha' done. You'd ha' me take care of one, and so I will. Heavens be prais'd, he proves after my own Heart. Your Profligate will feel the smart on't at last.— Well! But I won't be too hard upon him.

Exit Demea.

Micio alone.

I believe part of what he said is true, but not all: And truly I'm a little mov'd at it, though I wouldn't show my self concern'd before him: For he's such a strange Man, that to pacifie him you must cross, and out hector him, though then he can scarce contain himself. But shou'd I chafe him, and blow the Coal, I shou'd ev'n be a Mad-man for Company. Yet I must confess my *Eschine* has been a kind of a naughty Boy in this business. What Courtisan has not he visited? Or what pretty Face has not he presented some Toy or other to? In fine, not long ago (sick I thought of these Creatures) he told me he wou'd take up and marry. I was in hopes the Heats of his Youth had been abated, and was heartily glad on't: When on a sudden a new Fire's broke out. But I'll know't whate're the Matter is, and go see whether I can meet with my Gentleman at the Change.

Exit Micio,

End of the First Act.

A C T II.

Enter Eschine with a Sword drawn leading in the Musick-Girl, and attended by Parmeno and Storax, after comes Sannio, running with the Rabble at his Heels.

San. *as out of Breath.*] **H**Elp — good Neighbours,
— I beseech ye! Help—
a — miserable, innocent
— helpless Creature.

Esch. *to the Girl.*] Stand your ground my pretty Rogue, and don't be afraid. Why dost thou look behind thee? There's no danger at all: And while I'm by, let him touch thee if he dare.

San. I'll have her again, in spite of the World.—

Esch. Tho' he's a very Rascal, yet he shan't provoke me to give him another beating to day.

San. Hark ye, Sir, that you mightn't pretend to be ignorant of my Profession, I tell ye I'm a Woman-Merchant.

Esch. A Cock-Bawd you mean.

San. And one of the greatest Repute in Town. And don't you fancy now that you shall get off by saying, *'Twas against my will that you were abus'd*: By the Lord Harry, I value it not a Straw. Assure your self, I'll trounce ye to some Tune; your fine Words shall never make amends for the Blows you gave me. I know these will be your Tricks and Excuses. I'm extremely sorry for't, I'll take my Oath you did not deserve this usage. When the truth on't is, I've been us'd worse than a Dog.

Esch. *to Parmeno.*] Run quickly Before, Sirrah, and open the Door.

San. You had as good stay where you are.

[Parmeno opens the Door.

San.

[*Esch. to the Girl.*] Step in quickly with him, my dear Rogue.

San. stepping between] But I forbid that thou

Esch. Come hither *Parmeno.*— You are too far.— Stand close to that Son of a Whore.— So, that's well. Take care to keep your Eye full upon mine, that when I tip the wink, you may be ready to give him a slap in the Face.

San. I'd fain see that.

Eschine gives the Girl to Parmeno, which Sannio seeing, runs and catches hold of her.

Esch. Have a care, *Parmeno.*

[*Parmeno strikes him.*

Par. to Sannio.] Dog! Let go your hold.

San. Oh, monstrous!

Esch. You shall ha' the second part o'th' same Tune, if you han't a care.

[*Parmeno strikes him.*

San. Murder! murder!

Esch. to Parmeno.] Hold, you go beyond your Commission. But better too much, than too little.— You may march off now you've got your black and blew Livery, Mr. Sannio!

[*Exit Parmeno with the Girl.*

San. What do you mean, Sir? Do you reign Lord and Master here?

Esch. If I did, I'd reward your Bawdship according to your deserts.

San. Pray what Authority have you over me?

Esch. None perhaps.

San. How! D'ye know who I am, Sir?

Esch. Nor yet desire it.

San. Did I meddle with any thing of yours pray?

Esch. If you had, Sirrah, it shou'd ha' been a dear meddling.

San. Then how comes it to be more lawful for you to take my Goods, which I honestly bought and paid for? Answer me that pray.

Esch. You hadn't best stand bawling at this rate before the Door; if you plague us any more, I'll ha' ye dragg'd in, and whipp'd as long as ye can stand.

San. Bless me! Free-born, and whipp'd!

Esch. That's your Doom.

San. Oh the Wickedness of the Man! Is this the general Freedom they talk of with a Pox?

Esch. Worthy Mr. Pimp! If your mad Fits over, hear me a Word, if your Honour's so dispos'd.

San. Wait I that was mad, or you?

Esch. Let that pass, now come to the Point.

San. What Point? Whither shall I come?

Esch. Will ye give me leave to speak about your Business?

San. Withal my Heart, provided it be just.

Esch. Heigh tois! The *Bawd's* turn'd Puritan, and wou'd teach me Justice.

San. Tho' I am a Bawd, the common bane of Youth, a foresworn Wretch, a publick Nuisance: Yet I never did you any wrong, Sir?

Esch. That's kept for an after-clap.

San. Pray, Mr. *Eschine*, return to your first Proposal.

Esch. The Girl cost ye about Fifty Guinea's, may it never thrive with ye! The Money shall be paid ye again.

San. What if I won't part with her, who a plague shall force me to? Will you?

Esch. No.

San. I was afraid you wou'd.

Esch. Truly, Friend *Sannio*, between you and I, she's not to be sold at all; for she's a Gentlewoman, and so I'll prove her to be. Now, Blockhead, choose whether you'll take the Money, or try it out at Law.— Chew upon this, till I come back, worthy Mr. *Pimpwell*.

Exit Eschine.

Sannio alone.

Heavens! Now I don't wonder to see a Man's Brains turn'd by Oppression. This Son of Thunder has ravish'd me out of my Castle, beat me to Mummy, took a Girl from me *vi & armis*, and given poor *Sanny* above Five hundred Bastinadoes. After this sweet usage he'd ha' me surrender up my Right and Title to her without Interest. Faith he shall have her indeed, since he deserves her so well, and requires nothing but what's just.— [*Studies.*] Well I wish it might be so, so he pays me down the Ready.— But my Mind misgives me
dam-

damnably, that whenever I do but set the Price, he'll presently bring Witnesses to swear 'twas a direct Bargain between us. Then for my Money, I may go whistle for't. He'll say, *Come again an hour hence, to Morrow.* That I can bear too, so I may be sure on't at last, tho' it be some damage to me.—— 'Twill be so, as sure as a Gun. Since Friend *Sanny* thou hast taken up such a nasty Trade, thou must be content to bear and pocket up the Affronts of such hectoring Gallants. But since no body's here to pay me, I do but reckon my Chickens before they are hatch'd.

Enter Syrus at a little distance.

Syr. to Eschine within.] Hush! Not a word more, I'll go to him my self, and make him skip at the Money, and say, *He's rarely well dealt by,*—— [*Goes to Sannio.*] What's the News with you, Mr. *Sannio*? I hear my Master and you have had a kind of a Scuffle.

San. shrugging.] A Scuffle d'ye call't? Never the like surely! We were both sufficiently tir'd: He with beating me, and I with being beaten.

Syr. You may thank your self for't.

San. How cou'd I help it?

Syr. You shou'd ha' born with the young Gentleman's Humour a little.

San. What cou'd I do more? I'm sure I bore all the blows upo' my Face, he was pleas'd to give me.

Syr. Well, d'ye know what I'm going to say? To balk an Ace sometimes is the best play.

San. Heigh ho!

Syr. You are so timorous like a senseless Sot: Now if you had parted with a little of your Right, and humour'd the Gentleman, you'd ha' got the Devil and all at the long run.

San. I don't love to buy a Pig in a Bag.

Syr. Ah, thou wilt ne're be worth any thing. Out upon ye, as if you hadn't a Spring to catch Woodcocks.

San. I believe that might be the best way, but I had never the Grace to follow it, nor to refuse the Ready, when I cou'd get it.

Syr.

Syr. Go to, I know your generous Spirit: As though you regarded half a hundred Guinea's, so you cou'd serve my Master by't: Besides they say you're making a Voyage to Cyprus.

San. Oh!

Syr. And have bought up several *Commodities* to transport thither; the Vessel's hired: I know your Mind's a little wavering about this Money, when you come back I hope to see an end of the Business.

San. I've no Voyage to make.—— Faith I'm undone! 'Tis upon this they have built their Plot. [Aside.]

Syr. The Fellow's upo' th' fret, I've put a Flea in his Ear. [Aside.]

San. *to himself.*] Oh horrid! See how he has nick'd me i'th' Critical minute! When I've just laid in a Stock of Females, and other Wares to carry to Cyprus: If I lose my Fair, 'twill half break me; And if I leave this business at six and sevens, the time will be over when I come back: There'll be no Remedy, and I shall have a plaguy cold Welcome. *Are you come now*, they'll say, *to prosecute?* *Why did ye let it run so long?* *Where ha' ye been all this while?* So that I had better lose every cross on't, than tarry so long before I sue for't?

Syr. *Clapping him on the Shoulders.*] Well! Hast been casting up all the Gains of this Voyage?

San. Is this like a Gentleman? Is this Mr. Eschime's Conscience to take away a Girl by main force?

Syr. *aside.*] He sinks a main.—— I've one thing more to propose, see if you like it. Come, compound for half, rather than run the hazard of saving or losing all; we'll make a hard shift but we'll scrape up about five and twenty Guinea's somewhere or other.

San. Oh miserable! Now poor I am in danger of losing part o'th' very Principal. Is he past all shame? He has beat all my Teeth down my Throat; and my Head into an entire Gelly: Then he'd trick me o'th' Money into the Bargain.—— I have no Voyage to make.

Syr. That's as you please.—— Ha' ye any further Commands.—— I'm going.

San.

San. Ay, pray good Mr. *Syrus*, however things ha' been, rather than sue and quarrel, let him pay me my own, at least what she cost me. I know, ye little Rogue, you never had occasion, as yet, to make use of me as a Friend: But if you shou'd, you'll say I'm no forgetful or ungrateful Person.

Syr. I'll do my best.—— Oh, yonder comes *Ctesipho*, i'faith as brisk as a Body-louse for his Mistress.

San. Well, will ye do as I desir'd ye?

Syr. Have a little Patience.

Enter Ctesipho.

Sannio walks aside.

Ctes. to himself.] When a Man stands in need of a good turn, he's glad to receive it from any hand. But it does him a double pleasure, when it comes from one he has reason to expect it from. Oh, Brother, Brother! How do I adore thee now! This I'm sure of, that the very best Words I can give thee are short of thy deserts. And I am happy in this particular beyond all Mortals, that I've the most accomplish'd Brother in nature.

Syr. Oh Mr. *Ctesipho*!

Ctes. Dear Rogue *Syrus*, where's my Brother?

Syr. Look ye, he's at home waiting for ye.

Ctes. Oh brave!

Syr. What's the Matter, Sir?

Ctes. The Matter old Boy? I shou'd ha' been cold in my Grave, but for his means.—— Ah, he's an honest Soul! He neglected his own Interest to serve mine. He has taken upon himself all the Curses, Scandals, Love-Matters, and Mis-carriages that belong to me; And what cou'd he do more? But who comes there? What makes the Door go?

Syr. Stay, stay, here he comes himself.

Enter Eschine.

Esch. Where's this Scoundrel Son of a Whore?

San. Does he want me? Has he got any Money? I'm broke: the Devil a Penny do I see. *[Aside.]*

Esch. Hah! This is lucky, 'twas you I was wishing for.— Well, how is't? All's well; off with that fowre Look.

Ctes.

Ctes. Now I have reason, having such a Brother as you O *Eschine* ! My true Brother indeed ! I dare not praise ye any more before your Face, lest you shou'd think it proceeded rather from Flattery than Gratitude.

Esch. Leave your fooling, as tho' we were meer Strangers to one another : But this troubles me that we cou'dn't know o' th' business sooner ; for the Matter was come to that pass ; that all the World cou'd scarce ha' help'd you, tho' they had desired it.

Ctes. Modesty hinder'd me.

Esch. Plhaw ! 'twas folly, not modesty. What ! to be upon running your Country for so small a Matter ? Fie upon't : Heavens forbid that.

Ctes. 'Twasn't well I own.

Esch. to *Syrus*.] What has *Sannio* concluded on ?

Syr. He's grown very tame.

Esch. I'll to the Piazza and discharge him.—— But do you Brother step into your Mistress.

San. Good Mr. *Syrus*, push on the Business. [*Aside to him.*

Syr. Let's be quick, Sir. For the Man's in haste for *Cyprus*.

San. I'm in no such haste.—— I've nothing to do, but to wait for the Money.

Syr. You shall have it man, never fear't.

San. What all ?

Syr. Yes all. Say no more about it but follow us.

San. So I will.

Exeunt Eschine and Sannio.

Ctes. to *Syrus* going off.] Hark ye *Syrus*.

Syr. Well, Sir your pleasure.

Ctes. Prithee see that paltry Rascal dispatch'd as soon as possible, lest upon farther provocation the business come to my Father's Ears ; then I shall be ruin'd to all Intents and Purposes.

Syr. That shan't be: Take Heart Sir. Do you toy away half an hour or so with your Mistress, the mean time within. Order the Butler to lay the Cloth, and all things to be got ready. As soon as the business is over, I'll march home with plenty of Provisions.

Ctes.

Cres. Prithce do : and since things have fall'n out so luckily, let's e'en make a day on't.

Exeunt severally.

The End of the Second Act.

A C T III.

Sofrata, and Canthara.

Soft. **P** Rithce my good Nurse, how is she like to do ?
Can. How ! Troth I hope she'll have a good time on't. Her Pains, my good Mistress, are just beginning : You're as fearful now, as if y' had ne're been at a Labour, nor cry'd out your self.

Soft. Alas-a-day ! I've no body at home : and we are all alone. Our Man *Geta's* out o' th' way too ; and there's never a Soul to send for the Midwife, or to call *Escbine*.

Can. Without doubt, *Escbine* will be here anon : never a day goes over his Head, but we have his Company.

Soft. He's the only Comfort I have in my Affliction.

Can. As the Case stands, Mistress, the business cou'dn't fall into better hands : since she had the mischance by such a Gentleman, of such a Parentage, so generous, and so nobly descended.

Soft. You're much i'th' right : Heavens keep him ours for ever.

Enter Geta as out of Breath at a great distance.

Get. to himself.] We are now brought to that pass, that if all the World laid their Heads together, to find out a remedy for this mischief that has happen'd to my self, my Mistress and her Daughter, they cou'd do us no good. —

Oh

Oh miserable! Such a Flood of Difficulties o'rewhelm us, that 'tis impossible to keep above water. Ravishment, Poverty, Oppression, Desertion, Infamy.—— Is the Age so debauch'd?—— Abominable Villains! Cursed Wretches! This Devil of a Man,——

Soft. Bless me! What makes our *Geta* in such a Fright, and in such haste?

Get. to himself.] —— Whom nothing cou'd restrain or move: Neither Promises, Oaths, nor Pity, nor yet the approaching Travail of her he had so shamefully abus'd.

Soft. I can't well understand what the Fellow says.

Can. Pray, Mistress, let's go a little nigher to him.

Get. to himself.] Ah, poor *Geta*! I'm scarce *Compos mentis*, my Passion has so inflam'd me. I'd desire nothing more than to meet the whole Family of 'em, that I might disgorge my rage upon 'em, now my hot Blood's up. I'd be contented to suffer any thing, so I might have a swinging Revenge upon 'em. First, I'd tread out that stinking Snuff his Father, that gave being to the vile Rascal. Then for that Dog *Syrus*, that put him upon't.—— How I'd tear him peace-meal! I'd give him such a tofs, dash his Skull against the Stones, and strew the Streets with his Brains. That Boy *Eschine* too, I'd tear out his Eyes, and after that brake his Neck.—— The rest I'd down with 'em, drive 'em, drag 'em, pound 'em, and trample 'em under my Feet. But what makes me loiter, when I should be telling this damn'd News to my Mistress. [Going off.]

Soft. Let's call him back.—— Why, *Geta*!

Get. Pish, prithee don't trouble me, whosoever you are.

Soft. 'Tis your Mistress calls.

Get. Ay, where is she?—— [turning about.] I was hunting for you, Mistress, 'twas you I look'd for.—— You've met me as luckily as may be.

Soft. What's the Matter? Why dost pant so?

Get. Oh!

Soft. Why in such haste my poor Boy? Come take Breath.——

Get. We are absolutely.——

Soft. What absolutely?

Get. —— Undone —— past all recovery.——

Soft. For Heavens sake, what's the Matter? [In a fright.]
Get.

Get. Just now. —

Soft. What just now, Geta? —

Get. This Mr. *Eschine*. —

Soft. What of him?

Get. — Has quite — thrown off our Family.

Soft. Alas! Undone indeed! But how so?

Get. He's run mad after another Face.

Soft. Wretch that I am!

Get. He didn't do things in the dark, but forc'd her from a Bawd in the Eyes of the World.

Soft. Are you sure of this?

Get. Most sure, these very Eyes saw it.

Soft. *weeping.*] Oh unfortunate *Softрата*! What canst thou trust to? Or whom canst thou trust? Our dear *Eschine* do this; The very Soul of us all; in whom we plac'd our Hopes and Happiness? How oft he swore he wouldn't live a day without his *Pamphila*? And said, he'd put the Infant on his Father's Knees, and in that sort beg his leave to marry her.

Get. Pray, Mistress, forbear weeping, but rather consider what's fit to be done: whether we should put up the Affront, or tell it to a Friend.

Can. Hold, hold Man; Hast lost thy Senses? D'ye think this a business fit to be blaz'd abroad?

Get. Nay, I'm for hushing of it against the World. First, The Case is plain, he has left us for good and all: Now if we make it publick, ten to one but he'll disown it, then your Reputation, and your Daughter's Honour will be call'd in question. But put the Case he confesseth all, 'twou'dn't be Prudence to give him your Daughter, whilst he keeps another: Therefore take the thing which way you please, Concealment is my Opinion.

Soft. Ah, by no means: I'll not agree to't.

Get. What will ye do then?

Soft. Divulge it.

Get. How! Have a special care, Mistress, what you do.

Soft. The Case can never be worse than 'tis; For first, she has no Rortion; then she's robb'd of that which might ha' went instead of one; so that she can't be put off for a Maid. I have one shift left, if he deny't, the Ring he lost is proof enough. In fine, since my own Conscience tells me, that this mishap can't be charg'd either to my Coveteousness, or to any

any base Ends that I or my Daughter had in't, we'll ev'n venture a Tryal at Law.

Get. D'ye think so? Pray, think on't again.

Soft. Do you, *Geta*, make all the haste you can to her Cousin *Hegeos*, and tell him the whole Story: for he was a choice Friend of my poor Husbands, and had always a great kindness for our Family.

Get. Ay faith, there's no body else looks upon us.

Soft. Good *Cantbara*, do you run, and call the Midwife, that she may be i'th' way if need be.

Exeunt severally.

Enter Demea alone.

Dem. Undone, undone! They say my Boy *Ctesipho* made one with his Brother at the Rape: That he shou'd be able to debauch a Lad of his Sobriety is the only thing that cou'd add to my Misfortunes. — Where shall I search for him? I'm afraid they've carried him to some Bawdy-house or other. The Rake-hell his Brother has drawn him in, I'm confident. — But yonder comes *Syrus*, I'll learn of him where he is. But i'faith he's one of their gang, and if he perceives I want him, the Rogue will never tell me any thing; therefore he shan't know my design.

Enter Syrus at another part of the Stage, very merry.

Syr. to himself. We've been telling the whole Exploit to the old Gentleman, and how 'twas carried on: I never saw the old Man so tickled in my whole Life.

Dem. over-bearing. Bless me! What a Coxcomb's my Brother?

Syr. to himself. He commended his Son, and thank'd my Worship for advising of him.

Dem. I can't hold any longer.

[Aside.

Syr. to himself. He told out the Money forthwith; and gave us a broad Piece overplus to be merry withal, and e'dad 'twas employ'd ev'n as I'd have it.

Dem. Hah! If you'd have any thing done as it shou'd be, commend me to this Gentleman.

[Aside.

Syr.

Syr. starting.] Ha, Mr. *Demea*, I didn't see ye. How does your Worship.

Dem. How?— I can't but wonder at your fine way of living.

Syr. Faith, Sir, 'tis pretty Silly, and, to speak the truth, somewhat oddish. — *[Turning to Micio's House.]* You *Dromo*, gut and scale the rest o'th' Fish, but the great conger Eel let him play in the Water a little; when I come back, we'll bone him, and not before.

Dem. Are these scandalous Villanies to be allow'd of?

Syr. to Demea.] Truly, Sir, I don't like 'em at all, and do often cry out, — *[to them within.]* *Stephanio*, see that that the Salt-fish be well water'd.

Dem. Oh Heavens! Does he do this on purpose, or does he think 'twill be for his Credit to ruine his Son? What a sad Creature am I! Methinks I have the day before my Eyes when this Boy will be forc'd for want of Bread to run his Country, and list himself a Souldier.

Syr. Oh, Sir! There's Wisdom now! to see things at a distance, and not only what's just before ye.

Dem. Well, have ye got the fiddling Wench at your House?

Syr. She's there within.

Dem. The Devil! surely she's not to dwell there.

Syr. I believe, they're mad enough to ha't so.

Dem. Is't possible?

Syr. Ah the foppish Fondness and pernicious easiness of a Father!

Dem. In good truth, I'm a sham'd, and heartily griev'd, for my Brother.

Syr. There's too much; Ay, a great deal too much difference, Sir, between you two (tho' I shou'dn't say so much before your Face) you, Sir, as much as there's o'ye, are Wisdom all over: But he's a meer Gimcrack. Wou'd you ha' suffer'd your Son to ha' done thus!

Dem. Suffer'd him? Zooks! I shou'd ha' smelt him out six whole Months, before he had been concern'd in such a business.

Syr. Ah Sir, you need not tell me what a wary Man you are.

Dem. Heavens grant he may continue, as he is.

Syr. Children prove as their Fathers make 'em.

Dem. But hark ye Syrus, Prithce didst see him to day ?

[Fawningly.]

Syr. Mr. Ctesipho, Sir ! (I'll send the old Fool packing into the Country.) [Aside to Demea.] He's gone into the Country, and hard at work by this time.

Dem. Are you sure he's there ?

Syr. Sure ? Why I saw him out o' Town my self.

Dem. That's well. I was afraid he had loiter'd hereabout still.

Syr. And was in a plaguy Huff too.

Dem. At what prithce ?

Syr. He fell out with his Brother i'th' open Market about the Musick Wench.

Dem. Say you so ?

Syr. I faith he spoke his Mind freely ; for when we were paying the Money, in drops he unawares upon the Back on's : and sets up an outcry ; *Arn't ye asham'd Brother Eschine to commit such Villainies ? That you shou'd dishonour our Family at this vile rate ?*

Dem. E'dad, he makes me weep for Joy. [Wipes his Eyes.]

Syr. *You don't only weaken your Estate, but your Reputation too.*

Dem. Heavens bless him ! I hope he will never degenerate.

Syr. Who questions it ?

Dem. O Syrus, he poor Boy has his Head full of these Morals.

Syr. And well he may, when he has such a Father at home to fill it.

Dem. I do my best, and leave no Stone unturn'd, but exercise him in all that's good. Above all I charge him, *Look into Mens Actions as into a Glass, and take Example by 'em. Practice this, say I.—*

Syr. Very well indeed.

Dem. Shun that.

Syr. Shrew'd.

Dem. *This is commendable.*

Syr. There you hit it again.

Dem

Dem. That won't be allow'd at all.

Syr. Most admirable.

Dem. And moreover.——

[Syr. interrupting.] Your Pardon, Sir, I am n't at leisure for your *Moreovers*: I've got an excellent Dish of Fish to my Tooth, and I must take special care that they ben't spoil'd: For that is as scandalous a business among us, Sir, as the neglect of your Duty is among them. And according to my Abilities I give my fellow Servants Instructions after the self-same manner. *This is too Salt (say I:) That's too much, this isn't done cleanly enough; that's well done, pray remember to do so another time.* I instruct 'em diligently, as well as my Palate will serve me. Last of all too, I bid 'em *look into their Dishes as into a Glass, and there learn their Duty.* I confess these are all meer Toys: But what signifies that? We must suit our Morals to the Persons we deal with.—— Please to command me, Sir?

Dem. Yes, to get a little more Wit among ye.

Syr. D'ye design for the Country, Sir?

Dem. Ay, to rights.

Syr. Ay, what should you do here, Sir, where all your good Morals are but thrown away?

Exit Syrus.

Demea alone.

Ay, truly, I'll to my Country Farm, since he that brought me hither is gone back again.—— That Boy's all my care, he's my true Son; since my Brother will have his own way, let him look to that Rake-hell.—— But who comes yonder at a distance? Mr. *Hegio*, one of our own Ward?—— If my Eyes don't fail me, 'tis he indeed. Ah, we've been Cronies from our Cradles. By *Jove*, such honest Citizens are very scarce now a-days! A Man o'th' right old Stamp for Vertue and Fidelity, and wou'dn't do the Government any harm for the World. How glad am I to see the remains of the old Stock! Ah, Life is a Pleasure to me now. I'll wait for him here, and bid him Good-morrow, and have a little discourse with him.

Enter Hegio and Geta at a distance.

Heg. Ye Powers! A dishonourable Action! What is it you say, *Geta*? Hah!

Get. Just as I told ye.

Heg. That ever that Family should be guilty of such an ungenteele thing. Oh, *Eschine*! You didn't learn this of your Father, I'm sure.

Dem. overbearing.] Yes, he has heard of this singing Wench too, and it nearly touches him tho' a Stranger: But his sweet Father takes no notice on't. Oh dismal! Wou'd he was but by a little that he might hear all these Complaints.

Heg. If they won't give satisfaction, they mustn't think to carry it off thus.

Get. We all rely upon you, Sir: We ha' none else to stand by us: You are our Guardian, and Father too. The old Gentleman upon his Death-bed bequeathed us all to your Care, and if you forsake us, we're utterly undone.

Heg. No more of that: I'll not forsake ye, nor can I do't with a safe Conscience.

Dem. I'll to him:— Honest *Hegio*, I'm heartily glad to see ye.

Heg. Oh! Mr. *Demea*, I'm your humble Servant, you are the Man I wanted.

Dem. How so, Sir?

Heg. Why your eldest Son *Eschine*, whom your Brother has adopted, has done neither like an honest Man, nor a Gentleman:

Dem. What has he done?

Heg. You knew one *Simulus*, a Friend and Cotemporary of ours.

Dem. Yes, very well.

Heg. Why, he has debauch'd his Daughter.

Dem. Oh!

Heg. Hold, Sir, the worst is to come yet.

Dem. What more Mischief still?

[*Sighs.*]

Heg.

Heg. Yes, truly ; for that was, in some measure excusable. He had Opportunity, Heat, Wine, and Youth to prompt him to't ; 'twas but a humane Frailty. But when he was sensible of his Fault, he comes forthwith to her Mother, weeping, praying, intreating, promising and swearing he'd take her home and marry her : Upon this all was pardon'd, hush'd, and rely'd upon. The young Woman prov'd with Child upon this ; has gone her Forty Weeks. But this sweet Youth is got to a Ballad-singer, in the Devil's Name, keeps her at his Fathers, and has left the t'other to shift for her self.

Dem. Is all this true are you sure ?

Heg. The Mother is ready to prove it, the young Woman and the Business speaks it self : Besides, here's *Geta*, as Servants are now, none of the worst, a painful Fellow, who maintains 'em all, and keeps the whole Family himself ; take him, bind him, force the Truth out of him.

Get. Yes, verily Sir, rack me to death, if all ben't true : Besides *Mr. Eschine* himself won't deny it, pray, Sir, bring us Face to Face.

Dem. I'm horribly asham'd, and can't imagine what to do, or what answer to make him.

Pamphila within. Oh me ! I'm torn in pieces, ——— Help ye Powers above, and ease me for Heaven's sake.

Heg. to Geta. Hah ! Prithee was that she that cry'd out ?

Get. Without doubt, Sir.

Heg. Ah, *Mr. Demea*, she calls upon your Honour now ; and begs ye to do that freely, which the Law wou'd else oblige ye to. I beg Heaven to inspire ye to do as you ought ; but if you are otherwise minded, *Mr. Demea*, I'll maintain her and her dead Father's Cause to the last Penny in my Purse. He was my Kinsman, we were bred up Children together, we were together at Wars abroad, and Peace at home, and together we under-went the straits of Poverty : Therefore I'll about it, do my utmost, and bring it to a Tryal, and rather lose my Life than desert these poor Women. ——— What answer will ye return ?

Dem. I'll go talk with my Brother, Sir ; what Advice he gives, that I'll follow.

Heg. But, Mr. *Demea*, do but consider with your self, that the more you live at *Eale*, the more Powerful, the more Rich, the more Happy, and the more Noble you are, so much the more Honest and Just ought you to be, if you'd be thought Men of Honour.

Dem. Away! No more, you shall have all Right and Justice done you.

Heg. Spoken like a worthy Gentleman.—— *Geta*, bring me to your Mistress.

Exeunt Hegio and Geta.

Demea alone.

This was no more than I foretold. I wish to my Soul this was the last mad Prank! But this allowance of so much Liberty will end at last in some sad Story or other.— Well I'll go hunt for my Brother, and discharge this News in his very Face.

Exit Demea.

At the same time re-enters Hegio.

Heg. to Sofrata within.] Chear up, good Coz, and comfort your Child's poor Heart as much as you can. I'll go discourse Mr. *Micio*, if he be at the Piazza, and let him know how the Case stands; if he designs to do us right, well and good; If not, let him declare it plainly; that I may know how to take my Measures accordingly.

Exit,

The End of the Third Act.

A C T IV.

Ctesipho and Syrus.

Ctes. *entring.*]—**M**Y Father gone into the Country
say ye?
Syr. Above an hour ago.
Ctes. Prithee tell me true.

Syr. He's at his Grainge, slaving himself most horribly by this time, I'll warrant ye.

Ctes. Faith, if it might not endanger his Health, I cou'd with heartily he might be so miserably tir'd, as to be laid up these three days.

Syr. So say I : and a longer time too, if possible.

Ctes. Ay, ay : for I'd very fain, now I've begun the day merrily, make an end of it merrily too. The only Quarrel I have with our Country-house is, that 'tis too nigh the Town : Were it farther off, before he could get thither and back again, 'twou'd be Night first. But now when he finds no Ctesipho at home, I'm sure he'll be upo' th' spur back again in an instant. Then to Catechising he goes : *Pray where ha' you been. Sir ? What ? Can't a Man have a glimpse of ye, in a whole day's time ?* What excuse shall I have ?

Syr. Han't ye got one ready ?

Ctes. The Devil a one have I.

Syr. So much the worse : Why if you had but one of your Domesticks, a Friend, or a guest, that were better than no body yet.

Ctes. I have, what then ?

Syr. Pretend you had hasty business to dispatch.

Ctes. What when I had none ?— 'Twon't do.

Syr. 'Twill tho.

Ctes. Ay for the day : But if I lie out all Night, what excuse then *Syrus* ?

Syr. 'Tis pity it is not more the Fashion to serve a Friend in the Night as well as day.—— But however, set your Heart at rest ; I know your Father's Humour to a hair. When he rages like a Lyon, I can presently make him as quiet as a Lamb.

Ctes. As how, I prithee ?

Syr. Oh, he's mightily tickled when any body commends you : I make ye a very Saint before him, and reckon up all your vertuous Qualities.

Ctes. Mine ?

Syr. Ay, yours : Then of a suddain the good Man cries like a little Child, for Joy.—— Look to your self there.

Enter Demea at a distance.

Ctes. starting.] What d'ye mean ?

Syr. Talk o' th' Devil and his Horns appear.

Ctes. Is't my Father ?

Syr. The very same.

Ctes. Prithee, *Syrus*, what shall we do now ?

Syr. Run in quickly, I'll set my Wits to work.

Ctes. If he ask for me, say you han't seen me, d'ye hear ?

Syr. Can ye hold your Tongue ?

Exit Ctesipho.

Dem. to himself.] I'm the unluckiest Creature that ever was born. In the first place, my Brother is not to be found above Ground : Then as I was looking for him, who should I see but a Work-man just come from my Country-house, and says my Boy isn't there neither. Nor can I tell for my Life what course to steer.

Ctes. appearing at the Window.] Syrus !

Syr. What say ye ?

Ctes. Does he enquire for me ?

Syr. Yes, Faith.

Ctes. I'm undone.

Syr. Come, don't be discourag'd.

Dem. to himself.] How great is this my Misfortune ! I can't sufficiently understand it, unless I was predestinated to be miserable. Is there any mischief happens to our Family, to be

be sure I'm the first that am sensible on't, the first that knows it, the first that reports it, and the only Man that feels the weight when it falls.

Syr. Faith I can't but laugh at him, to hear him say, that he's the first that knows every thing, when he's the only Man that knows nothing. *[Aside.]*

Dem. *to himself.* I'll ev'n go again to see, if my Brother be come back.

Ctes. Prithee, good Syrus, take care he don't break in upon us unawares.

Syr. Peace I say, I'll take care about it.

Ctes. Faith, Sir, but I shan't trust my Concerns in your hands to day : For I'll secure my Girl and my self in some by Closet or other ; E'dad that will be the surest way by half. *[Ctesipho retires.]*

Syr. Away! I'll clear the Coast of him in a trice.

[Syr. moves towards Demea shrugging his Shoulders, and snivelling.]

Dem. Oh, there's the Hell-hound, Syrus.

Syr. *to himself.* If this Trade last long, there'll be no enduring the House. I'd fain know of their Worship how many Masters I am to have ; What a damnable thing is this ?

Dem. What a yelping this Cur makes ? What does he ail ? — What say you honest Man ? Is my Brother at home ? Hah !

Syr. Pox o' your honest Men, I'm a dead Man.

Dem. What's the Matter ?

Syr. The Matter with a plague ? Your sober stay'd Son Ctesipho has almost beaten poor me and the Musick Girl to death.

Dem. What's that you say ? Hah !

Syr. See how he has slit my Lip up to my Nose.

Dem. How comes this to pass ?

Syr. He says, I was the occasion o' the buying of her.

Dem. Didn't you just now tell me, he was gone into the Country, and you brought him part o' th' way.

Syr. True, Sir. But after that he came raving like a Mad-man, sparing never a Mothers Son of us. He might ha' been asham'd to fall upon the Bones of a poor old Man who
tother

t'other day dandled him in my Arms, when he was no higher than this.

Dem. Ha—ha—he— God-a-mercy *Ctesipho*: Old *Demea* right. Well! thou'rt a Man every Inch of thee. *[shows how high.]*

Syr. D'ye commend him? But i'faith he had best keep his slippant Fingers to himself another time, if he understands himself.

Dem. 'Tis bravely done!

Syr. Very bravely indeed! To Cock-crow over a silly Woman, and a poor Servant, that daren't hold up a Finger against him?— Yes, 'twas wonderful brave i'faith.

Dem. He cou'dn't ha' done better. He's o' my Opinion in thinking you to be the Ring-leader of this Roguery.—— But is my Brother within?

Syr. No, he's abroad.

Dem. I'm thinking where a-duce I may look for him.

Syr. I know where he's gone, but shan't tell till to Morrow.

Dem. What's that you say, Sirrah? Hah!

Syr. Just so, Sir.

Dem. I'll crack your Skull presently ye Dog.

Syr. bantering. *[Holds up his Cane.]* I know not the Man's Name where he is; But the Place I do.

Dem. Then tell me the place, Sirrah.

Syr. still bantering. Do you know the great Portico, that overlooks the Butcher-row as you go down there?

Dem. Well, what then?

Syr. still bantering. Go strait along this Street up there. *[pointing with his Fingers.]* When you are got there, you'll find on this hand a Descent, make a civil step down there. After that you'll see a little Chappel on that hand, and hard by that a little narrow Lane.

Dem. Whereabouts is that?

Syr. There, where the great wild Fig-tree stands, d'ye know it, Sir?

Dem. I do.

Syr. Keep directly through that.

Dem. But that narrow Lane is no Thorow-fare.

Syr. Ud's my Life 'tis true: I see I'm a silly Block-head. I was out. You must come back again to the great Portico: E'dad

E'dad here's a nigher way, and easier to hit on. D'ye know my Lord *Cratine's* great House?

Dem. Yes.

Syr. When you are past that, turn to the Left-hand down that same Street: and when you're come to the Temple turn to the Right-hand: Before you come to the City Gates hard by the Horse-pond, there's a certain Mill, right over-against that is a Joyner's Shop, and there you'll find the Gentleman.

Dem. What business has he there?

Syr. To speak for little Oaken-ledg'd Tables to set in the Sun.——

Dem. For your Worships to drink about.—— Fine work I faith. But why amn't I gone to him?

Exit Demea.

Syrus alone.

Go thy ways for a Fool: I'll work thee off thy Stumps, as thou deservest, thou old doting Churl.—— But Mr. *Escbine* stays a bloody while: Dinner will be quite spoil'd: As for *Ctesipho* he's wholly taken up with his Mistress: But I'll take care of my own sweet Corps; and will pick out all the good Bits I can find, take off my Cups at my leisure, and so make the day as long as I can.

Exit Syrus.

Enter Micio and Hegio.

Mic. entering.]—— Indeed, Mr. *Hegio*, I can see nothing ith' whole business that deserves such mighty Commendations. I discharge but my Duty, and give satisfaction for the Faults of my own House: Perhaps you took me to be one of those Men that think they receive an Injury when they do't themselves, and so call Whore first: Now 'cause I didn't serve you so, d'ye think your self oblig'd to me for't?

Heg. Far be it from me! I never imagin'd ye to be otherwise than I really find ye: But let me engage ye so far as to step over with me to the Girl's Mother; and tell her the very same you told me: that their Jealousie was false grounded

grounded, and that he took away the Musick Girl for his Brother.

Mic. If you think it convenient and necessary let's be going.

Heg. You do well, Sir ! For you'll lighten the poor Creature's Heart that's ready to sink with Grief and Vexation, and keep up the Character of a worthy Gentleman. But, Sir, if you don't think it so proper, I'll tell her what you say my self.

Mic. No, no, I'll go with ye.

Heg. You oblige me, Sir : For, howsoever it comes about, all that are a little down in the World are very suspicious ; take every thing at the worst hand, and fancy themselves slighted, 'cause of their Misfortunes: Therefore 'twill give greater satisfaction to clear Mr. *Eschine* your self.

Heg. You say nothing, but what's true and reasonable.

Heg. Be pleas'd, Sir, to come this way.

Mic. I will.

Exeunt Hegio and Micio at the same time.

Enter Eschine alone.

I'm quite distracted ! That I shou'd be so surpriz'd with this unlucky Misfortune, that I know not what to do or undertake ! Fear enfeebles my Limbs, Amazement shakes my Soul, and my Heart's incapable of Advice. Alas ! How shall I wind my self out of these Incumbrances, since their Jealousies are seemingly well-grounded ? Mrs. *Sostrata* believes I bought the Musick Girl for my self: Old *Cantbara* gave me to understand as much. For by chance I saw her as she was going for the Midwife, I presently made up to her, and ask'd her how my dear *Pamphila* did, whether she was near her time ; and whether she was then going for the Mid-wife ? She presently let flye upon me. [*In another Tone.*] Away, away Mr. *Eschine* ; you've besool'd us long enough, you've cajol'd us sufficiently with your fine Promises. Alack-a-day (said I) prithee what dost mean ? You may go now (continued she) and take up with the Girl you are so enamour'd with. I immediately perceiv'd their Jealousie: But yet I kept my Tongue between my Teeth, that I might not blab out any o' my Brother's Secrets to that tattling Gipsie, to have it blaz'd about the Town in an instant.

instant.— But what shall I do now? Shall I go and say she's my Brother's? A thing that ought not to be reveal'd for the World.— Well! Let that pass, perhaps they won't discover it. Then I'm afraid they won't take things as they are, there are so many Probabilities against me. 'Twas I my self that took her away, I my self that paid the Money for her, and 'twas I that furnish'd her with Lodgings. I must own the Fault of all this lies at my door: For not telling my Father how Cases stood between me and my Mistress; and not begging his Consent to take her home and marry her. We've been in a dead sleep till now, but now *Eschine* rouse thy self up. First of all I'll go to 'em and clear my self.— I'll up to the Door strait. [*Goes and steps short.*] Oh my Heart! How sadly it pants whensoever I knock at this Door.— [*Goes and knocks.*] Soho! 'Tis your Friend *Eschine*; some body open the Door quickly.— But, ha! I can't imagine who comes out there?— I'll step a one side.

Enter Micio.

Mic. to *Sostrata* within.] Do as I order'd ye Mrs. *Sostrata*, I'll find out *Eschine* to acquaint him how Matters are carry'd on.— But where's he that knock'd at the Door?

Esch. S'death! My Father's Voice! I'm at a cursed Non-plus. [*Aside.*]

Mic. *Eschine.*

Esch. What business has he here? [*Aside.*]

Mic. Wast you that knock'd at the Door?— He's mute: Suppose I should banter with him a little, I believe 'twou'dn't be amiss, since he'd never trust me with this Secret.— [*Aside.*]

Mic. What can't ye speak? [*To Eschine.*]

Esch. I didn't knock as I know of.

Mic. Indeed? Nay, I wonder'd what business shou'd bring you hither. He blushes: that's sign good enough. [*Aside.*]

Esch. Good, Sir, (if I may be so bold) what business had you at that House?

Mic. None o' my own. A Friend o' mine brought me from the Change to be his Spokes-man in a Concern of his.

Esch.

Esch. What was the Concern, Sir?

Mic. I'll tell ye: In this House dwells an ordinary Woman or two; which I suppose you don't know, nay, I'm sure you don't; for they han't liv'd long in these parts.

Esch. Well, Sir, and what then?

Mic. Here's an old Woman and her Daughter.—

Esch. So, Sir.

Mic. — The Daughter has buried her Father: Now this Friend o' mine is the nearest Relation, and by Law is forc'd to marry her himself.

Esch. Undone!

[*Aside.*]

Mic. *partly bearing.* What's the Matter?

Esch. Nothing, very well.— Proceed, Sir.

Mic. You must know he's just now come to take her away with him: For he dwells at *Miletus*.

Esch. How! To take the Girl away with him?

[*Concernedly.*]

Mic. Yes.

Esch. What as far as *Miletus*, pray Sir?

Mic. Ay.

Esch. *aside.*] It stabs me to the Heart.— And the Women, Sir, what say they to't.

Mic. What should they, think ye? Ev'n just nothing: Only the Mother pretends her Daughter has a Child by another Man (I can't tell who for she nam'd him not) that he was the first comer, therefore the Kinsman must go without her.

Esch. So, Sir: And wasn't that a sufficient Demurrer?

Mic. No, indeed.

Esch. Why so, I beseech ye? Will he take her away in good earnest.

Mic. Ay, why shou'dn't he?

Esch. Indeed, Sir, this was extream severe and cruel, and (if I might take the Liberty) I might say ungenteely done.

Mic. How so?

Esch. How so? What d'ye think will become o' th' poor young Man her first Lover (who for ought you know loves her most desperately) when he shall see her ravish'd before his Face, and hurried away from his sight for ever? Oh, 'twas a very dishonourable thing of you, Sir!

Mic.

Mic. Why d'ye talk at this rate? Whose Promise had he? Or whose Consent? When, and how were they married? Pray who's the Man? What made him encroach upon another Man's Right.

E/cb. Was it fit for a Girl of her age to sit cross legg'd at home waiting for a Kinsman's coming the Lord knows when? Indeed, dear Father, you ought in Justice to have alledg'd that, and ha' defended it.

Mic. Very good! Shou'd I ha' pleaded against my own Client?—— But prithee Boy, what's all this to us? Or what ha' we to do with them?—— Come let's be going.—— How now Boy! Why in tears tho?

[*Elchine weeps.*]

E/cb. Hear me one word, Sir, I beseech ye.

Mic. Poor Boy! I've heard and know all: For loving thee I cou'dn't but be concern'd in whate're thou dost.

E/cb. Dear Sir! I'd fain deserve your Love as long as you live: This Fault grieves me to the Soul; and I'm quite a-sham'd to look you in the Face.

Mic. I believe it sincerely: For I well know thy generous Temper: But I'm afraid you don't mind your own Concerns. What kind of Government is it that you think you live in? Thou hast debauch'd a Girl, whom by Law thou oughtest not to have touch'd; that's a great Fault, and tho' very great 'tis but a common failing: Others ha' done it often, and Men of Repute too. But when that was done, tell me, did you take the least care about it? Or did you forecast in such a case what should ha' been done? Or how it should ha' been done? And if thou hadst been a-sham'd to tell me, cou'dn't I known on't by others? In this you were in doubt of for ten Months together: So you have betray'd your self, the poor young Woman, and your own Child too, as much as you were able. What? D'ye think that the God's shou'd do your work for ye, and you sleep the while? Must she be brought to your Bed-side, as if she were not worth the fetching? I wou'dn't ha' thee so miserably careless in other things for the World.—— Come don't be cast down however, thou shalt marry her.

E/cb. How?

Mic. Don't be cast down, I say.

E/cb.

Efcb. Pray, Sir, are ye in earnest?

Mic. In earnest: Why not?

Efcb. That I can't tell, unless 'tis 'cause the more passionately I desire to have it so, the more I'm afraid it won't be so.

Mic. Get thee home, and say your Prayers, and then send for your Wife, go, get thee gone.

Efcb. What send for her presently?

Mic. Yes, presently.

Efcb. What presently?

Mic. Presently, as soon as possible.

Efcb. Let me never see good day, Sir, if I don't love ye better than my very Eyes.

Mic. Than your Mistress too?

Efcb. Full as well.

Mic. That's much, indeed.

Efcb. But what's become of the *Miletian Spark*?

Mic. He's vanish'd, shipt off, and cast away by this time.— But why don't ye go, I say to your Prayers.

Efcb. It would be better for you to do that, Sir. I'm sure your Prayers will be heard sooner than mine, since you are the better Man o' th' two.

Mic. I'll in, and take care of what's wanting. Do as I bid thee, if thou know'st what's best for thy self.

Exit Micio.

Efchine alone.

What Happiness is this? Wou'd any one think he's my Father, or I his Son? If he had been a Friend or a Brother cou'd ha' been more kind or obliging! Ought I not to love him? To wear him next my Heart? His wonderful Complaisance has oblig'd me to be so cautious, as imprudently to do nothing that may displease him; wherefore I'll now be always upo' my Guard.— But why don't I go in, that I may not defer my Marriage!

Exit Efchine.

Enter

Enter Demea alone out of Breath.

I'm quite foundered with trotting up and down.— A plague confound thee, *Syrus*, for thy damn'd Directions.— I've hobb'd over the whole Town, been at the Gate, at the Horse-pond, and where not? The Devil a Joyner's Shop cou'd I find; or any Soul that so much as saw my Brother.— But now, I'm resolv'd I won't stir a step out of his House, till he comes back.

[Going off, and then enters Micio.]

Mic. entring.] I'll go and tell 'em for our parts we are ready.

Dem. Oh, here he comes.— I've been looking for you these two hours.

Mic. What's the business now?

Dem. I've fresh News to tell ye: horrid Villanies of that fine Son of yours.

Mic. Look ye now.

[Aside.]

Dem. New Villanies, damnable Villanies!

Mic. Prithee no more.

Dem. Ah, you don't know what a fine Blade he is.

Mic. But I do.

Dem. Poor Simpleton! I warrant thou dreamest I'm about the Singing-wench: No, the Rascal has debauch'd a Citizen's Daughter.

Mic. That I know too.

Dem. Bless me! D'ye know it and suffer it too?

Mic. Ah, why shou'dn't I?

Dem. What? Methinks you shou'd bellow and run mad at it.

Mic. No: But I could wish it otherwise.

Dem. He has got a Bastard too.

Mic. Heavens bless it, say I.

Dem. And the Woman's not worth a Groat.

Mic. So they say.

Dem. And shall he be married to a Beggar?

Mic. Yea verily.

Dem. Well, and what's to be done next pray?

Mic. Why ev'n what should be done next, have the young Woman brought home.

Dem. Monstrous! And will ye suffer't?

Mic. How can I avoid it?

Dem. Avoid it? Why, if you were not really concern'd at it, 'twould become ye to seem so however.

Mic. I've given consent already: The business is concluded on: The Wedding's as good as over: Every thing is secure, and I think this becomes me better.

Dem. Then this Adventure pleases you wonderfully?

Mic. No, if I knew how to help it: since I can't, I must bear't patiently. Man's Life is like a Game at Tables, if you miss the Cast you've most need of, you must correct that by Skill which fell out by chance.

Dem. Your Servant, Mr. *Corrector*! Your Skill as you call it has fool'd away Fifty Guinea's upon a Ballad-singer; who in three or four days time must be pack'd off; if not for a Peice of Money, at any rate.

Mic. There's no body to buy her, nor do I design to sell her.

Dem. What a-duce will ye do with her then?

Mic. Why keep her at home.

Dem. Mercy upon my Soul! A Whore and a Wife under the same Roof?

Mic. Why not, prithee?

Dem. And you are sure you arn't mad?

Mic. Yes, indeed.

Dem. Let me die, if e're I saw the like Folly! I'faith I believe thou thy self hast a mind to have a merry strain with her now and then.

Mic. Why shou'dn't I?

Dem. And the Bride won't she be for learning the same Tune too?

Mic. No doubt on't.

Dem. And thou pretty Child wilt hobble out the Hay amongst 'em too?

Mic. Like enough.

Dem. Like-enough with a Pox?

Mic. And rather than fail, Brother, thou shalt make one o' th' Company.

Dem. S'death! Are ye past all shame?

Mic.

The Brothers.

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Mic. Prithee, Brother, throw off this sullen Humour of thine, and like a civil Person be free and merry at your Son's Wedding.— I'll just step and speak a word at that House, and then I'll come back again.

Exit to Sostrata's.

Demea alone.

Here's a sweet Life! Here are fine Morals! Here's mad work with a witness! — Let me see, a Wife not worth a Groat; a Ballad-singer under the same Roof: Every thing running to riot ith' House: A profligate young Rogue, and a doting old Sot into the Bargain: Why Providence it self, if it shou'd go about it, wou'd never be able to save this Family.

Enter Syrus, at a distance almost Drunk.

Syr. to himself. Faith and troth my little Rogue Sy, thou hast junketted thy pretty self deliciously, and play'd thy part very sumptuously. Go thy ways for a Wag. — [*strokes himself.*] Since I've stuff'd my sweet Corps with the Dainties within 'tis my Honour's Pleasure to take a turn ith' flesh Air without. [*Walks and fruts.*

Dem. There goes a rare Model of their Education.

Syr. Oh here's our old *Stingo* i'faith.— How is't old Gentleman? Why so alamort?

Dem. Oh damn'd Rascal.

Syr. How now old *Wisdom*, are you come to vent more Morals here?

Dem. Wou'd I were thy Master, — [*Belches.*

Syr. E'gad you'd be the richest Man under the Sun, and your Estate would be improv'd to a Miracle.

Dem. I'd make thee an Example to all Rogues.

Syr. Why so? What have I done?

Dem. Done, Rascal? In the heat of a disturbance, and in the midst of a most horrid Crime, scarce yet settled, you've got drunk ye Swine; as if all were well and over.

Syr. Faith, wou'd I had kept my Post.

[*Aside.*

*The Brothers.**Enter Dromo.*

Dro. D'ye hear *Syrus* ? Mr. *Ctesipho* wou'd pray ye to come to him.

Syr. Away with a Pox.

[*Softly.*
Exit Dromo.

Dem. What's that he said of *Ctesipho*?

Syr. Noth'ing, Sir.

Dem. How ye Jail-bird ! Is *Ctesipho* nested there ?

Syr. No, Sir ; no.

Dem. How came the Boy to name him then ?

Syr. That's another of the Name, a young Smell-feast, d'ye know him ?

Dem. I will know presently.

[*Going off.*
Syr. holding him.] What d'ye mean, Sir ? Whither are ye going ?

Dem. Dog, let me go.

Syr. I say, don't go.

Dem. Hands off ye Hell-hound ; or by Cocksnowns I'll brain ye.

[*He holds up his Cane, and Syrus let's go.*

Exit in a Fury.

Syrus alone.

The Devil go with him : I'll be sworn he'll be no welcome Reveller to any of 'em, especially to poor *Ctesipho*.—— Zookers ! Where shall I bestow my self ?—— The time this plaguy Storm is blowing over, I'll ev'n sink into some by corner, and there sleep out this Dose of *Tipple*. I think that will be best.

Exit staggering.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

A C T V.

Enter Micio as from Sostrata's.

Mic. to Sostrata within.] Every thing's ready with us, as I said before : And the Wedding shall be, when you please.—— [*Coming forward.*] But who's that makes our Doors fly so ?

Enter Demea from Micio's raving and in a Passion.

Dem. to himself.] Hell and Furies! What shall I do?—— What will become of me? Heavens, Earth, Seas! Whither am I to direct my Exclamations, or Complaints?

Mic. Here's a Man for ye! He has smelt out the Intreague, and that makes him bellow so.—— 'Tis so, I must expect a smart brush: But the Boys must be help'd. [*Aside.*]

Dem. Oh here comes the common Bane and Ruine of our Children.

Mic. Pray Brother moderate your Passion, and be a little cool.

Dem. Well I am moderate; I am cool.—— I'll not give ye an ill word. Let's reason the Case calmly.—— Wasn't it a plain Bargain between us (and that of your own proposing too) that you should ha' nothing to do with my Son, nor I with yours? Answer me directly now.

Mic. True; I don't deny it.

Dem. What makes him a guzzling at your House then? Why d'ye entertain my Child? Why did ye procure him a Wench, Brother? Is there not the same reason for you to deal as fairly by me, as I do by you? Since I neither meddle nor make with your Son, methinks you shou'dn't with mine.

Mic. There's no reason for that: None at all. The old Proverb says, *Among Friends all things are common.*

—*Dem.* Very pretty if faith! Are you come to talk at that rate at last?

Mic. Good Brother, hear me a word if it ben't too great trouble to ye. First of all, if your Son's Charges are such a woeful Burden to ye; pray consider a little with your self, that formerly you maintain'd both of 'em according as your Estate would bear it; and thought it then sufficient for both; looking upon me as likely enough to marry: Why ev'n follow that old course still, hoard, scrape, pinch, do all you can to raise their Fortunes, and take the Credit of it to your self. But then let the poor Rogues makes use of my Purse freely, since that comes to 'em over and above.— 'Twon't diminish one Furrow of your Land, and what they have from me, you may look upon as clear Gains. Now, Brother, if you do but impartially weigh all this, you'd ease me, your self, and the poor Boys of a World of Trouble.

—*Dem.* I don't talk of their Money, 'tis their Morals.—

Mic. Hold, I understand ye: That's it I was going upon. Many Observations may be made, Brother, upon two Persons doing the same thing; by which a Man may conclude, it may be the ruine of the one, and no great hurt to the other: Not that there's any difference in the thing, but in the Persons that did it. Truly, by what I observe of the Boys, I'm confident they'll prove to our Heart's desire: find they have Wit, Discretion, and Modesty enough upon occasion, and love one another entirely: So that 'tis easie to perceive their generous Nature and Spirit: You may reclaim 'em when you please: But perhaps you are afraid they aren't Husbands good enough. Ah, Brother, Age has always this ill Property with it; as it makes us wiser, so it makes us more worldly: And that will sufficiently incite 'em to be good Husbands.

Dem. Have a care Brother, these your fine Reasonings and gentle Nature don't ruine us all.

Mic. Peace, ne're fear that: Lay aside this Discourse, and be rul'd by me to day:— Come, smoothe up your Countenance.

Dem.

Dem. more pleasantly.] Well, since things require it, I must do so. But to morrow I'll into the Country with my Son by break of day,——

Mic. At Mid-night if you please, so you be but merry to day.

Dem. —— And take that singing Wench along with me too.

Mic. Best of all: By that means you'll keep your Son from rambling: Only take care she don't give ye the slip.

Dem. I'll warrant ye.—— And then between the Oven and the Mill; I'll so besmear her with Cinders, Smoak and Meal.—— Besides in the heat of the day, I'll send her to rake up stubble till she be Sun-burnt, and as black as a Coal.

Mic. That's excellent: Now methinks you have some Prudence in ye; and whilst she's in this curst pickle, make your Son lie with her *Nolens-Volens*.

Dem. D'ye rally? Well, you are a happy Man, to bear things so well, for my part I must.——

Mic. interrupting.] What always in the same strain?

Dem. I ha' done, I ha' done.

Mic. Pray walk in then, and since the Day's design'd for Mirth, let's as merrily spend it.

Exit Demea.

Demea alone.

Never did Man cast up the business of his Life so exactly; but still Experience, Years and Custom will bring in some new Particulars that he was not aware of; and shew his Ignorance of what he thought he knew, and after trial make him reject his former Opinions. This is plainly my case at present: for since my Glass is almost out, I renounce this rigid Life I have always lead. But why so? Because Experience shews me there's nothing like gentleness and good nature: And this truth appears plainly to all that know me and my Brother. He always spent his time in Ease and Pleasure; always courteous, complaisant, speaking ill of no Man, but carst'd all: lived as he pleas'd, spent as he thought fit, the World bless him, and love him too: But I that rustick, rigid, morose, pinching, brutish, griping Fellow must needs marry; And how have I smarted for't! I had Children too, those were

new Troubles: And truly in raising up their Fortunes, I've worn out my Life and best Days: And now I'm just a marching off the Stage, the Fruit of all my Labour is, to be hated like a Toad. But my Brother enjoys all the Pleasures of a Father without the drudgery: They love him, and flye me like the Plague. Him they trust with all their Secrets, dote upon him, live with him, but me they slight: They both pray for his Life, but long for my Death: Those I have brought up with the greatest Labour, he has gain'd with a little Cost, so I take all the Pains, and he reaps all the Pleasure.— Well, well, for once we'll try what can be done, whether we can speak obligingly, and act the Gentleman too, since my Brother urges me to't. I'd willingly have my Children love and respect me too; if Gifts and Complements will do the Feat, I'll not be behind the best of 'em: But my Estate must go to wrack: What care I for that? Since I've one Foot in the Grave already.

To him enter Syrus.

Syr. D'ye hear, Sir, my Master desires you wouldn't be out o' th' way.

Dem. Who calls there?— Honest Syrus, I'm glad to see thee; How is't? How goes the World?

Syr. Very well, Sir.

[*Rawning.*

Dem. *aside.*] Excellent! This is the first time I e're us'd these Expressions, Honest Syrus, *How is't? How goes the World?* They came out plaguily against the grain.— [To Syrus.] Thou hast shown thy self an admirable Servant, and I will do thee a good turn with all my Soul, i'fack I will.

Syr. I'm very much oblig'd to you, Sir.

Dem. I'fack Boy 'tis true; and thou shalt find it so e're long.

Enter Geta at another part of the Stage.

Get. *to Softrata within.*] I'll go find 'em, Madam, and hasten 'em to carry over my young Mistress.— [Coming from the Door.] O here's Mr. Demea.— Your humble Servant, Sir.

Dem.

Dem. Prithee Lad what may I call thy Name?

Get. Geta, Sir.

Dem. Honest Geta, why I look upon thee at present to be worth thy weight in Gold; I'd never desire to be better satisfy'd in a Servant, than that he should be as trusty to his Master, as I have found thee to be, Geta. For that reason, when it lies in my way, I'll do thee a good turn with all my Soul, ifack I will.— I'm acting, Sir *Courtly*, and I do't rarely methinks. [*Aside*.]

Get. That's more your Goodness than my Deserts.

Dem. I shall do't by degrees: First of all I'll make these Scoundrels my own. [*Aside*.]

Esch. to himself.] These delays kill me: That they shou'd trifle away the time with their formal Ceremonies, and tedious Preparations for the Wedding.

Dem. *Eschine*, Boy, How wags the World?

Esch. Hah! Are you hear my dear Father?

Dem. Ay, ifaith Boy I am thy Father both by Inclination, and by Nature too, and tender thee more than my Eyes.— But why dostn't thou send for thy sweet Lady?

Esch. I desire nothing more: I only stay for the City-waits, and Singing-men.

Dem. Ho, Wilt thou take an old Fellow's Counsel for once?

Esch. Let's hear't pray, Sir,

Dem. Hang your Songsters, your Hubbubs, Flambeaux and Scrapers: And order the great Stone Wall i'th' Garden to be pull'd down immediately, and convey her home that way: Run both Houses into one, and bring over the Mother, and her whole Family to yours.

Esch. With all my Heart. The pleasantest Father i'th' World!

Dem. *aside.*] Hey brave! I'm call'd pleasant now: My Brother's House will be a Thorow-fare to all Comers, the whole Town will be there presently: His Purse must smoke for't, and to some Tune too. But what's that to me? Whilst by my Complaisance I oblige all. [*Aloud to Eschine.*] Go bid *Babylo* tell out half a hundred Guinea's quick.— But, *Syrus*, Why don't you do as you are bid?

Syr. What, Sir?

Dem.

Dem. Brake down the Wall.— And do you *Geta* go, and bring 'em hither.

Get. Ay, God bless your Worship for being so kind to our poor Family.

Exeunt Geta and Syrus.

Dem. 'Tis no less than you deserve.— What sayst thou Boy. Hah!

Esch. I'm o' your Opinion, Sir.

Dem. 'Tis forty times better than bringing a Lying-in Woman along the Streets.

Esch. Indeed, Sir! I know nothing like it.

Dem. This is my way.— But here comes my Brother.

Enter Micio.

Mic. to Syrus within.] My Brother order it, say ye?— Where is he? Ha, Brother, wast you that order'd this?

Dem. Yes, that I do: And in this, and all other things I'm ready to do what may conduce to the uniting, serving, helping, and joyning both Families together.

Esch. Pray, Sir, let it be so.

[To Micio.]

Mic. Well, I've nothing to say against it.

Dem. Troth 'tis no more than we are oblig'd to.— For first, she's your Son's Wife's Mother;—

Mic. What then?

Dem. A very vertuous and modest Woman;—

Mic. So they say indeed.

Dem. Pretty well in years,——

Mic. She is so.

Dem. And past Child-bearing, a lonesome Woman, and no body regards her;——

Mic. What a-duce wou'd he be at?

[Aside.]

Dem. — Therefore you ought to marry her, and you *Eschine* to do what you can to bring it about.

Mic. Who I marry?

Dem. Yes, you.

Mic. I prithee?

Dem. Yes, you I say.

Mic. Po, you do but fool surely.

Dem. to Eschine.] If thou hast any Life, and Soul in thee, make him do't.

Esch.

Esch. Dear Father. —

Mic. interrupting.] What? And dost thou Blockhead mind what he says?

Dem. 'Tis in vain to refuse, it can't be avoided.

Mic. Po, you dote surely.

Esch. Good Sir! Let me obtain that Favour.

Mic. Ar't out of thy Wits, let me alone. [*Angrily.*]

Dem. Come, come, hearken to what your Son says for once.

Mic. Han't ye play'd the fool enough yet? Shall I marry at Threescore and Five? And to an old Woman that's ready to drop into the Grave? This is your wise Counsel, is't?

Esch. Pray Sir do, I've promis'd it.

Mic. You promise with a Mischief! Promise for thy self, Chit.

Dem. Fie, fie! What if he had begg'd a greater thing at your hands?

Mic. As if there was any thing greater than this.

Dem. Pray grant his Request.

Esch. Good Sir, ben't so hard to be entreated.

Dem. Po, promise him for once.

Mic. Will ye never leave baiting me?

Esch. Not till I've prevail'd, Sir.

Mic. Troth, this is down-right forcing a Man.

Dem. Come, *Micio*, be good natur'd and do't.

Mic. Tho' this be the most damn'd, foolish, ridiculous Whim, and the most averse to my Nature that can be; yet since you are so extreamly hot upon't, I'll humour ye for once.

Esch. This is excellent, I'm oblig'd to ye beyond measure.

Dem. aside.] Well, what's next? — What shall I say next? This is as I'd have it. — What's more to be done? — [*to Micio.*] Ho! there's *Hegio* our poor Kinsman, and nearest Relation; introth we ought in Conscience to do something for him.

Mic. What pray?

Dem. There's a small peice in the Suburbs, which you farm out, pray let's give him that to live on.

Mic. A small one say ye?

Dem.

Dem. Were it a great one, you might give it to him: He has been as good as a Father to *Pamphila*: Is a very honest Man, our Kinsman, and you can't bestow it better: Besides, Brother, there's a certain Proverb none of my own (I assure ye) which you so well and wisely made use of: *That Age has always that ill Property of making us more Worldly, as well as more Wise.* We should do well to keep clear of this Scandal. 'Tis a true Proverb, Brother, and ought to be regarded.

Mic. What's all this?—— Well, let it be so, if he must needs have it so.

Escb. Brave Father I vow.

Dem. Now you are my true Brother, both in Body and Soul.

Mic. I'm glad on't.

Dem. I've stabb'd him with his own Weapons i'fack.

[*Aside laughing.*]

Enter Syrus with a Pick-axe upon his Shoulders.

Syr. to Demea.] The Job is done as you order'd, Sir.

Dem. Thou art an honest Lad.—— And o' my Conscience I think *Syrus* deserves his Freedom.

Mic. He his Freedom? For what Exploit?

Dem. O for a thousand.

Syr. O dear Mr. *Demea*, you are a rare Gentleman, e'dad you are. You know I've look'd to the young Gentlemen from their very Cradles: I taught 'em, advis'd em, and instructed 'em all I could possible.

Dem. Nothing more evident: Nay more than that he catered for 'em, pimp'd for 'em, and took care of a Debauchee i'th' Morning for 'em. These are no ordinary Accomplishments, I can assure ye.

Syr. Your Worship's very merry.

Dem. Besides he was Adjutant-General in buying this Musick-Girl; 'twas he that manag'd the whole Intrigue, and 'tis nothing but Justice to reward him, that it may be an Encouragement to others: In short *Eschine* desires it too.

Mic. to Eschine.] Do you desire't too?

Escb. Yes, if you please, Sir.

Mic.

Mic. Since 'tis so, come hither *Syrus*.

Thou'rt free.

[*Syrus kneels down, Micio lay his Hand on his Head, after that gives him a cuff on the Ear.*

Syr. rising up.] Generously done: A thousand thanks to ye all, and to you Mr. *Demea*.

Dem. I'm well satisfied.

Esch. And I too.

Syr. I don't question it, Sir: But I wish heartily my Joy were more compleat that I might see my poor Spouse *Phrygia* to be made free too.

Dem. Troth she's a mighty good Woman.

Syr. And the first that gave Teat to your Grand-Son to day.

Dem. Faith in good earnest, if she were the first, she deserves her Freedom against the World.

Mic. What? For that Service only?

Dem. Yes, for that: In fine, I'll pay for her Freedom.

Syr. God's Blessing light upon your Worship, and grant all your Wishes.

Mic. *Syrus*, thou hast made a good day's work on't.

Dem. Besides, Brother, 'twou'd be a Deed of Charity to lend him a little Money before-hand to begin the World withal: I'll engage he'll soon pay it again.

Mic. Not a Soufe.

Esch. He's a very honest Fellow, Sir.

Syr. Upo' my word, I'll pay ye again: Do but trust me.

Esch. Pray do, Sir.

Mic. I'll consider on't first.

Dem. He shall pay ye.

Syr. to Demea.] E'dad you're the best Man alive.

Esch. And the pleasantest i'th' World.

Mic. What's the meaning of this Brother? How comes this change of Humour all of a suddain? What a Fit's here of Squandring and Profusion?

Dem. I'll tell ye.— That you may know, Brother, these Sons of yours don't reckon you a sweet-natur'd and pleasant Man, 'cause you live as you should, or do what is just and reasonable, but you sawn, cocker and give 'em what they'll spend. Now, Son *Eschine*, if you are dissatisfied at my course of Life, 'cause I wouldn't follow your Humour in all things

The Brothers.

things right or wrong; I'll not trouble my Head any further; squander, buy Misses, and do what you will. But if you wou'd ha' me inform ye, and set ye right, and upon occasion serve ye too, in some things which by reason of your Youth you understand but little, are over fond of, and don't much consider of, see here I'm ready to do't for ye.

Esch. Dear Sir, we commit our selves wholly to your disposal; for you know what's fitting to be done far better than we.— But what will ye do in my Brother's business?

Dem. Well: Let him take the Musick-Girl: and so bid adieu to Wenching.

Esch. That's very reasonable.

[*To the Spectators.*

Gentlemen,

Your Favour.

Exeunt omnes.

The End of the Brothers.

THE

Tricks of *PHORMIO*.

A

COMEDY,

Acted at the Roman SPORTS,

WHEN

L. Posthumius Albinus }
and } were *Curule Edils*.
L. Cornelius Merula, }

By the Company of { *L. Ambivius Turpio,*
and
{ *L. Attilius of Preneste,*

Flaccus made free by *Claudius*, Compos'd the
Musick, which was perform'd on Unequal Flutes.

It was taken from the GREEK of *Apollodorus*, call'd
Epidicazomenos, and Acted four times,

Under the Consulship of { *C. Fannius*
and
{ *M. Valerius.*

A. V. C. 592. Before Christ 159.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

- Demipho, { *A rich old Citizen of Athens, somewhat Covetous, Mistrustful and Peevish.*
- Chremes, { *Demipho's Brother, another Citizen of Athens, an old Uxorious, Wife-ridden Gentleman, and one who in his younger days lov'd a Girl in a Corner.*
- Antipho, { *Demipho's Son, a Good-natur'd, Modest, Well-bred young Gentleman; very fond of Phanie his Wife.*
- Phedrie, { *Chremes's Son, an amorous Gentile Spark of the Town, passionately in Love with a Musick-Girl.*
- Phormio, { *The Parasite, a bold, cheating, subtle, intriguing Fellow, and one of singular Impudence.*
- Geta, { *Servant to Antipho, an ingenious, designing, plotting Fellow, true to the Interests of Antipho, and his Cozen Phedrie.*
- Davus, { *A Servant and intimate Friend of Geta's.*
- Dorio, { *A Covetous, Ill-natur'd, peevish Villanous Bawd, Owner of Phedrie's Musick-Girl.*
- Hegio,
Cratine,
Crito, { *Three foolish Advocates, Friends to Demipho.*

W O M E N.

- Nautistrata, { *Chremes's Wife, a haughty Imperious Woman, a great Talker, always awing her Husband.*
- Sophrone, { *Nurse to Phanie, an honest harmless old Woman.*

M U T E S.

- Dorcio, { *A Servant of Demipho's.*
- Phanie, { *Marry'd secretly to Antipho.*
- Servants, Attendants, &c.*

Scene, A T H E N S.

TIME, *about Six or Seven Hours.*

T H E

Tricks of *PHORMIO*.

A C T I.

SCENE, *The Street before Demipho's Door.*

TIME, *The Forenoon.*

Davus alone, with a Bag of Money in his Hand.

MY very good Friend and Country-man *Geta*, came to me yesterday about the Arrears of a small Parcel of Money he had left in my Hands formerly: he begg'd me to get it up; so I have, and am just carrying it to him. His young Master has pick'd up a Wife I hear: And this looks as if 'twere a Present for Mrs. Bride. What a confounded Custom 'tis for those who have but a very little to be always feeding them that have abundance! All that this poor Fellow now by starving himself, has bit by bit with much ado scrap'd together out of his pityful Allowance, must go at one swoop; People never considering the Pains it cost him the getting. And then poor *Geta* must be squeezed over again to give her Ladyship Joy of her Bantling: And after that again upon the Anniversary of the Brat's

Nativity, when 'tis dedicated forsooth. The Child is the pretended Cause of all the Presents, but 'tis the Mother runs away with all.— But isn't that *Geta* there?—

Enter Geta.

Get. to them within.] If a Red-hair'd Fellow should enquire for me.—

Dav. He's here, spare your Breath.

Get. turning about.] Ho, *Davus*! I was just coming to give ye the meeting.

Dav. Here, hold your Hand.— [Gives him the Bag.] 'Tis all good, and just what I owed ye.

Get. Thou art an honest Fellow, and 'twas kindly done not to forget me.

Dav. Kind indeed, as the World goes now, I'll assure ye: For 'tis come to that pass that a Man must pray and be thankful to get his own again.— But why so concern'd?

Get. Who I?— If you did but know the dread and danger I'm in.

Dav. As how pray?

Get. You shall know upon promise of Secrecy.

Dav. Away Simpleton! What trust me with thy Money, and afraid to trust me with a Secret? I shou'dn't get a Pin of my Sleeve by falsifying with thee now.

Get. Prithee hear me then.

Dav. Yes, with both Ears.

Get. You know Mr. *Chremes* our old Master's elder Brother, don't ye?

Dav. Very well.

Get. And his Son *Phedrie* too?

Dav. As well as I know thee.

Get. It so fell out that the old Gentlemen took a Journey both together, *Chremes* to *Lemno*, and our good Man to *Cicia*; where an old Crony of his had wheadled him over, Letter upon Letter, promising him whole Mountains of Gold, with the Devil and all.

Dav. What to him that had enough, and to spare already?

Get. Ne're admire Man, 'tis his Humour.

Dav. Pox of ill Luck! What pity 'tis I wasn't Grand Signior?

Get.

Get. When the old Gentlemen set out, they made me Tutor to their Sons.

Dav. Ah *Geta*, that was a hard task for thee.

Get. Troth so I found it by woful Experience : I remember my unlucky Genius bore very hard upon me that day. At first I began to be strict with them : But what need many Words ? My Faithfulness to my old Masters cost me many a sore drubbing.

Dav. I thought as much : For what a madness is it to strive against the stream ?

Get. Upo' that I let go the Reins, and contented my self to drive as they'd ha' me.

Dav. You knew how to make your own Markets.

Get. As for our Youngster, he was very regular for a while : But Mr. *Pbedrie* immediately pick'd up his Musick-Girl, and fell up to the Ears in Love. She was kept it seems by a damnable griping Cock-bawd.—— The old Gentlemen had taken care to keep the young Mens Pockets at Low-water : So that our amarus Spark cou'd do nothing but look Babies in his Mistress's Eyes, follow her upo' th' Scent, and perhaps lead her to the Musick-School and back again. I and my young Master having little else to do, must needs bear the Spark company. Right against the School, was a Barber's Shop, there did we commonly stay her coming out. One day while we were dancing Attendance, in comes a young Fellow snivelling at such a rate, as made us all wonder, and ask him, *What he ail'd ? Why* (said he) *never till now did I take Poverty for such a sad grievous Burden : Hard by I've just been seeing a poor Girl crying and taking on most heavily for the Death of her Mother, by whose dead Body she was then sitting. She had neither Friends, Acquaintance, nor Relation, besides one poor old Woman, to stand by her, or look after the Funeral. It griev'd me to the very Soul, for she was an extraordinary Beauty. In short, we were all set agog at the Story. Mr. Antipho presently cry'd, Shall we go and see her ? Ay, ay, says another, let's go, prithee honest Man bring us to the place. Away we go, come to her, see her : A pretty Rogue i'faith she was ? And what's more, she had nothing of Ornament to set off her Beauty : Her Hair all about her Ears, her Feet bare, all out of order, her Cheeks blubbered, and dressed in such a pickle, that if she hadn't been lovely to a Miracles, these Circumstances*

would have made her very disagreeable. The Spark that was enamour'd with the Musick-Girl only said, *She's well enough: But ours,——*

Dav. interrupting.] Was smitten, I warrant.

Get. Can ye guels how deeply?—— But now pray observe what came on't. The very next day he goes right to the old Woman, and very fairly begs her leave for a Night's Lodging: which she as fairly deny'd him; telling him, *That his Pretensions were unreasonable, that the Girl was a Citizen's Daughter, well-bred, and of a good Family; that if he would take her for better for worse, he had the Law to bear him out in't; but if not, she had no more to say to him.* This put my Gentleman to a sad Non-plus. Marry her he would with all his Heart, but was afraid of the old Gentleman abroad.

Dav. Wou'dn't his Father have allow'd on't, think ye, when he came back?

Get. What? to have married a Girl, who had neither Fortune, nor Honour? Not whilst his Eyes were open.

Dav. Well, and what came on't at last?

Get. What?—— Why a certain wheadling Rascal, *Phormio* by Name, an audacious Fellow, would the Devil had him for me.

Dav. What of him prithee?

Get. He put this damn'd Project into the young Man's Head I'm just about to tell ye.—— You know 'tis the Law here that all Orphan-Girls must be married to the next of Kin, and the same Law binds the next of kin to marry them. Now, says he, *I'll say you are the Girl's Kinsman, and commence a Suit against ye, pretending to be a Friend of her Fathers, and bring it to a Tryal; as for who was her Father, who her Mother, and how you came to be her Kinsman, let me alone for forging all, to the best advantage too. When you disprove none of all this, I shall cast ye. When your Father comes home, he'll be for trouncing o' me; But what care I? the Girl will be our own.*

Dav. A very pretty piece of Roguery introth!

Get. *Antipho* was perswaded, the Business done, the Cause try'd, we Cast, and he Married.

Dav. What's that you tell me?

Get. 'Tis ev'n as I say.

Dav. Ah poor *Geta*, What will become of thee then?

Get. Faith I can't tell, only thus much I know, that fall back, fall edge, we must bear it.

Dav. Now I like ye : Spoken like a Philosopher !

Get. I've no hopes but in this inventing Noddle of my own.

Dav. I commend thee.

Get. Should I go now and see some petty Friend to plead for me thus! *Good, Sir, pardon him this once, but if he ever does the like again, I'll not open my Mouth for him.* 'Twere well if he didn't add, *But when I am gone; Hang him Dog.*

Dav. But now for this Musick-Wench's Gentleman-Usher, how he comes of?

Get. Poorly enough, *Jove* knows.

Dav. I warrant he has but little of the Ready to bestow on her.

Get. Not a Sowse : Only fine Words and gay Promises.

Dav. Is his Father come home or no?

Get. Not yet.

Dav. When d'ye look for your old Gentleman?

Get. I can't tell positively ; but I hear there's a Letter from him at the Custom-house, that came up by the Packet-boat ; I am just stepping for't.

Dav. D'ye want any thing else with me, *Geta* ?

Get. Nothing, but good bu'y t'ye.

Exit Davus.

Geta alone.

To them within.] Soho Sirrah !—— What's there no body at home ? *[Enter a Foot-boy.]* Here take this, and carry it to *Dorcio.*

[Gives him the Money.]

Exeunt severally.

The End of the First Act.

A C T II.

Antipho and Phedrie.

Ant. *entering.*] **B**UT *Phedrie*, is it come to that pass now, that I should be afraid of my own Father, when I think of his return; and a Father that loves me so! If I had not been a rash Block-head I might have expected his coming home as became me.

Pbe. What d'ye mean by all this?

Ant. A pretty Question! When you your self were my chiefeft Confident in this mad Prank. Well, I could wish *Phormio's* Tongue had been out before he had given me such Counsel, and press'd my willing Mind on to what has been the Foundation of all my Miseries. If I hadn't enjoy'd her at all; it might ha' made me melancholy for three or four days or so; but then I shou'dn't have had this perpetual Vexation upon me, — —

Pbe. I give ye the hearing.

Ant. — Whilst I am in hourly expectations o' my Father's sudden return, who will pluck me from her Embraces.

Pbe. Others are griev'd for want of Enjoyment, but you for being glutted with it. The God of Love has been too too liberal to ye, Cousin: For my part, your's is a Life, I'd as soon wish for and desire as any whatever. I should thank the Gods did they bless me with so long a Banquet of Love as you've been blest withal, and wou'd be content to die the next moment. Pray consider with your self what trouble I endure by being debarr'd from the thing I love, and what comfort you might take in your plentiful Enjoyment. I'll say nothing of your having got a civil well-bred Woman without any charge, and of your being married to your own liking to a Person of an unspotted Reputation. 'Tis manifest

best you happy, and only want a Mind that can tell when things are well. Had you to do with a Bawd as I have, you'd feel how 'tis then. But 'tis the Humour of us all, never to be contented.

Ant. But 'tis you your self, Cousin, that are the happy Man in my Opinion, who have Power to consult at large, whether you had best keep her, love her still or leave her : But I've brought my self into such an unhappy strait, that I neither know how to quit mine, nor keep her.

Enter Geta at a distance in great haste.

Ant. in a surprize.] But what's the Matter now?— Isn't that *Geta* in such haste?— 'Tis he for certain.— Alas my poor Heart forbodes that he's the Messenger of some bad News or other.

Get. to himself.] Introth, *Geta*, thou'rt a dead Man ; if thou dost not find some cunning shift or other to save thy self, and that quickly too ; so many Misfortunes are ready to seize thee, before thou'rt prepared for 'em. I can neither tell how to escape 'em, nor how to get rid of them. Our Fool-hardiness can never be concealed any longer. If my Noddle doesn't befriend us at this pinch, either I or my poor Master must smart for't.

Ant. What makes him in such a Chase trow ?

Get. to himself.] Then I've but a Minute's time for Protection : My old Master's upon our Backs.

Ant. What ill Luck is come to Town now ?

Get. to himself.] When he comes to hear on't, how is't possible to pacifie him ? If I speak, he'll be Cholerick ; say nothing, 'twill fret him, and for excusing my self I had as good talk to the Wind.— Poor *Geta* ! Alas for thee ! — Then besides my own trouble Mr. *Antipho* is a great vexation to my Spirits : 'Tis him I pity, and am now so much concern'd for : 'Tis he that keeps me here ; else I'd ha' made a shift for one well enough, and been reveng'd of the old Man's peevish Temper : I'd ha' finger'd away something, and shewn him a fair pair of Heels for't.

Ant. partly bearing.] What fingering and heels is the Fellow talking of ?

Get. to himself.] But where shall I find my Master *Antipho*?
Or where shall I go look him?

Phe. to Antipho.] He names you, Cousin.

Ant. I expect to hear of some shrew'd Misfortune by this
Messenger.

Phe. Pho! Are ye out o' your Wits?

Get. to himself.] I'll ev'n get me home; ten to one but
he's there. [*Going off.*]

Phe. to Antipho.] Let's call him back.

Ant. You, Sir, stay.

Get. not knowing him.] You take upon ye sufficiently,
who're you are.

Ant. Geta, I say!

Get. turning about.] Od's me, 'tis the very Man I wanted.

Ant. Prithee what's the News? Dispatch it in a Word if
ye can.

Get. I will so.

Ant. Out with it quick.

Get. Just now at the Water-side I saw,——

Ant. My Father?

Get. You've hit it.

Ant. Then I'm a dead Man.

Phe. S'death!

Ant. Prithee what shall I do?

Phe. to Geta.] How's this?

Get. I tell ye I saw his Father, your Uncle.

Ant. What course shall I take to help me out in this suddain
Misfortune. Ah! Should my unlucky Stars but rend me
from my dear *Phanie's* Embraces, Life wou'd be only a bur-
den to me.

Get. Therefore, Sir, since things are as they are, you ought
to be the more upon your Guard; *For faint Heart ne're wone
fair Lady.*

Ant. I'm quite distracted.

Get. But considering your present Circumstances, you've
great reason to be otherwise; for if your Father sees ye once
down i'th' mouth, he'll conclude you are guilty of all.

Phe. He's i'th' right on't.

Ant. I can't change my Nature.

Get. Suppose you were put to a worse Strait.

Ant. Why, not being able to do this, I shou'd ne're do that.

Get. Pshaw ! He's good for nothing, Mr. *Phedrie* ; Condemn'd already : Why should we stand trifling away our time with him ? I'll ev'n be jogging.

Phe. And so will I too.

[*They are going off.*]

Ant. *Prithee, Geta !* — Suppose I look thus ? — [*He tries to look pleasantly.*] Is this well ?

Get. Not worth a Farthing.

Ant. Do but look on me now.

What d'ye think o' this ?

{ Here he makes Grimaces a good while,
at last composes his Countenance.

Get. No.

Ant. What say ye to't now ?

Get. Somewhat thereabouts.

Ant. Will this ?

Get. That will do't. — Keep ye there : Be sure you answer him Word for Word, and let not his huffing and hectoring dash you out o' Countenance.

Ant. Well enough.

Get. Say you were forced to't by the Law, and the Rules of Court, d'ye mark me. — [*He looks to one corner of the Stage.*] But what old Man's yonder, at the further end o' th' Street ?

Ant. *peeping.*] 'Tismy Father, I amn't able to stand my ground.

[*Going off.*]

Get. What ha' ye a mind to do, Sir ? Whither so fast ? Stay, stay, I say.

Ant. I know my own Frailty, and Fault too well : I give up my *Phanie*, and my Life into your Hands.

Exit Antipho.

Phe. *Prithee, Geta*, what shall we do now ?

Get. Why, you must expect a rattling, but poor *Geta* (if my Stars don't deceive me) will be trusted up to rights. Troth I think we must ev'n follow the same Advice, we gave to Mr. *Antipho*.

Phe. Hang your *Must* ! What you'd ha' me do, command me freely.

Get.

Get. Don't ye remember, when we began this Enterprize first, how ye agreed to manage it? *That their Plea was just, fair, sure; in fine, the clearest Case in the World.*

Pbe. I do.

Get. Why this you must make use of: If you can think of a better or a finer, take it.

Pbe. I'll do what I can.

Get. Do you give the first on-set, I'll lie in ambush as a reserve for ye when you begin to give ground.

Pbe. Well then.

Enter Demipho at a distance.

Phedrie and Geta move one one side, observing him.

Dem. to himself.] — Is't come to that then? My Son *Antipho* marry without my Consent? Sure a Father's Authority. — But why did I name Authority? Methinks the fear of my Displeasure might ha' created some Respect: What has he no shame in him? O impudent Wickedness! And that Hang-dog *Geta*, the Tutor too. —

Get. aside to Phedrie.] So, I'm brought in for a snack.

Dem. to himself.] Suppose they pretend, 'Twas done against his Will, the Law forced him to't: Well, I understand, I grant it.

Get. That's well enough.

Dem. to himself.] But to give up his Cause so willingly, and without one word to the contrary, did the Law force him upon that too?

Phe. to Geta.] That's a hard Chapter.

Get. to Phedrie.] Let me alone to clear that.

Dem. to himself.] I'm at a sad Non-plus, things have hapen'd so contrary to my expectations and belief. Then my Passion runs away with me so as I can't bring my mind to the common use of thinking. Wherefore in a Calm we shou'd be always sure to provide for a Storm: So he that comes home from a long Journey ought to think of the Dangers, Losses and Banishment that may besal him: He may find his Son debauched, his Wife dead, and his Daughter dangerously ill. All these are common Accidents, and shou'd be

be no News to him, if they happen : But if things fall out better than he expected, he may look upon't as clear Gains.

Get. aside to Phedrie.] Troth, Sir, you wou'dn't think how much wiser I am than this old Fox my Master. I've fore-casted all my Misfortunes : *Videlicet*, When my Master comes home, I must expect to beat Hemp in Bridewel all the days of my Life, to be whipp'd and shackled, or sent to the Plough-tail. All this will be no News to me, if any thing happens better than I expect, I shall look upon't as clear Gains, introth.— But why don't you go to him, and sweeten him up a little.

Phedrie moves towards Demipho.

Dem. seeing Phedrie.] Yonder comes my Cousin *Phedrie* to meet me.

Phe. Dear Uncle your humble Servant.

Dem. I'm glad to see thee, Coz ; But where's *Antipho* ?

Phe. You're welcome home, Sir.

Dem. I thank ye, — But pray answer my Question.

Phe. He's very well, Sir ; within call. — But your Affairs, Sir, do they succeed to your desire ?

Dem. sighing.] I wish they did.

Phe. Why what's amiss, Sir ?

Dem. Amiss, *Phedrie* ? You've made a fine Match among ye in my absence, han't ye ?

Phe. Oh, ho ! Is't that you are so angry with him for ?

Get. A rare Actor i'faith.

[Aside.

Dem. And han't I reason to be so ? I wish for my Soul, I could but set my Eyes upon him, he should see what 'tis to provoke a good-natur'd Father.

Phe. Indeed, Sir, he has done nothing to deserve your Anger.

Dem. Look ye here ! They're all of a piece, hang all on a String, know one, know all.

[Angrily.

Phe. Not so neither, Sir.

Dem. Does one commit a Roguery ? Whip, the other's ready to bear him out in't. Does this do it ? Then that's ready to plead for him : So they help one another by turns.

Get.

Get. The old Man has hit upon both their Humours better than he's aware on. [Aside.]

Dem. If it wasn't a Bargain between ye, you wouldn't take his part so much as you do.

Phe. Sir, if my Cousin *Antipho* had committed a Fault to the prejudice either of his Honour or Estate, I'd sooner die than plead for him, but should leave him to suffer the just demerit of his Crimes. But o'th' other hand, if some cheat, emboldned in his Knaveries, should lay his Snares t' entrap unwary Youth, and should compass his designs, is the Fault ours, or the Judges? Who oft through Envy take from the Rich their Right, and for pity give it to the Poor.

Get. Weren't I privy to this whole Affair, I shou'd think what he says to be as true as an Oracle. [Aside.]

Dem. Can any judge i'th' World know a Man's Right, when he stands like a Post as he did?

Phe. He did like a modest Gentleman: For when he came in the open Court, Fear and Modesty so surpriz'd him that he cou'dn't utter a word of what he had premeditated.

Get. *aside.*] An Orator i'faith!—— But why don't I go and have a touch also with the old *Mumpsimus*.—— [Goes to Demipho.] Dear Master, your humble Servant, welcome home with all my Heart.

Dem. Ho! Mr. Governour! The very prop of our Family! The Trustee o're my Son in my absence! I'm yours too.

[Feeringly.]

Get. I hear, Sir, you're pleas'd to blame us all undeservedly, and me too that deserve it least of all: For what wou'd ye had me ha' done i'th' Case, when you know, Sir, the Law won't admit a Slave to plead or be a Witness?

Dem. Pish! I grant all this; and more than that I own the Boy was bashful, and you a Slave. But let her be never so much a-kin, there was no necessity for his having her: the Law only obliges him to give her a Portion, and let her look out for another Husband; Your reason pray, why he rather chose to marry a Beggar Wench?

Get. Nay 'twasn't reason, but Money that was wanting.

Dem. He might have borrow'd it any where.

Get. Anywhere, say ye? Sooner said than done.

Dem. Rather than fail he should have taken it up at Interest.

Get.

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Get. Ho, bravely spoken ! As tho' any one wou'd have trusted him while you are alive.

Dem. Well ! It shall never go thus, it must not be. Shall I suffer 'em to live together one day to an end ? No, I wou'dn't do't for the World, — But I'd fain ha' this paltry Rascal brought before me, or else direct me where he lives.

Get. You mean *Phormio*, Sir, don't ye ?

Dem. Yes, the Woman's great Spokes-man.

Get. I'll fetch him to ye presently.

Dem. But where's *Antipho* now ?

Pbe. Gone out, Sir.

Dem. Good Coz, do so much as seek him out for me, and bring him hither.

Pbe. I'm going to rights.

Exit Phedrie.

Get. To his Mistress he means.

[*Aside.*

Exit Geta another way.

Demipho alone.

I'll just step in and return my Thanks for my safe arrival ; from thence I'll to the *Piazza*, and call some Friends to stand by me in this Business, that I mayn't be unprovided, when *Phormio* comes.

Exit.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT

A C T III.

Phormio and Geta.

Phor. *entering.*] — **H**OW ! Mr. *Antipho* play at Bo-peep for fear of his Father, say ye ?

Get. Very true.

Phor. So : Then poor *Phany's* left in the Lurch ?

Get. Ev'n so.

Phor. And the old Man's upo' th' fret ?

Get. Yes, indeed.

Phor. to himself.] So then ! the Burden lies all upon thy Shoulders, poor *Phormio*. Thou must take what comes on't, and ev'n brew as thou hast bak'd.—— To work then, old Boy.

Get. Prithee about it then.

Phor. not minding Geta.] Suppose he should ask me.——

Get. 'Tis you we only trust to.

Phor. studying.] That's right.—— What if he should reply ?——

Get. 'Twas you put us upon't.

Phor. still in a Study.] —— Ay that will do.

Get. pulling by the Sleeve.] Prithee help us out then.

Phor. turning quick to Geta.] Prithee, trail the old Fox hither : I've all my Traps ready laid for him.

Get. What design are ye upon now ?

Phor. What would ye have me, but to let *Phanie* be his Wife still, clear Mr. *Antipho* of all, and turn the whole Stream o' th' old Man's Rage upon my self ?

Get. Spoken like a courageous Man, and a true Friend ! But i'faith, honest *Phormio*, I'm afraid this Lion's Heart of yours will bring that pretty Face to look thro' a Pillory at the last.

Phor.

Phor. Pshaw! Never fear that; I am n't to learn my Trade now; I know where to take sure footing. How many Men d'ye think I have in my time beat, and left for dead, Towns-men as well as Strangers? The oftner I exercis'd my Hand, the more Skill I had. And pray when did ye ever hear of an Action of Battery clapp'd upon my Back?

Get. How comes that about?

Phor. Pho! your Fowlers never aim at a Hawk or Kite that do mischief; but 'tis your harmless Birds they are for. In one there's Profit, in the other only Powder and Shot thrown away. Just so they who have any thing to lose are in the most danger: 'Tis well known I've nothing to lose but my Skin: You'll say perhaps, *They might seize my Person*: They'd be hang'd before they'd maintain such a devouring Glutton, as I am. And troth I fancy they are i'th' right on't, not to do me such an excellent good turn for a bad one.

Get. Faith my young Master will ne're be able to make ye amends for this kindness.

Phor. 'Tis we Vassals owe more than our Lives are worth for the Favours of our Princes. Isn't a rare thing to feast it at free-cost, to perfume and bath ones self, to have no trouble upon your Spirit, whilst another bears the Trouble and Charge of all? For you to have all things to your liking, to laugh and take your pleasure, whilst he frets himself; to be honour'd with the first Cup, and set at the upper end of the Table, to eat of the puzzling Banquet!

Get. What d'ye mean by the Word *puzzling*?

Phor. When there's such a Plenty as would puzzle ye, which dish to choose first, ye little Rogue: And considering how delicious and costly all these Blessings are; How can ye call the Founder of 'em less than a God on Earth?

Enter Demipho at a distance with Hegio, Cratine and Crito.

Get. Our old Gentleman's just upon us: Mind your hits, the first On-set will be the bloodiest of all: If you can bear the Brunt of that, you may manage him as you please afterwards.

Dem.

Dem. *to his Followers.*] Hark ye, my Friends, was ever Man treated at such a contemptuous rate as I? — Your Opinion, Gentlemen.

Get. The Man's in wrath.

Phor. *softly.*] Hold your Tongue, St! — I'll rowse him, I'll warrant ye. [*Very loud.*] O wonderful! Does Demipho deny Phanie to be his Kinswoman? Heavens bless us! — What deny his own Kindred?

Get. He does, what then?

Dem. I think yonder's our Antagonist. — Keep close Neighbours.

Phor. *aloud.*] Doesn't he know, who her Father was?

Get. No.

Phor. Nor yet Stilpho neither?

Get. No marry doesn't he.

Phor. *aloud.*] Ay, because she had nothing left her, her Father's disown'd, and she slighted. See what it is to be a covetous old Hunks.

Get. You'd better be hang'd ye Dog than call my Master Covetous.

Dem. *overbearing.*] Abominable Impudence! What is he come to call Whore first? [*Seeming in a passion.*]

Phor. *aloud.*] Now I can't blame the young Gentleman indeed, for not knowing Stilpho, 'cause he was an old poor Man, that lived by his Labour, and was for the most part i'th' Country, where he hired a small peice of Ground o' my Father: The poor old Man has oft complain'd to me how basely Demipho his Kinsman had slighted him; But what a Man did he slight thus? Why one of the honestest Men that ever wore a Head.

Get. See that he and you prove as good as ye pretend.

Phor. You be hang'd: If I hadn't found him to be as I say, I wou'd never have engaged our Family in such terrible Fewds upon her account, who is now so ungenteely slighted by your Master.

Get. What, still abuse my Master behind his back? Ye foul mouth'd Varlet.

Phor. 'Tis no more than he deserves.

Get. Say ye so, Jail-bird?

[Unbuttons his Collar, and clenches his Fist at him.]

Dem.

Dem. *coming nigher.*] Geta!

Get. *not minding Demipho.*] Abominable Thief! Damnable Cheat!

Phor. *softly to Geta.*] Prithee give him an Answer.

Get. *turning about.*] Who's that calls? — Oh, Sir. —

Dem. Don't quarrel.

Get. This Varlet has been laying such base things to your Worship's Charge, that none but this Scoundrel would ha' been guilty of.

Dem. Well, say no more on't. — [*To Phormio.*] But, hark ye, young Man, by your good leave I'd ask ye one civil Question, if you please to give an Answer to't. Pray who was this Friend of yours that you were talking of? Tell me plainly, and how near did he say he was related to me?

Phor. You are for pumping, as though you didn't know him.

Dem. I know him?

Phor. Most certainly.

Dem. I deny't, you that affirm it, prove it, and rub up my Memory.

Phor. I warrant you don't know one of your own Flesh and Blood.

Dem. You make me stark mad: Can't ye tell me his Name?

Phor. His Name? with all my Heart. [*Studies.*]

Dem. Why don't ye out with't then?

Phor. Pox on't, 'tis slipt out of my Head. [*Softly to Geta.*]

Dem. Hah! What's that you mutter?

Phor. *softly to Geta.*] If you remember the Name we mention'd just now, prithee prompt me. — [*Aloud to Demipho.*] Ha, ha, he, — You shall have none of the Name for me, as if you didn't know it already: You're upo' th' catch, I find.

[*Here Phormio laughs, and speaks as loud as he can, that Geta may tell him the Name, and Demipho not hear't.*]

Dem. I scorn your Words.

Get. *softly to Phormio*] *Stilpho, Stilpho.*

Phor. The Name, Ha— ha— he.—— But what care I? The Name's *Stilpho.*

Dem. Who, say ye?

Phor. I say, *Stilpho*; as if you didn't know him.

Dem. I'll take my Corporal Oath I know no such Man, nor was I ever a-kin to any of that Name.

Phor. Is't possible? Arn't you asham'd to say so? Had he left you a sowing Sum of Money,——

Dem. The Devil take ye.

Phor. —— You'd ha' been the first that should ha' trac'd him, and his Pedegree from the Conqueror.

Dem. Well, be it so: If I had undertaken it, I must have made it out, which way she was my Kinswoman: Therefore prithee do you the same: Tell me which way she's related to me.

Get. Faith well urg'd, Sir.—— [*Aside to Phormio.*] Look to your self, my Friend.

Phor. I made it out as clear as the Sun in open Court, where 'twas to be done: If 'twere Forgery, why didn't your Son make it appear to be so.

Dem. Tell not me of my Son: He behav'd himself worse than a Changling.

Phor. But you, Sir, that are so wond'rous wise may go into Court, and procure a second Hearing o' th' same Cause, since you play *Rex* here, and take upon ye sole Prerogative of having the same Cause tried twice over.

Dem. Tho' I've been much abus'd in this business, yet rather than be plagu'd with Law-Suits, and your impertinent Tongue, let her go for my Kinswoman, I'll give her a Portion as the Law requires.—— Here take half a score Peices, and away with her. [*Offers him Money.*]

Phor. Ha—— ha—— he——: A very pleasant Man i' faith!

Dem. What wou'd the Man have, don't I offer very fair? Can't I claim the Priviledge of the Common Law?

Phor. Is it so, sweet Sir? When you've made use of a Citizen's Daughter, does the Law allow ye to give her a Whore's Pay, and send her packing? Or doesn't it rather require she shou'd be married to the next of Kin, and keep to one Man, left

lest want shou'd make her do that which might be a Scandal to her Quality? And you are against that are ye?

Dem. Ay, ay, to the next of Kin: But what is she a-kin to us? Or how pray?

Phor. Enough, enough; We needn't try it over again.

Dem. I don't design it: But I shall push hard till I've made an end on't.

Phor. You'd as good catch Butter-flies.

Dem. I say, I will do't.

Phor. Besides, Sir, 'tis none of your Concern: 'Tis your Son is cast and not you: Your Dancing days were over long ago.

Dem. Then you may suppose 'tis he that says all this to ye; if not, I'll turn him and his Trull out of doors.

Get. Now his Back's up. [*Aside.*]

Phor. You'd be twice advis'd first.

Dem. You unlucky Dog, are ye resolv'd to do me all the Mischief you're able?

Phor. He's damnably afraid, tho' he does all he can to conceal it. [*Aside to Geta.*]

Get. to Phormio.] Your design succeeds rarely.

Phor. What? Can't ye endure with Patience what can't be cur'd! Come do like a Gentleman, that there may be a lasting Friendship between us. [*Feering.*]

Dem. Pish! Do I care a Fig for your Friendship? Or desire to see or be acquainted with such a Rascal?

Phor. If you two can agree upon't, you'll have a Comfortress in your old Age: Pray consider what time a day 'tis with ye.

Dem. Pox, let her comfort thee; take her and the Devil too boot.

Phor. Good Sir, moderate your Passion. [*Feering.*]

Dem. Mark this then, without any more ado: If you don't make all the haste you can, and take away your Jilt, I'll thrust her out by Head and Shoulders: That's the Word for all, Mr. Knave.

Phor. If ye offer her the least Affront unworthy her Quality, I'll clap a swinging Action upon your back: That's the Word for all, Mr. Alderman!— Hark ye, if they want me, you'll find me at home. [*Aside to Geta.*]

Get. *softly to Phormio.*] Well enough.

Exit Phormio.

Dem. What a World of Care and Vexation has my Son brought me into, by entangling himself as well as me in this unlucky Match! — Then I can't get one glimpse of him to know, what he can say, or how he stands affected. — Run in, Geta, and see whether he be come home or no.

Get. I will, Sir.

Exit Geta.

Dem. You see, Gentlemen, how the Case stands; What had I best to do? Your Advice, Mr. Counsellor. [*To Hegio.*

Heg. Meaning me, Sir? — I think Mr. Cratine's the fittest Man to speak first, if you please.

Dem. Come on then, Mr. Cratine.

Cra. Who I, Sir?

Dem. Yes you, Sir.

Cra. I'd willingly advise ye for the best; I am of Opinion, Sir, that what your Son did in your absence should in Right and Reason be null'd and void *ipso Facto*: And the Law will allow it. *Dixi.*

Dem. Now for you, Mr. Hegio.

Heg. I believe Mr. Cratine spoke as he thought: But as the Saying is, *So many Men, so many Minds*, every one as they like: In my Opinion, what the Law has once determin'd shou'dn't be cancell'd, and 'twou'd be a Scandal to offer at such a thing.

Dem. Now for your Opinion, Mr. Crito.

Cri. I desire time to consider on't. 'Tis a weighty Affair.

Heg. Ha' ye any further occasion for our Advice?

Dem. You've made rare work on't i'faith.

Exeunt Hegio, Cratine and Crito.

Dem. *alone looking after 'em.*] So I'm more to seek now than ever.

Enter Geta.

Get. They say, Sir, he isn't come back yet.

Dem. I'll ev'n stay till my Brother comes home; what Advice he gives in this Case, that I'll follow. — I'll enquire at the Water-side when they expect him.

Exit Demipho.
Geta

Geta alone.

Geta. And I'll go see for Mr. *Antipho*, and let him know how Squares go.—— But look yonder he comes in Pudding-time.

Enter Antipho at a distance.

Ant. to himself.] In good troth, *Antipho*, thou and this faint Heart of thine are mightily to be blam'd. What? run away and leave thy very Life and Soul to the Management of Deputies? Cou'dst think they'd take more care of thy business than thy self? Let other Matters ha' gone how they wou'd, the dear Creature at home ought to ha' been look'd after, for fear the poor Soul that has lodged all her Hopes and Fortunes in thy Hands, shou'd, for trusting to thy Promises, come to any mischief.

Get. goes up to him.] Faith, Sir, we were just praying heartily for ye, but the wrong way, because you slunk away and left us so fairly i'th' lurch.

Ant. 'Twas thee I wanted, *Geta*.

Get. —— But for all that we didn't flinch an Ace.

Ant. Prithee tell me in what posture my Affairs stand; and what have I to trust to? Does my Father know any thing of the main business?

Get. Not a bit.

Ant. Is there any hopes left then?

Get. Indeed I can't tell.——

Ant. Dear Heart!

Get. But Mr. *Phedrie* pleaded like a Counsellor for y^e.

Ant. He has been always very obliging.

Get. Then for *Phormio*, in this as in all other things, he has behav'd himself like a Hero.

Ant. What did he do?

Get. He quite out-hector'd your Father, as huffing as he was.

Ant. God-a-mercy *Phormio*, i'faith.

Get. And I also did my best.

Ant. bugging him.] Ah, honest Rogue! Faith I'm oblig'd to ye all.

Get. The first Encounter was just as I tell ye; at present Matters go on very smoothly; your Father it seems will let things rest till your Uncle comes home.

Ant. Why till then?

Get. He says he'll be advis'd by him in this Business.

Ant. Ah *Geta!* How I dread his coming home, since I understand 'tis his Sentence alone I must stand or fall by.

Get. Look, yonder's your Cousin *Phedrie*.

Ant. Where?

Get. Look ye! He's just coming out piping hot from his old Sweating-house.

Enter Phedrie and Dorio, Antipho and Geta move on one side and observe 'em.

Pbe. Nay, good *Dorio*, hear me.

Dor. The Devil I will.

Pbe. But one word.

Dor. Pox! don't tease me so.

Pbe. Do but hear what I've to say.

Dor. I'm sick with hearing the same thing a thousand times over.

Pbe. But I ha' something to offer, that you'll be glad to hear of.

Dor. Well, let's hear it then.

Pbe. Is't impossible for me to prevail upon ye, to stay but three short days?— [*Dorio is going off, and Phedrie holds him.*] Whither so fast pray?

Dor. I'd ha' scored it up for Wonder, if you had made me any new offer.

Ant. to Geta.] Alas I'm horribly afraid the Bawd is working himself no good.

Get. to Antipho.] And so am I too.

Pbe. You won't believe me then.

Dor. That's well guess'd.

Pbe. Suppose I pals my Word.

Dor. Meer Stuff!

Pbe. You'd say 'twas one of the best days work ye e're made in your Life.

Dor. Idle Stories.

Pbe.

Pbe. Do but trust me, and you shan't repent it ; you'll find it to be as I say.

Dor. Silly Phanfies !

Pbe. Good now try me, the time isn't so long.

Dor. Cuckoo.—— Cuckoo,

Pbe. You are my Relation, you are my Father, you are my Friend, you ——

Dor. interrupting.] Tattle on, tattle on.

Pbe. Are ye of such a barbarous and inflexible Nature, that neither Pity nor Intreaties can mollifie ye ?

Dor. And are you, Sir, so senseless and shameless as to think your gay Words and fine Flourishes shall chouse me out of what's my own for nothing ?

Ant. to Geta.] Troth I'm sorry for him.

Pbe. Alas ! I am convinc'd he's i'th' right on't. [*Aside.*

Get. to Antipho.] I think they both come up to his proper Character.

Pbe. And must this Misfortune needs light upo' me in a time when my Cousin *Antipho* is in the very same trouble himself.

[*Antipho and Geta go up to them.*]

Ant. to Phedrie.] Ha ! Cousin, what's the Matter ?

Phe. turning to him.] My Cousin *Antipho's* the happiest Man alive.

Ant. Who I ?

Pbe. In having what you love in your own Custody ; not tormented like me with such a Villain as this.

Ant. In my Custody say ye ?—— Ay, indeed, I have, as the Saying is, *A Wolf by the Ears* ; How to part from her I know not, and how to keep her I can't tell.

Dor. My very Case, by the Mackins.

Ant. to Dorio.] Courage Man, don't play the Bawd by halves.—— [*To Phedrie.*] But prithee what has he done ?

Pbe. That Rascal ?—— Why like a hard-hearted Wretch as he is, he has gone and sold my dearest *Pamphila*.

Get. How ! Sold her ?

Ant. Sold her, say ye ?

Pbe. He has so.

Dor. A mighty business indeed for a Man to make Money of his own Wares !

Pbe. I can't prevail upon him to stay but three days for me, and brake off the Bargain with him, till such time as I shall receive the Money my Friends promis'd to lend me.—
[*to Dorio.*] If I don't pay it ye then, you shan't stay a minute longer for me.

Dor. You'll crack my Brain-pan presently.

Ant. He desires but a very little time, *Dorio*; Prithee ben't so hard-hearted. The Favour shall be requited to you double, take my Word for't.

Dor. Meer Shams !

Ant. to Phedrie.] Can you suffer your Mistress to be ravish'd from this pleasant Town? ——— [To *Dorio.*] And can you ha' the Heart to part such fervent Lovers?

Dor. That's neither my Fault, nor yours.

Get. A plague on thee for a Rascal.

[*Aside.*

Dor. Look ye; Many a Month have I born with you against the grain; you've brought me nothing but Court Promises, Crocodile's Tears, and a Beggar's Purse: Now on the other hand I've got me a Chap-man that will pay me freely without snivelling. Therefore, Sir, *cede majoribus*, I say.

Ant. In good earnest as I remember there was a day set for my Cousin to have her.

Pbe. There was so.

Dor. Do I deny't?

Ant. Is that day past then?

Dor. No but another's day came before it.

Ant. Arn't ye asham'd of your Knavery?

Dor. Not as long as I can get by't.

Get. Sordid Villain !

Pbe. Dorio, Is that your Conscience now?

Dor. 'Tis so; if you like me, make use o' me.

Ant. Why should you cheat him thus?

Dor. Rather i'faith, Mr. *Antipho*, 'tis he cheats me; he knew well enough what I was, but I took him for another sort of a Gentleman; so that he has deceiv'd me: I am just for all the World, as I us'd to be. But let that pass; thus much I'll do. To morrow Morning the Captain says he'll bring me the Money; Now, Mr. *Phedrie*, if you'll bring it first,

first, I'll follow my own Rule, *First come, first serv'd*, and so good buy t'ye.

Pbe. What shall I do now?—Where shall poor I now, that am worse than nothing, scrape up such a Sum at so short a warning?—If I cou'd but ha' got him to have stay'd three days, the Money was promis'd me by that time. *[Walks to and fro dejectedly.]*

Ant. to Geta.] What, shall we leave our Friend in such a miserable case, who but just now, as you told me, pleaded my Cause so handsomely? Shan't we requite his Courtesie in time of need?

Get. 'Tis but right and reason we should, I confess.

Ant. Come on then: you are the Man that can keep his Head above Water.

Get. What wou'd ye ha' me do?

Ant. Procure him the Money.

Get. That I wou'd with all my heart; But where must I have it?

Ant. My Father's at home.

Get. That I know, but what then?

Ant. Po! A Word to the Wife is enough?

Ant. Is it so, Sir?

Ant. Yes, indeed.

Get. Very pretty Counsel i'faith! You may do't your self if you please; shan't I come off with flying Colours, if I scape with a whole Skin upo' your account, but I must needs venture my Neck upon his account too.

Ant. That's true I own.

Pbe. What, *Geta*! Am I no body wi' ye then?

Get. Not so neither:—But is it nothing in your Esteem, that we've stirr'd up the old Gentleman's Anger against us all; unless we provoke him again beyond all hopes of Reconcilement.

Pbe. Shall my Rival carry away my dearest beyond Sea, and I be the Spectator too?—Ah Cousin, speak with me while you may; take one farewell Look before I leave ye.

Ant. Why, Sir, what Crotchet comes in your Head now? Prithce tell me.

Pbe. I'll traverse Sea and Land after her, or perish in the Attempt; That I'm resolv'd on.

Get. A good Journey to ye, Sir: But soft and fair goes far.

Ant.

Ant. Prithee, *Geta*, see if thou canst help him a little.

Get. Help him, pray how?

Ant. Good now try however, for fear he do what may make us both repent more or less hereafter.

Get. My Invention's upo' th' Tenter-hooks,—— [*Studies.*] He's out o' danger, or I am mistaken: But still I'm afraid my poor *Hide* will smart for't.

Ant. Don't be afraid: We'll stand and fall with thee upon all accounts.

Get. to Phedrie.] Well, how much Money d'ye want? Tell me.

Phe. Fourscore Guinea's or so: That's all.

Get. Fourscore Guinea's? Whoop! Whoop! She's a plaguy dear Bit, Mr. *Phedrie*.

Phe. No, she's an extraordinary Penny-worth.

Get. Come, no more: You shall ha' the Money.

Phe. bugging him.] Rare Rogue!

Get. Come let me alone.

Phe. I want it just now.

Get. And you shall have it *just now*: But I shall want *Phormio*, to second me i'th' design.

Phe. to Geta.] Pray step, and desire him to be at home.

Ant. He's ready I warrant ye: Lay what load you will upo' him he'll bear't. He's the only Man of a thousand that's true to his Friend.

Get. Let's away to him, out of hand.

Ant. Can I do ye any kindness i' this Matter?

Get. None at all. Pray go and comfort the poor Creature at home, I know she's almost dead with fear,—— Why d'ye stay, Sir?

Ant. I know nothing I'd do with a more willing mind.

Exit Antipho.

Phe. How will ye go to work in this business?

Get. I'll tell ye, as we go along; therefore pray be moving.

Exeunt Ambo.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT

A C T IV.

Demipho and Chremes.

Dem. *entering.*] — **W**ELL, ha' ye dispatch'd
the Business you went
about to *Lemmo*, Bro-
ther? Have ye brought

your Daughter along with ye?

Chr. No.

Dem. Why didn't ye?

Chr. After her Mother saw I made a longer stay here than
ordinary; and that the Girl's Age wou'dn't admit of my far-
ther delays; she and her whole Family took Shipping, and
(as I am inform'd) came hither in search after me.

Dem. When you heard of this, how came you to tarry
so long behind 'em?

Chr. Alas! I was sick all the time.

Dem. How came that? Of what Distemper?

Chr. That's a Question! Above Threescore is Distemper
sufficient. — But the Master of the Ship that brought 'em
over, told me, they all landed safe.

Dem. But, Brother, ha' ye heard of the shrewd Misfor-
tune, that happen'd to my Son in my absence.

Chr. Ay truly; and 'tis that has broke the Neck of all
my designs: For shou'd I offer my Daughter in Marriage to
a Stranger, I must tell the whole Story, *how I came by her,*
and by whom. But you, I know, are as true to my Interest as
I can be my self. A Stranger that wou'd be my Son-in-Law,
wou'd hold his Tongue, as long as we were good Friends to-
gether; but if he once disregarded me, he'll know more by
half than I'd have him. Then I'm horribly afraid the Busi-
ness shou'd come to my Wife's Ear; if it does my only re-
medy will be to take up my Heels, and be marching: For
to

to speak the Truth, I of the whole Family am the only Friend to my self.

Dem. I'm sensible of it Brother, and 'tis a great trouble to me: But I'll leave no Stone unturn'd, till I've prov'd my self as good as my Word. [*They walk aside.*]

Enter Geta, at a great distance.

Get. to himself.] I ne're set my Eyes on a craftier Whores-bird than this *Phormio* in all my Life. I came to the Bastard to tell him that we wanted the Ready, and how we design'd to angle for't; and I had scarce open'd my Lips, but he knew my meaning by my gaping. He was tickled at the Phanſie, clapp'd me upo' th' back for't, ask'd for the old Gentleman, and on his Marrow-bones thank'd the Gods a thousand times for putting an opportunity into his hands of shewing himself as much *Mr. Phedrie's* as he had been *Mr. Antipho's* Friend. I bid him wait for me at the *Piazza*, where I'd bring the old Cully to him.—— [*Seeing Demipho.*] Look there he is!— But who's that looking o're his Left-shoulder?— O the Devil! *Mr. Phedrie's* Father? Pish! What a Bruit am I to be afraid of that? Is't cause thou hast caught two Wood-cocks i'thy Spring instead of one!— I'm sure 'tis safest to have two Strings to one's Bow.—— I'll try to get it of him I first design'd; if he answers my Expectation well: If not, then have at the New-comer.

Enter Antipho at another part of the Stage, observing the rest.

Ant. to himself.] I look every minute for this *Geta's* coming back.—— Hah! Yonder's my Uncle wi' my Father; laying their Heads together. S'death! How I dread what designs his coming will put my Father upon!

Get. aside] I'll go 'em.—— [*Goes to that part of the Stage where Demipho and Chremes are.*] What my Master *Chremes*?

Chr. Honest *Geta*, how is't?

Get. You're heartily welcome home, Sir.

Chr. I thank ye.

Get. How goes the World with you, Sir?

Chr.

Cbr. Much at one, upon my arrival here I find a great many Alterations, as I used to do.

Get. So: Then you've heard of Mr. *Antipho's* Business, I suppose?

Cbr. All, all.

Get. to Demipho.] What did you tell him, Sir?——

Wasn't it an abominable thing to be so put upon, Mr. *Chremes*?

Dem. 'Twas that point he and I were just discoursing on.

Get. Introth, Sir, I've been hammering upo' the same thing; and fancy I've thought of an Expedient.

Dem. *hastily.*] How, *Geta*! What Expedient?

Get. Just as I parted from you, by chance who should I meet with but *Phormio*?

Cbr. Who, *Phormio*?

Get. Yes; he that is the young Woman's ——

Cbr. Oh, I know him.

Get. The Toy came into my Head, to feel his Pulse a little. I took him aside, *Prithee*, *Phormio* (said I) *hadn't ye better make an end of this Quarrel by fair means rather than foul? My Master's a free-hearted Gentleman, and one that hates Law: But 'faith if he had taken all his Friend's Advice, he'd ha' kick'd her to the Devil before this time.*—— [*Antipho behind overbearing.*] What does the Rogue mean? What would he be at?

Get.—— I'll warrant ye you think the Law can take hold of him for that! Pish! we've had Council upon the Business already: And take my Word for't, if you once begin a Suit with this Gentleman,—— he has his Tongue so well bung, he'll make ye smoke for't. But suppose he be cast; 'tis no hanging Matter, and a little Money will put all to rights again. After this Discourse I found my Gentleman took down a Peg lower: Here's only you and my self (continu'd I) *Prithee*, good Boy, tell me what you demand down and down to secure my Master from bearing any more of this business, to take the Girl off our hands, and to plague us no farther.——

Ant. What has Old-nick bewitch'd the Fellow.

[*Aside.*

Get.

Get. — I'm sure of this, if you'll but propose any thing that's just and reasonable, he's such a civil Gentleman, there won't be two Words between ye.

Dem. Who gave you Commission to say all this.

Chr. Po ! He cou'dn't ha' spoken better to bring our design about.

Ant. All's lost.

[*Aside.*

Chr. On with your Story.

Get. At first he talk'd like a Mad-man.

Chr. Why what did he ask ?

Get. What ? The Devil and all : Ev'n what his wild Phansie pleased.

Chr. Let's hear't tho ?

Get. He talk'd of two or three hundred Guinea's.

Chr. As many Devils take him : What ? Has he no Conscience ? —

Get. I told him as much my self : Good now (said I) suppose he had a Daughter of his own to marry, wou'd he give any more ! He's but little the better I find for having none, since one's clapp'd on his Back, he must give a Portion to. To be short omitting his idle Impertinencies, at last he came to this Conclusion : *I've had a mind* (said he) *from the very first to marry my Friend's Daughter, which was no more than Reason required. For I foresaw the Trouble the Girl wou'd be put to ; by marrying into a rich Family, she being poor wou'd be made a Slave, not a Wife. But to be plain with ye, I want a Wife with a little Money to pay off my Debts, now if Mr. Demipho will give as large a Portion with her, as I'm like to have with one, I'm already engag'd to, I'll choose her before any Woman alive.*

Ant. A body don't know what to make on't, whether it be Foolery or Knavery, or whether the Man is silly or wilful.

[*Aside.*

Dem. What if he has pawn'd his Soul, must we redeem it ?

Get. I've mortgag'd (continu'd he) a peice of Ground for 25 pounds —

Dem. Well, well ! Let him take her, I'll pay the Money.

Get. And an old House or two for as much more.

Dem. Pox on him that's too much by half.

[*Angrily.*

Chr. Make no noise then, he shall have as much as that of me.

Get.

Get. Then (quoth he) my Wife must have a Maid, more Household-Stuff must be bought, and a good handsome Wedding kept : These things put altogether will come to 25 pounds more.

Dem. He shall clap six hundred Actions upon my back first. I'll not part with a Groat : Shall the paltry Rascal make a Property of me.

[Walks about in a Passion.

Cbr. Good Brother be pacified, I'll lay down the Money, get you but your Son in the Mood to marry the Woman we'd have him.

Ant. Alas for me ! Ah, Geta, thy Treacheries have undone me.

Cbr. 'Tis upo' my account she's turn'd out, and 'tis but reason I shou'd pay the Costs and Charges.

Get. Let me know (said he) their Minds as soon as ye can, whether they design to let me have her or no, that I may get clear of the other, and know what to trust to : for the other Girl's Friends are fully design'd this very day to lay me down the Portion.

Cbr. He shall have it immediately, let him brake off that Match, and take this Girl.

Dem. And the Devil take him into the Bargain.

Cbr. I've very luckily brought with me the Rent of my Wife's Farm at Lemno : I'll take that, and tell my Wife you had an occasion to borrow it.

Exeunt Chremes and Demipho.

Antipho comes up to Geta.

Ant. Hark ye, Mr. Rogue !

Get. Ha, Sir.

Ant. D'ye know what you ha' been a doing ?

Get. Yes ; nabb'd both the old Fools o' their Money,

Ant. Is that enough think ye ?

Get. Faith, Sir, I can't tell, 'twas as much as you order'd me.

Ant. Dog ! Are ye at cross Questions with me ?

[Kicks him.

Get. What d'ye mean, Sir ?

Ant.

Ant. Why your Rogueship has brought Matters to that fine pass, that now I may go hang my self. To make an Example of thee to all Villains, Heaven, Hell and Earth confound thee. If you want any thing to be well done, I'll recommend ye to my Spark here.—— What occasion had you to rip up th' old Sore? And bring my Dear's Name into Question? You've possess'd my Father with new hopes of turning her off: And, sweet Sir, supposing *Phormio* should accept o' th' Portion, he must marry her then to be sure: And what will become of me then?

Get. He'll be hang'd before he marries her.

Ant. I believe so: But when they come to demand their Money back again, he'll rather choose to go to Jail, than betray us I warrant ye. *[Scornfully.]*

Get. All Stories may be the worse for the telling: The best part o' this you've left out, and only mention'd the worst. Now pray hear mine: If he receives the Portion, he's oblig'd to marry her, as you say; I own: But then there must be allow'd for getting things ready for the Wedding, for inviting of Guests, and for the offering of his Oblations: The mean time Mr. *Pbedrie*'s Friends will procure him the Money they promis'd him, and out of this may *Phormio* refund to the old Gentlefolks.

Ant. Why so? Or what pretence can he make?

Get. Pretence? O he has a thousand in his Budget. *What Prodigies have I seen (may he pretend) since we made the Bargain? There came a strange Black-dog yelping into my House; A flying Dragon came down the Water-spout, my speckled Hen crow'd; The Priest forbade it, and the cunning Man charg'd me to meddle with no new Business till Winter.* These are as good Pretences as any i'th' World. Thus shall things be order'd.

Ant. Provided they were so, ——

Get. So they shall, take my Word for't.—— But here comes your Father, withdraw and tell Mr. *Pbedrie* the Moneys our own.

Exit Antipho.

Enter

Enter at another part of the Stage Demipho with a Bag of Money, and Chremes.

Dem. *entering.*] Be content I say, I'll take care he shan't cheat us: I'll not part with a Cross to day but upon sure grounds, and before sufficient Witnesses to testify to whom, and for what I deliver it.

Get. *over-hearing.*] How cautious our Sir Solomon is, where there's no need on't! *[Aside.*

Chr. Troth, and so you had need, Brother: But make haste whilst the Fit is upon him. If the other Woman shou'd chance to be before-hand with us, he may throw us off perhaps.

Get. You are i'th' right on't.

Dem. Bring me to him, Geta.

Get. I am ready, Sir.

Chr. When you've dispatch'd that, step over to my Wife, and desire her to have some Discourse with the Girl before we pack her off, that she may tell her, *She has no Cause to be angry that we'd have her married to Phormio, since he's the fitter Match being intimately acquainted with her: and that we haven't done contrary to our Duty, because we have given him as good a Portion as he desired.*

Dem. Plhaw! What a-duce is all this to you?

Chr. O, a great deal, Brother.

Dem. Isn't it enough for you to do your Duty, unless all the World commend ye for't?

Chr. I'de willingly have her Consent tho', that she might not pretend she was turn'd out o' doors.

Dem. I can tell her all this my self.

Dem. But 'twill come better from a Woman tho'.

Dem. I'll call upo' your Wife then.

Exit Demipho and Geta.

R

Enter

Chremes *alone.*

I'm thinking now what corner o' th' Town to beat up for these Women of Lemno.

To him enter Sophrona out of Demipho's House.

Soph. *to her self.*] What shall I do?— What Friend shall I make use of, poor Fool that I am? Whom shall I trust with a Secret of so great Importance? Or where shall I look out for assistance?— I'm strangely afraid my poor Mistress will be basely dealt withal for following my Counsel; for I hear the young Gentleman's Father takes it very heinously.

Cbr. What disconsolate old Creature's that which comes from my Brother's. [*Aside.*]

Soph. *to her self.*] 'Twas nothing but Poverty that forc'd me to do what I did: Tho' I knew the Match was scarce good in Law, yet I advis'd her to't meerly to avoid starving.

Cbr. In good truth, if I ben't mightily out i' my guess, and if my Eye-sight don't deceive me, 'tis my Daughter's Nurse. [*Aside.*]

Soph. *to her self.*] Nor can we as yet,——

Cbr. What had I best to do i' th' Case? [*Aside.*]

Soph. *to her self.*]—— Find out her Father.

Cbr. Had I best go to her, or tarry here, and pick something out of her Discourse. [*Aside.*]

Soph. *to her self.*] If I cou'd find him out, my fear wou'd be over.

Cbr. 'Tis she for certain,—— I'll go talk to her. [*Aside.*]

Soph. Whose Voice is that trow?

Cbr. Nurse Sophrona!

Soph. And calls me too.

Cbr. Look this way a little.

Soph. *turning.*] Mercy o' my Soul! Mr. Stilpho here?

Cbr. No.

[*Winking on her.*]

Soph. What deny your own Name?

Cbr.

Chr. Prithee, Nurse, come a little this way from that Door: And not a Word more of *Stilpho*. [*Softly.*

Soph. No, Sir? Arn't like your Worship, arn't you he you always said you were?

Chr. S't, S't.

[*Going from his own Door.*

Soph. What? I hope, Sir, you arn't afraid of this Door.

Chr. No; but I've a mad Woman there in a Cage: and I formerly gave my self a Nick-name for fear some of you shou'd indiscreetly blab it about, and by chance my Wife shou'd smell a Rat.

Soph. And troth that's the reason that we poor Souls cou'd never hear any tale or tidings of ye in Town.

Chr. Prithee tell me what business you had at that House you came out of? And where ha' you left your Mistresses?

Soph. A-lack-a-day.

[*Sighing.*

Chr. Hah! What's the Matter? They arn't dead I hope.

Soph. Your Daughter is alive; but the poor Creature her Mother broke her Heart with Grief.

[*Weeps.*

Chr. That's bad News, indeed.

Soph. But I a forlorn poor old Woman married your Daughter as well as I cou'd to the young Gentleman of that House.

Chr. What to *Antipho*?

Soph. Yes, Sir, to him.

Chr. How! Has he got two Wives then?

[*Angrily.*

Soph. How so, I beseech ye? He never married any other but this.

Chr. What's become of her then that went for his Kinswoman?

Soph. Your Daughter, Sir's the Person.

Chr. How!

Soph. 'Twas only a Contrivance of ours, that since he lov'd her, he might marry her without a Portion.

Chr. Bless me ! How often do things fall out by chance, which we have not the Heart to wish for ! Upo' my coming home I've found my Daughter settled with the Person I desired, and just as I wish'd. The very thing my Brother and I aim'd at, this old Woman without any care of ours has most carefully hit on. [*Aside.*

Soph. Now, Sir, you had best see what's to be done i'th' Case, the young Gentleman's Father is now come home, who they say highly resents the Marriage.

Chr. interrupting. All's safe enough.—— But i'th' Name of Goodness, I conjure ye not to let any living Soul know she's mine.

Soph. Not from me, Sir.

Chr. Come along ; ye shall hear all within.

Exeunt Ambo.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V.

Demipho and Geta.

Dem. **W**E can blame none but our selves for
Knives thriving in their Knavery ;
for we must forsooth affect to be
thought genteel and generous. But
we shou'dn't have out-run the Constable as the Saying is. We
cou'dn't be content to be cheated by him, but we must freely
throw the Rascal a good lump of Money into the Bargain,
for him to live on till he can play us such another Dog-trick.

Get. Nothing more certain.

Dem. Now a-days none are rewarded more than such
Rogues as wou'd perswade ye black's white.

Get. Nothing more sure.

Dem. How like a couple of Fools we've manag'd our busi-
ness with this Rascal!

Get. 'Tis manag'd well enough provided he keeps to his
word, and marries her.

Dem. Is there any danger of that now ?

Get. Faith, Sir, he's such a wavering sort of a Fellow, that
I can't tell but he may recant.

Dem. The Devil ! He recant ?

Get. That I can't tell, Sir ; I only suppose such a thing.

Dem. I'll do as my Brother wou'd ha' me ; step and bring
his Wife to talk with the young Woman.—— Do you, *Geta*,
go in and acquaint the Girl of her coming.

Exit Demipho.

Geta alone.

We've coyn'd Money for Mr. *Phedrie* : The old Gentlemen
are as quiet as Lambs : Care is taken that *Phany* shan't stir a

Foot out of our House for the present. — But what next, Friend *Geta*? What's to be done now? — Thou'rt as deep in the Dirt as ever; and Tinker-like in mending one hole hast made two. — 'Tis true there's a sound drubbing put off for a day or two longer; but ifaith thou wilt receive it, and with Interest too, if thou dost not look about thee. — Well, I'll go home and teach *Phany* her Lesson, that she mayn't be surpriz'd at *Phormio's* Behaviour, or *Nausistrata's* Discourse.

Exit Geta, and as he goes off.

Enter Demipho leading in Nausistrata.

Dem. entring.] — Come on then, and pray, Madam, make use of your fine knack of speaking now, that the Girl mayn't think hardly of us, but be brought to do what we'd have her freely and willingly.

Nau. So I will, Brother.

Dem. Let your Endeavours be as serviceable to me now, as before your Purse was.

Nau. I should be glad to pleasure ye: But introth, Brother, 'tis all long of my naughty Man's carelesness that I cant do so handsomely as I wou'd.

Dem. How so pray?

Nau. Why, introth he doesn't manage the Estate, my Father left me, worth a Farthing; for he constantly made nigh Four hundred Pound a Year of his Land. — Bless me! to see the difference of Men.

Dem. Nigh Four hundred Pound a Year, say ye?

Nau. Yes, indeed, when things were at a lower rate by far than now.

Dem. Very strange!

Nau. You wonder at it I warrant ye.

Dem. Ay, and I can't forbear.

Nau. Wou'd I had been a Man for his sake, I'd ha' shewn him, —

Dem. Ay, ay, so you would.

[Feeringly.]

Nau. How I would have, —

Dem. interrupting.] Spare your self, good Sister, to encounter the young Woman; perhaps she'll be too hard for ye at your own Weapon else.

Nau.

Nau. I'll be ruled by ye: — But here comes my good Man from your House.

Enter Chremes, goes up to Demipho not seeing his Wife.

Cbr. Ho! Brother, have ye paid away the Money yet, or no?

Dem. I did that presently.

Cbr. I wish you hadn't. — [*Sees Nausistrata and starts.*]
Sdeath my Wife I had like to have said too much. [*Aside.*]

Dem. Why d'ye wish I hadn't, Brother?

Cbr. Nothing, all's well.

Dem. But hark ye, did ye tell the young Woman upon what account your Wife was coming to her?

Cbr. Every bit on't.

Dem. Well, and what says she?

Cbr. She can't be perswaded to't.

Dem. Why can't she tho?

Cbr. Because of the Love that is between 'em.

Dem. Pish! What's that to us?

Cbr. O very much; — Besides I've found her to be our real Kinswoman.

Dem. How! Are you mad too?

Cbr. You'll find it so as I say: I don't speak but upon good grounds, pray recollect your self a little.

Dem. Certainly you are mad.

Nau. Good Brother *Demipho*, you won't wrong your Kinswoman, will ye?

Dem. She's none of mine.

Cbr. Don't say so; her Father has another Name, and that bred your mistake.

Dem. What? Didn't she know her own Father?

Cbr. Yes marry did she.

Dem. Why didn't he call himself by his own Name then?

Cbr. Will ye never believe, nor understand me?

[*Aside to Demipho.*]

Dem. How shou'd I, if you won't tell me, —

Cbr. You'll spoil all. [*Winks on him.*]

Nau. I can't imagine what the Business should be.

Dem. Faith, nor I.

Cbr. Must ye needs know all? As I hope for mercy, there's none so nigh a-kin to her as you and I.

Dem. Bless my Soul! Let's all go in together; I'll know something or nothing of her.

Cbr. Hold!

Dem. What's the Matter?

Cbr. Have I got so little Credit with you, Brother?

Dem. Would ye have me credit you without searching any further into the Business; — Well, be it so then: But how will ye bestow your Friend's Daughter the while.

Cbr. She'll do well enough.

Dem. Must we turn her off then.

Cbr. Why not?

Dem. And keep this Creature here?

Cbr. Yes.

Dem. Well, Sister, you may go home again if you please.

Nau. Troth, I think 'tis much the better way to keep her still, than part with her; for when I first saw her she look'd very much like a Gentlewoman.

Exit Naufistrata.

Dem. Now what's all this Business?

Chr. *looking after Naufistrata.*] Has she shut to the Door?

[*Fearfully.*

Dem. Yes.

Cbr. Wonderful! The best Luck in the World. I find 'tis my own Daughter that's married to your Son.

Dem. Hah! Is't possible?

Cbr. This is no safe place to tell ye.

Dem. Step into my House then.

Cbr. But hark ye, I wouldn't have so much as the two Boys know any thing of this.

Exeunt Ambo.

Enter at another part of the Stage Antipho alone.

Let my own Concerns go as they will, yet 'tis a Comfort to me that Matters go so well with my Cousin. 'Tis a piece of Art for a Man to rule his Appetite so, that a small Matter shall satisfy him when his Fortune is at the lowest Ebb. No sooner had my Cousin *Phedrie* receiv'd the Money, but his Cares are over, for my part I know no way to free my self from

from mine. If this business be conceal'd, I shall be always in fear ; if discover'd Infamy will be my reward.— I couldn't ha' the Heart to go home, if I hadn't some small hopes of enjoying my dear *Phanie* still.— But where shall I meet with *Geta*, to know of him what may be the most convenient time of shewing my self to my Father ?

Enter Phormio at a distance.

Phor. to himself.] I've receiv'd the Cash, paid off the Bawd, brought away the Wench, and taken care that *Phedrie* shou'd now enjoy her as his own ; since she's now out of her Slavery.— I've one thing still in hand which must be dispatch'd, that is to get leave of these old Curmudgeons to go and tope it a little ; for I've cut out a few odd days for my own diversion.

Ant. Look, here's *Phormio*.— What say'st ?

Phor. What, Sir ?

Ant. What's my Cousin *Phedrie* about ? Does he pretend to play the Epicure in Love ?

Phor. He's going in his turn to act your part now.

Ant. Prithee, what part ?

Phor. Of keeping out of his old Daddy's clutches, and he begs you'd act his, and plead his Cause for him ; for he and I are to sing *Old Rose* together.— I am going to tell the old Gentlemen, that I am bound for *Sunio-Fair*, to buy the little Slave *Geta* told 'em of. That so when they see I'm not in Town, they mayn't imagine I make their Money fly.— But your Door goes there.

Ant. Prithee see who comes out.

Phor. 'Tis *Geta*.

Enter Geta from Demipho's in great haste with a Cloak in his Hand.

Get. to himself.] Thou blessed, blessed Fortune, how much is my Master *Antipho* oblig'd to thee for this Day's Work.

Ant. to Phormio.] What does the Fellow mean ?

Get.

Get. to himself.] And out of how many cold Fits hast thou freed us that are his Friends.— But why do I loyter? And not clap on my Cloak? Why don't I run to find him out, and let him know how things have happen'd.

[Puts on his short Cloak and struts about.]

Ant. D'ye understand what he says?

Phor. Do you, Sir?

Ant. Not a Word.

Phor. Nor I neither.

Get. to himself.] I'll go to old *Dorio's*, for there to be sure they are. *[Going off.]*

Ant. Soho, *Geta!*

Get. Soho, to you too.— 'Tisn't strange nor new for a Man as I am to be interrupted i'th' middle of his Journey.

Ant. Why, *Geta!*

Get. Faith he keeps his pace for all that. Your Impertinence shall never bring me back.

Ant. Won't ye stay then?

Get. Sirrah you shall be kick'd.— Some sawcy Skull or other that calls me thus. *[Aside.]*

Ant. You shall be serv'd the same sawce, if ye don't stay, ye Dog.

Get. This must be one that knows me very well, that is so free of his Complements. *[Turning about.]* But isn't it he I want?— 'Tis he.

Phor. to Antipho.] Step up to him presently.

Ant. goes to Geta.] What's the News with you?

Get. O, Sir! The happiest Man this day alive! without doubt you are the Darling of the Skies.

Ant. So I would be, and would have ye give me some reason to believe so.

Get. Isn't enough if I plunge ye over Head and Ears in Joy?

Ant. You kill me with Impertinence.

Phor. Hang your Preambles, and say what you've to say quickly.

Get. Oh!— Art thou here, old Rock?

Phor. Yes; But why this fooling?

Get.

Get. Observe then ; Hem ! hem ! — As soon as we gave you the Money at the *Piazza*, we went strait home, [*To Phormio.*] — In the way home my Master sent me to your Lady. [*To Antipho.*]

Ant. For what ?

Get. Nay, there I leave ye : That's nothing to our business, Sir. — Just as I was going into her Apartment, her Boy *Mida* runs up to me, catches me hold by the Cloak, and pulls me back. I turned about, and ask'd him what he meant ; he told me no body must come nigh his Mistress ; that *Sophrona* just now brought Mr. *Demipho's* Brother, Mr. *Chremes* ; and that there they were altogether. At that word, I steals me up to the Door a Tip-toe, I went and stood close up to't, held my Breath, laid my Ear to the Key-hole, and very attentively listen'd to their Discourse, thus.

[*Shewing how.*]

Ant. O brave *Geta* !

Get. There did I hear the pleasantest Story in the World, that before *George* I could hardly forbear huzzaing there.

Phor. For what ?

Get. For what d'ye think ?

Ant. I can't guess.

Get. And such a prodigious wonderful Passage too. — —
'Slid your Uncle is found to be your Spouse's own Father.

Ant. Hah ! What's that ?

Get. He had formerly some private acquaintance with her Mother at *Lemno*.

Phor. Meer Dreams ! How came she not to know her own Father then ?

Get. You may suppose there was a Reason for that : But d'ye think I that was without doors could understand every word that was spoke within ?

Phor. Faith now I think on't there was some such flying Report.

Get. I'll give ye some further Proof. — Whilst I stood list'ning out goes your Uncle, and presently after brought your Father in along with him ; and both said you might keep her and welcome. In short, they've sent me to look for ye and bring ye to 'em.

Ant.

Ant. throws his Arms about Geta's Neck.] Bless my Soul! away with me in a moment:— Are ye mad to stay?

Get. I'll do't, as I'm a living Man.

Ant. Dear Rogue *Phormio*, farewell.

Phor. Adieu, adieu, Sir.

[*Exit Geta carrying off Antipho.*]

Phormio alone.

Let me die, if this ben't a lucky hit. I am glad with all my Heart they've met with such good Fortune, and so unexpectedly too. Faith now I've an excellent opportunity of bubbling both the old Fellows, and of taking the Money-care off *Pbedrie's* hands: So that he needn't be beholding to any of his Friends for't: For the same Money I squeezed from these old Gripes, shall go for *Pbedrie's* use: And e'gad I've found out a way will do it effectually: I must get me a new stately Gate, and a fine set Countenance.— But I'll step in to the next blind Ally, and pop out upon 'em as soon as they appear; for now I'm not for *Sunio* fair as I pretended.

[*He retires to one side of the Stage.*]

Enter Demipho and Chremes.

Dem. entering.] I bless my Stars with all my Heart, for the good Luck my Business has met with.— But let us make what haste we can to *Phormio*, that we may recover our Money, before he makes it all go to wreck.

Phor. comes from his covert, speaks to himself, meets Demipho, then starts.] I'll go, and see whether Mr. *Demipho* be at home, that I may,—

Dem. We were coming to you, Mr. *Phormio*.

Phor. Upo' th' old Business I warrant.

Dem. Yes, truly.

Phor. So I thought. But what need that? A good Jest in troth. What? were ye afraid I shou'dn't stand to what I said. Hark ye Gentlemen, tho' I am but a poor Fellow, I always took care to be a Man of my Word.

Chr. to Demipho.] Isn't she a well-bred Girl as I told ye?

Dem. Yes, indeed.

Phor.

Phor. For that reason I'm come on purpose to tell ye, Sir, that I am ready, and you may give her away as soon as you please ; for I've thrown off all my other business, as 'twas reason I should, when I saw that you (Gentlemen) were so eager upon this.

Dem. But my Brother here advises me to the contrary. For (says he) by doing this you'll become the common Town-talk : When you might ha' put her away with some Credit, then you wou'dn't : And 'twou'd be a Scandal to turn her off now she's married to your Son. In fine, he used almost the same Reasons, you urg'd just now, against me.

Phor. Marry come up, how merry you are upon me !

Dem. How so ?

Phor. How so quoth a ? Why now I can never marry the t'other. With what Face, think ye, can I go again to her I just now so basely turn'd off ?

Chr. aside to Demipho.] Tell him you find that *Antipho* won't endure to part with her.

Dem. Besides I find that *Antipho* won't endure to part with her.— Therefore, good *Phormio*, let me desire ye to step to the Bankers, and order the Money to be paid me back again.

Phor. What ? When I've just paid it away to my Creditors ?

Dem. aside to Chremes.] What shall we do now ?

Phor. If you'll let me have the Woman according to promise, so be it ; if you design to keep her Person, I'll keep her Portion, Mr. *Demipho* : For there's no reason I shou'd be fob'd by ye for your Pleasure only ; since to save your Credit I threw off another that would have had as good a Portion to a Farthing.

Dem. Old-Nick take thee with thy Rhodomantades for a Rogue as thou art. I warrant, you think I don't know you or your damn'd Trickseither.

Phor. This puts me beyond all patience.

Dem. Why would you marry her, if she were proffer'd to ye ?

Phor. Try me, try me.

Dem. That so my Son might Bed and Board with her at your House ; Was that your Plot ?

Phor. Ha ! What's that you say ?

Dem. I say, give me my Money.

Phor.

Phor. And I say, give me my Wife.

Dem. Come before a Justice of Peace, Sirrah.

Phor. A Justice of Peace? Nay, if you be thereabouts, I'll ———

Dem. What will ye do?

Phor. Who I, Sir? I warrant you suppose I've none but Portionless Clients; but I'll have ye to know, I've those with Portions too.

Cbr. What's that to us?

Phor. Nothing, Sir. Only I know one of 'em in this Town, whose Husband had ———

Cbr. The Devil.

[*Aside!*]

Dem. What's the Matter now?

Phor. ——— Another Wife at Lemmo.

Cbr. I am dead. ———

[*Aside.*]

Phor. — By whom he had a Daughter, which he brought up and no body e're the wiser.

Cbr. I am buried.

[*Aside*]

Phor. I'll just now go and acquaint the Gentlewoman with the long and the short on't.

Chr. holding him.] Pray now don't.

Phor. Ah, ha, Sir! Are you the Party concern'd?

Dem. How basely the Rogue plays upon us?

[*Aside.*]

Cbr. Come, we'll discharge ye.

Phor. Meer Flams!

Cbr. What wou'd ye have more? I tell ye we'll forgive ye the Money you've got of ours.

[*Softly.*]

Phor. I hear ye. — What a plague d'ye play Childrens play with me? I won't, I will; I will and I won't again; Give, take; 'tis said and unsaid, done and undone again.

Cbr. By what means? Or how the duce came he to know this?

[*Aside to Demipho.*]

Demipho and Chremes walk on one side.

Dem. I can't imagine; for I am certain I never told any living Soul of it.

Cbr. There's Witchcraft in't, I'll be sworn, else.

Phor. I've given 'em a Bone to pick.

[*Aside.*]

Dem. aside to Chremes.] S'bud shall this Rascal carry off such a round Sum of Money, and abuse us to the very Face too? By Cocksnowns he shall have my Heart for his Supper

as

as soon. Come pluck up a good Heart, Brother, and play the Man; you see your failing has taken Air, and 'tis impossible to keep it from your Wife now: Since she must know it from others, 'tis the best way for quietness sake to tell her of it our selves: then we may worry this dirty Rascal as we please. *[They move nigher to Phormio.]*

Phor. O lamentable! If I don't look about me I shall be trappan'd, as sure as a Gun. They make towards me like a couple of Bullies to hector me. *[Aside.]*

Chr. aside to Demipho.] But I'm afraid she'll ne're be reconcil'd to me.

Dem. aside to Chremes.] Take heart Man, I'll certainly make up the business: You may trust to that, Brother, since the Woman you had this Daughter by is dead, and gone out of the way.

Phor. Is this your dealings, Gentlemen? You come upon me very cunningly methinks: But introth, Mr. *Demipho*, you've done your Brother but little good by provoking me thus.— *[To Chremes.]* And you, Sir, after you've taken your swinge beyond Sea; and shewed no regard to a Lady of Quality, but offer'd her the most sensible Affronts; D'ye think by whining and praying to expiate your Fault? No; with this Story I'll raise in her such Flames, that tho' you dissolv'd into Tears, yet you shou'dn't be able to quench 'em.

Dem. Plagues and Furies seize the Rogue, and cast him into the deepest Pit of Hell! Was there ever such an impudent Dog upon the Face of the Earth: Doesn't this Rogue deserve to be transported at the publick Charge to some Desert Island?

Chr. He has got me so upon the hank, that I know not what course to take with him.

Dem. I've found away: Let's have him before a Justice.

Phor. Before a Justice? Ay, the She-Justice of this House then. *[Is going towards Chremes's.]*

Dem. Follow him and hold him fast, till I call my Servants out.

Chr. holding him.] I amn't able to hold him: Come and help me. *[Here they both hold him.]*

Phor. I'll clap an Action upon your back, Mr. *Demipho*.

Dem. Do't then.

Phor. And another upon yours, Mr. *Chremes*.

Enter

Enter a Servant or two from Demipho's.

Dem. *to the Servants.*] Here take away this Rascal.

Phor. Are ye at that Sport? Nay then 'tis time to cry out, *Nausistrata*, come hither a little.

Here the Servants lay hold of Phormio, he scuffles with them, throws down Demipho that comes to assist them, but at last is over-powered.

Chr. Gag the Villain.

Dem. *panting.*] What — a confounded strong Dog he — is?

Phor. *very loud.*] *Nausistrata*, I say.

Chr. Won't ye hold your Tongue, Sirrah?

Phor. Plague! I hold my Tongue?

Dem. *to the Servants.*] If he won't go along freely give him a punch i'th' Guts.

Phor. Or scratch my Eyes out; I've a way to be reveng'd for all that.

Enter Nausistrata: The Servants unband Phormio: Chremes looks very simply.

Naus. Who calls me?

Chr. Zookers!

[*Aside.*

Naus. Good Husband what disturbance is this?

Phor. Hah! What is your Mouth stopp'd now?

[*To Chremes.*

Naus. What Fellow's this? Won't ye tell me?

Phor. He tell ye, Madam? I'faith his Head is so giddy, he can't tell where he is himself.

Chr. Good Duck! Don't believe one word he says.

Phor. Do but go and feel him, Madam; and hang me if he ben't as cold as a Stone.

Chr. That signifies nothing.

Naus. What then? What does the Fellow talk of?

Phor. I'll tell ye, Madam, pray mind me.

Chr. Are ye resolv'd to believe him, Duck?

Naus.

Nauf. Prithee what can I believe, he has told me nothing yet.

Phor. The poor Man's Fear has put him out of his Wits.

Nauf. Introth this can't be for nothing that you should be in such a fright.

Chr. Who I in a fright?

Phor. Ay, for certain; for if you ben't, and if this, I'm going to tell, is of no consequence, pray tell it your self, Sir.

Dem. Ye Rascal shall he tell it to humour you?

Phor. Oh you do rarely in taking your Brother's part.

Nauf. What, Husband, won't ye tell me the Business then?

Chr. faultring.] Po — but. —

Nauf. But, what But?

Chr. There's no occasion for't. —

Phor. Not for you, perhaps; but for her there is. — At Lemmo, —

Chr. Ha! What says he?

Dem. Dog be silent.

Phor. — Without your knowledge, —

Chr. — Undone.

Phor. — He marry'd a Wife.

[*Aside.*
Chremes looks upon the Ground.]

Nauf. Who? My Husband? Heavens forbid that?

Phor. O my Soul 'tis all true.

Nauf. Alas-a-day I am utterly ruin'd.

Phor. And there he got a Daughter by her, which you never dreamt of. —

Chr. What will become of me now?

Nauf. Oh Heavens! Base and treacherous this.

Phor. 'Tis as I say.

[*Aside.*
Weeps.]

Nauf. Was there ever such an unworthy Action heard of? When they come to their Wives, they pretend *they are Old*, forsooth. — I address my self to you, Brother, for I am ashamed to speak to him. Was it for this he went so oft, and stay'd so long at Lemmo? Was this the low Price of Corn that made our Rents fall?

Dem. Indeed, Sister, I own he was in some fault, but yet 'tis a Venial one.

Phor. He preaches to the Wind.

[*Aside.*]

Dem. It wasn't out of Contempt or Aversion to you he did this. About fifteen Years ago he, in his Drink, had to do with this Woman, and had this Daughter by her, but ne're touch'd her since, she's now dead and gone out of the way, who was your only grievance. Therefore, good Sister, take it patiently, as you us'd to do other things.

Naus. Take it patiently? No; I had rather part from him for ever: For what can I hope for now? Can I expect Age will teach him better things? If that would ha' don't, he was old enough then: Or is my Age and Beauty like to please him more than formerly? What reason can ye give to make me to look or hope for his amendment?

Phor. aside.] Ha—ha—ha,— Here's a cast of my Office.— If any one has a mind to come to *Chremes's* Funeral, now is the time. Now let any Man provoke my Honour that dares, I'll serve him the same sawce I'll warrant him.— Let him be Friends with me now as soon as he please: I've swing'd him off sufficiently for once; and she has wherewithal to hit him i'th' Teeth as long as he has an hour to live.

Naus. scornfully.] I warrant ye, I deserv'd all this.— But, Brother, what need have I to reckon up how Faithful I've been to him in every thing.

Dem. I'm satisfy'd in that as well as you your self.

Naus. D'ye really think I deserv'd this ill usage at his hands?

Dem. Not i'th' least.— But since all your Complaints can't undo what's already done, forget and forgive: He begs your pardon, owns his Fault, and promises amends. What can ye desire more.

Phor. aside.] But i'faith before the Pardon's seal'd there must be a Proviso or two made for my self and Mr. *Pbedrie*. — Hark ye, Madam, let me put in a word before you answer.

Naus. Let's hear't then.

Phor. I cokes'd your Husband out of Threescore and Fifteen Pounds, which I gave to your Son to buy a Sweet-heart of his of an old Pandar.

Chr. hastily.] Hah! How's that?—

Naus. interrupting.] Is it such a strange thing for your Son in his youthful days to keep one Mistress, when you aren't asham'd to have two Wives? With what Face can ye reprimand him? Answer me that pray.

[Chremes draws back and looks silyly.]

Dem. He shall be ruled by you.

Naus. Well! that you may know my mind plainly, I'll neither pardon him, promise him any thing, nor give him any Answer till I see my Son, to whose determination I refer all; and shall do what he orders.

Phor. You've done very discreetly, Madam.

Naus. to Phormio.] Will that satisfy you?

Phor. Yes indeed, Madam, I am come off rarely and beyond expectation.

Naus. Pray, honest Man, what may I call your Name.

Phor. Mine, Madam? 'Tis *Phormio*, your whole Family's humble Servant, and especially Mr. *Phedrie's*.

Naus. Honest *Phormio*! Whatever kindness I can do thee, and thou desirest, be't in Word or Deed I'll do't.

Phor. You honour me too much, Madam.

Naus. Troth 'tis no more than your deserts.

Phor. First then, Madam, will ye do something that will pleasure me, and fret your Husband.

Naus. With all my Heart.

Phor. If you please invite me to Supper then.

Naus. Faith come and welcome.

Dem. Let's go in then.

Naus. Agreed, — But where's *Phedrie* our Referée all this while?

Phor. I hope he'll be here anon.——

To the Spectators.

Gentlemen,

Fare ye well, and clap.

The End of the Tricks of Phormio.

The Fifth of November

My dear Sir, I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. and in reply to inform you that I have the pleasure to have your letter of the 10th inst. received.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
J. H. P.

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. and in reply to inform you that I have the pleasure to have your letter of the 10th inst. received.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,
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THE
Mother-in-Law.

A
COMEDY,
Acted at the Roman SPORTS,

W H E N

S. Julius Cæsar,
and
Cn. Cornelius Dolabella, } were *Curule Edil's*.

At that time it was not Acted quite through.

Flaccus made free by *Claudius*, Compos'd the
Musick, which was perform'd upon two Equal Flutes.

It was taken wholly from the GREEK of *Apollodorus*.

Acted first under the Consulship of } *Cn. Octavius*
and
} *T. Manlius*.

It was Acted a second time at a Funeral Solemnity.

Acted a third time, when

Q. Fulvius, }
and
L. Murcio, } were *Curule Edil's*.

A. V. C. 588. Before Christ 155.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

- Laches, { *An old Gentleman of Athens; very honest and true-hearted, lately retir'd into the Country.*
- Phidippus, { *Another old Citizen of Athens; his Neighbour and Friend, indulgent to his Family, but somewhat angry when stirred.*
- Phamphilus, { *Laches's Son; a very gentle, civil, obliging, good-natur'd young Gentleman, and a great Respector of his Parents, tho' formerly somewhat debauch'd.*
- Parmeno, { *Servant to Pamphilus, and his Confident; a trusty, merry, inquisitive Fellow.*
- Socia, { *Another Servant of Pamphilus's.*

W O M E N.

- Sostrata, { *The Mother-in-Law; Wife to Laches; a submissive, peaceable, kind old Gentlewoman.*
- Myrrhina, { *Wife to Phidippus; easie, gentle, and fearful.*
- Bacchis, { *A noted Courtesan, formerly Miss to Pamphilus; very honest, and generous considering her Circumstances.*
- Philotis, { *Another Courtesan; of a merry, gentle, sweet Nature.*
- Syra, { *An old Woman of the same stamp; peevish, revengeful, and ill-natur'd.*

M U T E S.

- Philumena, *Wife to Pamphilus, and Daughter to Phidippus.*
- Scirtus, *A Boy of Laches's.*
The Nurse.
Two Servants to Bacchis.

Scene, A T H E N S.

TIME, about Six Hours.

T H E

Mother-in-Law.

A C T I.

SCENE, *The Street before Phidippus and
Laches's Door.*

TIME, *The Forenoon.*

Enter Philotis and Syra.

Phil. **I**'Faith, old *Syra*, there's not one in forty of these young Fellows that keeps touch with a Mistress.— Why here's Mr. *Pamphilus* now, how many thousand Oaths has he sworn to *Bacchis* (and solemnly too, that one cou'dn't but believe him) that he'd never marry while she liv'd. Very good, and yet my Gentleman's married for all that.

Syr. For that Reason, Girl, let me advise and conjure you as a Friend to pity none of the Sex; but fleece'em, maul'em, and pick the very Bones of every Creature of 'em, that you get in your clutches.

Phil. What all without exception?

[*Sighing.*
Syr.

Syr. Ay ev'ry Mothers Son of 'em. — Take this from an old Woman, that there's none of these Sparks that are so sweet upon ye, that has any other design than to have his will of ye, at as cheap a rate as he can. And prithee Child, shon'dn't thou in justice countermine 'em?

Phil. But to serve all alike is too cruel, I vow.

Syr. Cruel to be reveng'd of ones Enemies? Or to take Cheats in their own Traps? Ah! what pity 'tis, that I had not that Youth and Beauty of yours, or you those Sentiments of these Matters that I have.

Enter Parmeno at a distance.

Par. *to Scirtus within.*] If the old Gentleman ask for me, tell him I'm just gone to the Water-side, to enquire when Mr. Pamphilus comes home. — D'ye hear, Boy? If he asks for me, you may tell him so; if not, say nothing; then this Excuse will keep cold for another time. — [*He comes from the Door.*] But is that *Philly* there? — Whence comes she, I wonder? — [*Goes up to 'em.*] *Philotus*, I'm heartily glad to see ye.

Phil. And I you, honest *Parmeno*.

Syr. Cods-buddikins, *Parmeno*, how dost thou do my Lad?

Par. Ud's fish, Grannum, how dost thou? — *Exit Syra.* But prithee, Mrs. *Philly*, where ha' you been diverting your self this live-long while?

Phil. But little diversion, Heaven knows; e're since I march'd off with the Captain to *Corinth*, the meereft Brute upon Earth, where I led a very Dog's Life for two whole Years together.

Par. Ay faith! I warrant ye, you often sigh'd for old *Athens* agen, and cou'd ha' wished your self hang'd for undertaking the Journey.

Phil. 'Tis impossible to tell ye how eager I was to come home to get clear of my Spark, and to see ye all once more; where I might ha' free liberty to enjoy my Friends and Merry-meetings as formerly. For there I cou'dn't utter a Word but what was shap'd out by that rascally Captain.

Par. That same cutting ye short of your tattle, I phansie, must needs go against the grain.

Phil.

Phil. Well: But what a business is this that *Bacchis* has been telling o' me within? I could ne're have imagin'd *Pamphilus* could ha' found in his heart to marry as long as she liv'd.

Par. Marry quoth a?

[*Angrily.*]

Phil. Hey-day! Why isn't he married.

Par. Marry'd indeed: But I have a conceit this Marriage won't hold long.

Phil. Pray Heavens it may not, if it be to *Bacchis's* Advantage.—— But how shall I be certain of it? Good Boy, satisfie me in that.

Par. 'Tisn't a thing to be ask'd: Therefore pray don't be so inquisitive.

Phil. You're afraid, I warrant, that I should blaze it abroad: But let me perish if I ask ye upon any such design, but only for my own private Satisfaction.

Par. All your fine Wheadling shall ne're perswade me to trust my Back to your Discretion.

Phil. Well don't then, who cares? As if now you had not much more mind to tell me, than I to know.

[*In a jaunting way.*]

Par. aside.] E'dad she's i'th' right on't: She has hit upo' my greatest Weakness.—— Well, Madam, promise Secrecy upon your Honour, and I'll tell ye all.

Phil. So: Now you're come to your self again.—— Upon my Honour then: away with't.

Par. Mind me then.

Phil. Well.

Par. Mr. *Pamphilus* was i'th' very height of his Passion for Mrs. *Bacchis*, when his Father began to be earnest with him to marry. He alledged the usual Arguments of all Fathers in the like Case, namely; *That he was an old Man, had no Child but him, and desir'd that he might not be destitute of a Support in his old Age.* At first he rejects the Proposal; but when his Father came to press on the Business more zealously than ordinary, he was brought to such straits that he cou'dn't tell which to prefer either his Love or Duty. At last the old Man by baiting and teasing his Son's Heart out, screw'd him up to his Pitch, and got him made sure to his next Neighbour's Daughter. *Pamphilus* didn't take it in such dudgeon till his Wedding-day came on; but when he saw all things ready,
and

and without more ado, marry he must; he laid it so much to heart, that I'm perswaded if *Bacchis* her self had seen him in that plight, she cou'dn't but ha' pitied him. For whene're he had any spare time of being by himself, he'd call me aside to him and cry, *Ab, Parmeno, I'm a lost Man. What have I done? What a dismal Condition have I brought my self into? I an't able to bear the weight of it: Ob, 'twill brake my Heart.*

Phil. The Devil and his Damm take this *Laches* for a baiting old Cur.

Par. To cut short o' my Story, the Bride was brought home: The first Night he did not touch her: and the following was the same.—

Phil. The Duce take ye: What, a young Fellow to have his Bride in Bed with him on the Wedding-night, and pretty tipsie too, I warrant ye, and not.— A likely business in troth: Come, this sounds like a Lye.

Par. I know you can't tell how to believe me, 'cause none comes to you, but he comes sharp set: But alas, our young Gentleman had no Stomach at all to his Woman.

Phil. Well, but what then?

Par. A few days after, he takes me privately aside, and tells me, *She was as good a Maid as ever for all him; and that before he marry'd, he hop'd a Wife might ha' gone down pretty well; but now (said he) I'm resolv'd to part with her ere long. 'Twould be a baseness in me, and much to the prejudice of the poor Gentlewoman to abuse her so, as not to return her to her Friends, as I receiv'd her.*

Phil. 'Twas done like a Man of Principles and Modesty.

Par. But then (continu'd he) 'twon't be safe to publish my Intentions: and for me to send her back to her Father, and to have nothing to say against her, won'd be too peremptory. All my hope is, when she finds there's no living together, that she'll be gone, of her own accord.

Phil. But all this while did he continue his Visits to *Bacchis*?

Par. As constantly as the day came about: But (as 'tis usual for Women) when she saw him another's, she became more peevish and pretending than formerly.

Phil.

Phil. I faith, and well she might.

Par. And this indeed was the chief Cause of their parting. For by this time he had recollected himself, and seriously consider'd his Mistress's Temper and his Wife's; and well compared their Behaviours together. His Wife, he found, was a sweet-natur'd Gentlewoman; truly vertuous and modest, patient under the Affronts and Incivilities of a Husband, and willing to wink at his Faults. So that partly touch'd with remorse for his usage of his Wife, and partly tired with the insolence of his Whore; at last he gave *Bacchis* the slip, and settled his Affections upon this Woman, whose Humour he found so agreeable to his own. — Mean time, an old Kinsman of our Master's dies at *Imbros*, and made him his Heir; and upon this unwilling Errand is our Love-sick *Pamphilus* posted away by his Father. He leaves his Lady with his Mother; for the old Gentleman lives retir'd in the Country, and seldom visits the Town.

Phil. But where's this Flaw in the Match all the while?

Par. I'm going to tell ye: At first, for a few days or so, the Mother and the Daughter-in-Law agreed mighty well together. When all on a suddain the young Woman began to hate the old One most mortally, without any Quarrel or Complaint on either side.

Phil. How came it about then?

Par. If at any time my old Lady *Sofstrata* came to have a little Chat with her, she'd presently avoid the Room, and fly the Sight of her: But when she could away with her Company no longer, she pretends her Mother had sent for her upon some business of Devotion; and away she goes. After she had been there a while, my Lady sends and desires her Company at home, she only returns her a lame excuse of I know not what. She sends a second time, but no Gentlewoman comes: At last after many Messages they pretend she is sick. Upo' this, my Lady steps over her self, to give her a Visit, but no admittance could be got. When this came to my old Master's Ear, yesterday he came out of the Country upo' this very account, and discourses her Father about it. I can't learn as yet what pass'd between them; but I'm in a peck of troubles to know what will come on't. — Now you've the long and the short o' my Story. — I must away to the place I design'd.

Phil.

Pbil. And so must I too: For I've made an Affignation with a Country Squire much about this time.

Par. I'll throw an old Shooe after ye, and wish ye good Luck.

Pbil. Farewel *Parmeno*.

Par. And farewel to thee, my little *Pbilly*.

Exeunt severally.

The End of the First Act;

A C T II.

Enter Laches and Sostrata after him.

Lach. entring.] **B**Less my Soul ! What a Strein's this ? What a confounded Conspiracy is this ? That all Women shou'd take the same Byass, and do or not do every thing by consent ? When did you see a Mother-in-Law that did not hate her Daughter-in-Law ? Their Endeavours to oppose their Husbands are the same, and their cross-grain'd Stubbornness the same. I fancy they were all train'd up for Mischiefe in the same School, of which damn'd place of Education (if there be any such) I'll be sworn my Dame is the Mistress. *[Walks about in a buff.]*

Soft. This is a hard Case, that I shou'd be accus'd of a business that I know nothing of ?

Lach. You know nothing of this then ?

Soft. As I hope for Mercy, I don't : And as I hope (my dear *Laches* !) we may live long together.

Lach. Heavens forbid that, say I.

Soft. That I'm wrongfully accus'd, time will discover.

Lach.

Lach. jeering.] Yes, yes; you are wrongfully accus'd.—
Can Words be ill enough to set ye out in your proper Colours? You that have disgrac'd me, your self and our Family, and are laying in sufficient Matter to torment your Son? Then you've provok'd our new Friends and Relations to hate us, those who were pleas'd to honour our Son with their Alliance: And you forsooth must start up, and confound all, by your ill-condition'd Humours.

Soft. Who I?

Lach. Woman, I say *You*: Why *you* take me surely for a Block, and not a Man. Think ye because I'm retir'd into the Country, that I know nothing of your Pranks and Transactions here in Town? But let me tell ye, I know much better what's done here than at the place of my own residence; and that because my Reputation abroad depends upon your Behaviour at home. I heard indeed long ago, that *Philumena* could not endure ye, and made no wonder on't; 'twould ha' been a greater Miracle if she cou'd: But I little thought she cou'dn't have endur'd the whole Family upo' your account; had I been aware of that, she should have staid, and you pack'd off i'faith.— Pray see, Wife, what small reason ye have to vex me thus. I retir'd into the Country, gave way to ye, afforded ye enough for your Necessities, and your Pleasures too; and that my Estate might the better bear it, I've weary'd and toil'd my self more than's convenient for my Age; and cou'dn't ye after all this have took care that nothing disturb'd my repose?

Soft. By all that's good, what has happen'd wasn't through my means or fault.

Lach. No? Yes, but 'twas: For you're sole Mistress here, and you're only to be blam'd: Sure you might ha' look'd after things in your own House since I've taken all other Cares off your hands. An old Woman to stand squabbling with a Girl? Fie, fie!—— You won't lay the Fault upon her sure?

Soft. No: Dear Husband, I lay nothing to her charge.

Lach. O' my Soul I'm glad o' that for poor *Pam's* sake: But as for you, do the worst ye can, I can't think worse of ye than I do.

Soft.

Soft. But, good Husband, how d'ye know, but she may only pretend a displeasure against me, to be the more at home with her Mother?

Lach. Ne're tell me that. Wasn't yesterday's shutting the Door against ye sufficient proof of her hatred?

Soft. They told me, *she was very faint and weak*; therefore 'twasn't convenient to disturb her.

Lach. She's sick, I fancy, of your ill Conditions more than of any thing else. And no wonder int'roth; for there's not a Mother of ye all but would have your Sons marry: And whoever is the Person that pleases you, they must have: And when to comply with your Humour they are married, to comply with your Humour again, they must turn their Wives out of doors.

Phidippus appears at his Door.

Phid. *to Philumena within.*] Tho' I'm satisfy'd I've Authority to force you to obey what I Command, yet my Fatherly Affection prevails with me rather to give way to ye, and not cross ye in your Humour.

Lach. Oh! here's my Brother *Phidippus* in good time, I shall know all from him.— [*They meet one another.*] I confess, Brother, I'm as indulgent to all my Family as any Man; yet I suffer not my easiness to corrupt their Morals. Were you as careful, I'm perswaded 'twould be more for your advantage, as well as ours: But now I find you suffer 'em to ride ye as they list.

Phid. Look ye there now.

[*Aside.*

Lach. Yesterday I waited upon ye about your Daughter; you sent me away as wise as I came: But let me tell ye, you don't do well to conceal the Cause of your Anger, if ye design a lasting Alliance between us. If any of us have offended ye, pray make it out; that so either by disproving or justifying what's done, we may give as ample Satisfaction as you shall require. If Sickness be the Cause of keeping your Daughter at home, let me tell ye, Brother, 'tis too great a Reflection upon us to imagine she shoudn't have due attendance at my House. As I hope to be saved, tho' you
are

are her Father, you shan't out-do me in this : nor can you be more desirous of her Health than I am ; and that for my poor Boy's sake, who I perceive loves her more than his Life, and am confident will highly resent it, when he comes to know on't ; therefore pray let's have her home before he comes back from his Voyage.

Phid. I'm satisfied, Brother, of your extraordinary Care and Affection for my Daughter, and am apt to believe ev'ry Word you've said ; but then I'd ha' ye believe me too, that 'tis my hearty desire to have her to your House, if I could prevail with her by any means.

Lach. Why what hinders ye ?—— [Softly.] Hark ye, does she object any thing against her Husband ?

Phid. Nothing in the World ; for when I urg'd it home to her, and seem'd as tho' I'd force her to return, she vow'd by all that's good, *She wasn't able to endure your House, while her Pamphilus was away.* Every one has his failings, for my part I'm so soft-natur'd, I can't cross and thwart my own Flesh and Blood.

Lach. D'ye hear that Mistress ?

[Aside to Softrata.

Soft. Ay, to my Sorrow.

[Aside.

Lac. Is that your Resolution then, Brother ?

Phid. As the Case stands, 'tis so.—— But ha' ye any thing else to say ? For I've a little business calls me in haste to the Piazza.

Lach. I'll bear ye Company if ye please.

Exeunt Phidippus and Laches.

Enter

Enter Sofrata alone.

In good faith we poor Wives have got a very ill Name with our Husbands, because of a few bad Creatures, that make the World judge hardly of us all. For as I hope for Heaven, I'm as innocent of what my Husband accuses me of as the sucking Infant. Yet 'tis next to impossible to be believ'd, there's such a common Scandal sticks upon all Mother-in-Laws: But let me die if I'm one that deserve it; for I've been as tender of this same Creature, as if she had been a Daughter of my own. I can't imagine why this Misfortune should light upon my head. However upon many accounts I am extreamly desirous of my Son's return.

*Exit.**The End of the Second Act.*

ACT

A C T III.

*Enter Pamphilus and Parmeno, at the farther end
of the Stage.*

Pam. — **W**AS ever Man so perplex'd in
his Love as I? Unhappy
Wretch! Have I been such a
good Husband o' my Life for
this? Was't this which made me so desirous of returning
home? 'T had been better for me to have spent my days any
where in the World, than to come back hither, and find my
self so unhappy here: For whatever Misfortune befalls a Man,
the longer 'tis before he knows it, is so much time clearly
gained.

Par. However, Sir, by your return, you'll be able the
sooner to make your self easie. Had you staid away, the
Breach wou'd ha' been far wider. Now, Sir, I'm confident
that your Presence will have a great Influence upon them all.
So you'll learn the whole Business, rectifie Misunderstandings,
and make all Friends again. All these dreadful Apprehensi-
ons of yours are in themselves but very slight things.

Pam. Why d'ye pretend to comfort me, when I'm the
greatest Wretch alive? Before I marry'd this Woman, my
Heart was engag'd elsewhere; how much I suffer'd upon
that account, any one may easily guess, without my telling;
and yet I never was the Man that dar'd to refuse the Match
my Father put upon me: I had but just wean'd my self from
Bacchis, and disengaged my Affections; but just fix'd my
Love on *Philumena*; when alas, a new Business happens which
forc'd me to leave her too: Then I'm afraid I shall find ei-
ther my Mother or Wife to blame; and if so, the Conse-
quence must be, that I shall be miserable still. For Duty,
Parmeno, binds me to bear with my Mother's Failings; and
T for

for my Wife, I'm a thousand ways oblig'd to her, not only for meekly bearing with my Humors, but also for concealing my unkind Usage to her from all the World. Certainly, *Parmeno*, some extraordinary thing must have happen'd, which gave occasion to this Quarrel that have now lasted so long.

Par. Some frivolous thing or other I'll warrant ye, Sir: For upon close examination you'll find that the greatest Quarrels han't always the greatest Occasions. 'Tis frequent, Sir, to find the same thing make one Man stark mad, and your mortal Enemy for ever, when it doesn't move another. How do Children bite and scratch for the smallest Trifles! And why? Marry because their Understandings are weak, and are not able to direct 'em: And your Women truly are e'en as soon moved as Children; one chance Word perhaps or so has been the occasion of all this Disturbance.

Pam. Well! go in, *Parmeno*, and let 'em know I'm here.

Parmeno going off bears a Noise and stops short.

Par. Hah! What's here to do?

Pam. S't!

[*Listens.*

Par. Here's a sad Bustle, they run up and down like mad.— Pray, Sir, come a little this way.— [*Pamphilus goes towards him.*] A little closer yet. [*They both listen at Phidippus's Door.*] Ha! D'ye hear, Sir?

Pam. Hold your prating.— [*Shrieking within.*] Bless me! I hear some body shriek.

Par. So! you enjoyn my silence, and talk your self.

Myr. within Doors.] Prithee dear Child, as little noise as may be.

Pam. That's like *Philumena's* Mother's Voice.— Ruin'd!

Par. Why so?

Pam. Undone!

Par. Wherefore?

Pam. Ah, *Parmeno*, there's some Mischief more than ordinary has happen'd, which they conceal from me.

Par. They said indeed your Lady was out of order, whether that be it or no, I can't tell.

Pam.

The Mother-in-Law.

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Pam. I'm a lost Man.—— Why didn't ye tell me this before? [*Angrily.*]

Par. I cou'dn't tell ye ev'ry thing at once.

Pam. What's her Distemper?

Par. That I can't tell.

Pam. How! Is no body gone for a Doctor?

Par. I can't tell that neither.

Pam. But why don't I go in my self, that I may know for certain what's the Business?—— Ah, my dear *Philumena*, in what Condition shall I now find thee? Should thy Life be in danger, I shall certainly die with thee.

Exit Pamphilus

Parmeno alone.

I don't think it convenient to venture in after him: For I very well know, they don't care for any of our Family. Yesterday they shut the Door against my Lady her self. If she should chance to grow worse (which int'roth I wou'dn't have for my poor Master's sake) they'll presently pretend (a plague on 'em all) that one of Madam *Sostrata's* Servants came in, brought the Devil along with him, and thereupon that she grew worse immediately: So my Mistress will be blam'd; but I'll shall ha' the worst on't.

[*The Noise increases within.*]

Enter Sostrata on the other side.

Soft. to her self.] Alas, I think I've heard a strange sort of a Bustle in my Sister's House, and for sometime too. I vow, I'm extreamly afraid poor *Philumena's* Distemper grows worse and worse: But Heavens forbid it. Now I'll give her a Visit. [*She's going in.*]

Par. Hark ye, Madam!

Soft. Hah!

Par. You'll meet with another repulse, Madam.

Soft. turning about.] Ha, *Parmeno*! are you there?—— Alas poor Wretch! What shall I do? Shan't I go see my on's Wife, when she lies sick but at next door?

T 2

Par.

Par. If you'd be rul'd by me, Madam, neither see her, nor send to see her: For to be fond of one that perfectly hates you seems a double peice of Folly. You'll bestow your labour to no purpose, and be troublesome besides.—— Then, Madam, your Son went to see how she did, as soon as he came to Town.

Soft. How! my Son *Pamphilus* come ashore?

Par. Yes, Madam.

Soft. Heavens be praised, —— That word has reviv'd me, and set my Heart at rest.

Par. Upo' this account especially, I wou'dn't ha' ye go in: For if her Pains be a little abated, I'm confident, now they're together, she'll up and tell him all that pass'd between you two; and how the Difference first began.—— But see where he comes.—— He seems very melancholy upon't.

Enter Pamphilus.

Soft. Ah, my Dear, dear Child! [*Embracing him.*

Pam. Your Blessing, Madam.

Soft. Welcome home heartily.—— But how is't with your Wife?

Pam. O' the mending hand. —— [*Wiping his Eyes.*

Soft. Heavens continue it so.—— But why in tears Son? Why thus melancholy?

Pam. Nothing at all, Madam.

Soft. What Bustle was that? tell me: Was she taken with a suddain Fit?

Pam. Yes, Madam.

Soft. What's her Distemper?

Pam. An Ague.

Exit Soft.

Soft. A Quotidian?

Pam. So they tell me.—— Pray, Madam, walk in, I'll follow immediately.

Soft. So I will.

Pam. *Parmeno*, do you run and meet my Servants, and help 'em home with their Luggage.

Par.

Par. *grumbling.*] What a-duce can't they find the way home without a Guide?

Pam. You'll be gone, won't ye?

Exit Parmeno.

Pamphilus alone walking about discontentedly.

Where shall I begin now, to give an account of those many surprizing Misfortunes that has befallen me? Part of which I heard, and part I saw with these very eyes; which made me run out of the House half distracted.—— For when I hastily went in just now, in great concern for my Wife (thinking to find her sick of another-gates Distemper than what, alas! I found her in:) The Maids being surpriz'd at first sight all of 'em o're-joy'd, cry'd out, *He's come*: But immediately after I perceiv'd they changed Countenance, because I happen'd to come at such an unlucky Minute: mean time one of 'em runs up Stairs to give notice of my Arrival; and I, as eager to see my Wife, follow her directly. No sooner was I got in, but immediately I perceiv'd her Ailment, unhappy Creature as I was: For they had no time ith' World to conceal the business; for her Cryings out did sufficiently discover her Condition. When I saw this, *Base and unworthy*, said I! And with that immediately flung out of the Room all in Tears, struck with Horror at such an unheard of dismal Accident. Her Mother, poor Soul, followed me close, catch'd me at the Door, and flung her self at my Feet, melting into Tears; so that I cou'd not but pity her: And truly, I'm of Opinion, as a Man's Fortune rises or falls, so is he up or down. She thus address'd her self to me: *My dear Pamphilus, you're an Eye-witness now of the Cause that made this unhappy Creature leave your House: She was ravish'd sometime since by an unknown Villain; and is now fled hither to hide her shame from you and the World.* [*He wipes his Eyes.*] But alas! the ver Remembrance of her earnest Intreaties makes me melt afresh.—— *Whatsoever Chance or Fortune* (continu'd she) *has brought you hither at this Juncture, by that we both conjure ye (if we may in Equity and Justice presume so far) to bury and conceal this Miscbance from the Eye of the World. If ever (dear Pamphilus!) if ever you were sensible that she had any Tenderness for ye: in requital she begs ye not to think that small Favour too much to*

grant her. As for taking her again, use your own discretion. You're the only Person that knows of her Lying in, and that the Child is none of yours: For they say you had nothing to do with her the first two Months; and after you had, 'tis now seven and no more. Your Behaviour shows what your thoughts are about it: Now, if it be possible (my Dear!) I wish and endeavour nothing more than that her Lying in may be kept from her Father, and every Soul besides: But should it come out, it shall go for a Miscarriage, I know none will think otherwise; but, what is most likely, will suppose you the Father of it. The Child shall immediately be expos'd, and you ne're the worse for't; and by this means you can suffer no inconvenience, and secure the poor Girl's Reputation besides.— I pass'd my Word, and am resolv'd to keep it: But for taking her again, I think it no ways for my Honour, nor will I do it; tho' her Love and Conversation have a very great Influence o're me.— I can't but weep to think what a melancholy Life I must lead for the future.— [Weeps.] O Fortune, Fortune, what a changeable thing thou art! But my first Love has inur'd me to this usage; I conquer'd that by reason, and now I must endeavour to do the like.—

Enter Parmeno, Socia, and Porters at a great distance with Trunks, Portmantau's, &c.

But yonder comes *Parmeno* with the rest, there's no occasion for him to be hereabouts at this time; for he's the only Person I made privy to my Behaviour to my Wife, when we first marry'd. I fear should he hear her frequent Shrieks, he'll discover her to be in Labour: I must ev'n send him on some Errand or other, till all's over.

Par. to Socia.] Say so? Had ye such a wretched Voyage on't? Hah!

Soc. In sober Sadness, *Parmeno*, 'tisn't possible to tell thee what a dismal thing 'tis to be a Ship-board.

Par. Indeed?

Soc. Troth thou'rt a happy Fellow, little dost thou know what dangers thou escapest by keeping always on dry ground. To pass over other Hardships, mark but this: Thirty long Days and Nights or more, was I on Ship-board; expecting ev'ry minute to be sows'd to the bottom of the Sea, 'twas such

such plaguy stormy Weather all the time, and the Wind against us.

Par. Abominable !

Soc. So indeed I found it : In short, if I knew I must go back, rather than do't, upo' my Soul I'd shew 'em a light pair of Heels for't.

Par. Ay, old Boy, thou'st been ready for that sport upon slighter occasions than this : ——— But hold, yonder's my Master *Pamphilus* before that Door, ——— Go all in, and I'll step to him, and see if he has any business wi' me.

Exeunt Socia and Porters.

Parmeno goes to Pamphilus.

Par. Are you here still, Sir ?

Pam. Yes, I stay for you.

Par. What's your Pleasure ?

Pam. You must run as far as the Tower,

Par. Who must ?

Pam. You must.

Par. As far as the Tower ? For what pray, Sir ?

Pam. To find out one *Callidemides* my Landlord of *Myconia*, who came over i'th' same Vessel wi' me.

Par. S'death ! I'll be sworn this Master o'mine has made a Vow, that if e're he got ashore, he'd make me run my Heart out. *[Aside.]*

Pam. Why don't ye stir ?

Par. Must I say any thing to him, or must I only give him the meeting ?

Pam. Tell him I can't meet him to day as I appointed, that he mayn't stay to no purpose, ——— Fly.

Par. But Sir, I don't know what manner of Man he is.

Pam. I'll tell ye how to know him presently. ——— He's a huge, fiery-fac'd, frizzled-crown, fat Fellow, with wall-eyes, and looks as if he'd fright ye.

Par. aside.] Plague on him for a Son of Wh . . . *[Going off, turns back.]* But suppose he ben't there, must I stay till Night for him ?

Pam. Ay, ay : Run Sirrah.

Par. I beg your Pardon for that, I'm quite founder'd already.

Exit Hobbling.

Pamphilus goes.

Hes gone, — Now what course shall poor I take? — I'm at a strange loss how to conceal *Philumena's* lying in, as her Mother desir'd me. I profess, I can't but pity the poor Woman. I'll do what I can, but still I'll discharge my Duty to my Parents, for my Love must give way to my Obedience.

Enter Laches and Phidippus at some distance.

But lack-a-day there's my Father and Mr. *Phidippus* together, — They make this way too. — I can't devise what to say to 'em.

Lach. to Phidippus.] Didn't ye tell me just now that your Daughter only waited for my Son's coming home.

Pbid. Yes.

Lach. I hear he's come, let her be brought home then.

Pam. to himself.] I can't imagine what excuse to make to my Father for not taking her home again. —

Lach. over-bearing.] What Voice is that?

Pam. to himself.] Yet I'm fully resolv'd to keep firm to my first design.

Lach. O here's the Man we were talking of.

Pam. Your Blessing, Sir.

Lach. I'm glad to see thee.

Pbid. Welcome home, *Pamphilus*; I'm also glad to see ye so sound and lusty after your Voyage.

Pam. I'm oblig'd to ye, Sir.

Lach. Are ye but just landed, Son?

Pam. Just now, Sir.

Lach. Well, and what has our Kinsman *Phanie* left us? Hah!

Pam. Why really, Sir, he was a Man given up to his Pleasures in his Life-time, and such as he seldom leave much to their Heirs: However they leave this Commendation behind

hind 'em, that as long as they liv'd, they liv'd like Gentlemen.

Lach. Then thou hast brought home nothing but that pretty Sentence instead of an Estate.

Pam. That little he has left, may do us some kindness.

Lach. Ah ! none at all.—— I wish heartily he were alive and in health again.

Phid. You may safely wish that : He's past wishing for.—— I dare swear I know which you'd chuse. [*Aside.*

Lach. to Pamphilus.] Yesterday my Brother here sent to desire his Daughter might come to his House.—— Say you did. [*Aside to Phidippus thrusting him.*

Phid. softly to Laches.] Don't punch me so.—— So I did.—— [*Aloud to Pamphilus.*

Lach But now he'll send her home again.

Phid. So I will.

Pam. Sir, I know the whole business, how ev'ry thing has been manag'd since I went. I heard the whole Story as soon as e're I arriv'd.

Lach. Hang those envious Devils, that were so officious as to tell it ye. [*In a Passion.*

Pam. I'm sure I took all possible care to avoid giving any of ye the least offence : And had I mind to't, I could here tell ye how faithful, loving, and kind I've been to her ; but I had rather ye should hear't from her own Mouth: For by that means you'll the sooner believe my good Nature, when the Relation comes from her that at present is so unkind to me. Heaven's my witness, I had no hand at all in this Difference : But since she thinks her self too good to stoop to my Mother, when Modesty might ha' taught her to have born with her Humour ; and since there's no other way of composing the Difference, I must e'en part with either one or the other. But now, Mr. *Phidippus*, Filial Duty obliges me to take my Mother's part before my Wives.

Lach. I am not displeased, *Pamphilus*, to find ye so ready to sacrifice all to the Interests of your Parents : But have a care you don't engage too far in this Quarrel.

Pam. How can I engage my self in a Quarrel against her, that never disoblig'd me in any thing, but on the contrary has oblig'd me in many things ? I love her, honour her, and still desire with all my Soul to keep her : For I've always found

found her of a wonderful sweet Temper towards me ; therefore I wish with all my Heart she may spend the remainder of her days with a more fortunate Husband than me ; since meer necessity tears her from me.

Pbid. 'Tis in your own power to hinder that.

[*Angrily.*

Lach. Take her home again, if you be wise.

Pam. That's not my intention, Sir. I must now consult my Mother's Interest.

Exit Pamphilus.

Lach. Whether now ? — Stay, stay, I say. — Where are ye going ?

Pbid. What Whim's this ?

[*Surlily.*

Lach. I told ye, Brother, how highly he'd resent this ; and therefore begg'd of ye to send home your Daughter in time.

Pbid. S'bud I didn't think he had been such a Churl. Does he think I'll go cringing with Cap in Hand to him ? If he's dispos'd to take home his Wife, well and good ; if not, let him refund her Portion, pack off, and a F—— for him.

[*In a buff.*

Lach. Look ye now ; you're in as great a Fume as he.

Pbid. Pamphilus, you're grown mighty huffish methinks after your Voyage. —

Lach. His anger will soon be over, tho' indeed he had some Cause.

Pbid. Because forsooth you've got a little more Pelf fallen to ye, you swell so much upon't.

Lach. What ? You'll fall out wi' me too ?

Pbid. Let him consider on't, and tell me to day, whether he'll have her or no ; that if he won't, another may.

Exit in a buff.

Laches alone.

Stay Brother, hear me but one Word. — He's gone ; — But what's this to me ? In short, let 'em order their Matters as they please for me ; since neither Brother nor Son will hear Reason, nor mind one Word I say, I'll turn all my Forces upo' my Wife, the Promoter of all this Mischief, and discharge all that sticks in my Stomach upon her.

Exit Laches, and as he goes off.

Enter

Enter Myrrhina in disorder.

I'm ruin'd ! What shall I do? — Which way shall I turn my self? — Alas ! What answer can I give my Husband? I'm perswaded he heard the Child cry, which made him run so hastily into my Daughter's Chamber, without saying a Word. Should he find that she's in Labour, I vow I can't devise what excuse to invent for the concealing of it. — The Door goes, — I'm afraid he's upo' the Scent after me. — I'm no Woman of this World.

Enter Phidippus.

Phid. entring.] As soon as my Wife perceiv'd I was going into my Daughter's Chamber, away she slunk out o' doors. — But here she is tho. — How now Wife? — [*She seems not to see him.*] Hark ye, 'tis you I speak to.

Myr. Meaning me, my dear Husband?

Pbid. I your Husband? D'ye regard me as a Husband, or so much as a Man? For had ye esteem'd me either one or t'other (Gentlewoman !) you daren't ha' made me such a publick Scorn by your Baseness.

Myr. By what Baseness?

Pbid. By what? — Isn't your Daughter brought to Bed? — Hah ! Are ye Tongue-ty'd now? — Who's the Father pray?

Myr. Is that a Question for a Father to ask? — Dear Heart, who d'ye think shou'd be but her own Husband?

Pbid. I believe it, nor is it for a Father to think otherwise : But I'm amaz'd why ye should so carefully keep all in hugger-mugger from us, especially when she was delivered at her full time, and all things were as they shou'd be. Cou'd ye be so damnably malicious, as to wish the poor Child's Death ; which you knew would be the occasion of a more lasting Friendship between us, rather than suffer Man and Wife to live together contrary to your cross-grain'd Humour. — I took it to be wholly their Fault, but now I find 'tis all long of you.

Myr. I'm a miserable Creature.

Pbid.

Phid. Would I were sure o' that.— It now comes fresh into my mind, what you formerly said on this subject, when the Match was first made. You profess'd forsooth, that you couldn't away with a Son-in-Law that kept his Wenches, and lay abroad whole Nights together.

Myr. I had rather he should suspect any thing i'th' World, than guess at the true Cause.

Phid. I knew that he kept a Mistress (Madam Wife!) long before you did: But I never counted that such a mighty Fault in a young Man; for 'tis what we are all born with, but the time will quickly come when he'll hate himself for't: But you I see are still the same, and could ne're be at quiet till you had parted 'em, and null'd the Marriage 'cause 'twas o' my making. Now 'tis plain how rarely you stood affected to the Match. [Aside.

Myr. Can ye suppose me so base and cruel to my own Flesh and Blood, if this Match had been to our advantage.

Phid. Pish! You able to foresee or judge what's to our advantage? May be some body inform'd you that they saw him going to or coming from his Mistress. And what of all that, if he did it privately, and but seldom? Isn't it more handsome for us, to wink at such Failings, than blaze 'em abroad, and get nothing but ill will to our selves by the Bargain? For could he so suddainly draw his Affections from one he has lov'd so many Years, I shou'dn't count him a Man, nor think him half stanch and constant enough for my Daughter.

Myr. Good Husband, no more o' the young Man; nor o' my pretended Faults neither: Go and meet him privately, and ask him whether he'll take home his Wife or no: If he says yes, send her away; if not, I think I've taken a wife course wi' my Daughter.

Phid. If he wou'dn't receive her, and you knew him in fault, Wife; I wasn't far off, Pray why wasn't I consulted with all? This mads me to the Heart, to find that ye dare do such a thing without my leave. I charge ye upon your Life, not to let the Child stir out of the House.———
But what a Block head am I to think she'll mind what I say?

I'll

I'll go in my self, and strictly charge my Servants, to let no body carry it away.

Exit Phidippus.

Myrrhina alone.

Let me die if I don't believe I'm th' unhappiest Woman i'th' World: In good truth, I plainly foresee, how extreamly ill he'll take it if he knew all, since he's so very angry for that little he does know; nor can I imagine how to alter his Resolution.— And this is the only Evil that could ha' befallen me after all my other Disasters, if I shou'd be forc'd to bring up a Child we don't know the Father of. For when my Daughter was ravish'd, 'twas so dark she cou'dn't discern his Face, nor yet get any Token from him, whereby to discover him afterwards; only when the Fellow left her, he forc'd a Ring off her Finger. Upon the whole Matter I'm strangely afraid Mr. *Pamphilus*, when he comes to hear we bring up another Man's Child instead of his, will no longer conceal, what we desir'd him to keep private.

Exit Myrrhina.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT

A C T IV.

Enter Soltrata and Pamphilus; Laches comes to the Door and observes 'em.

Soft. *entring.*] **I** Know well enough, *Pamphilus*, you suspect 'twas long o' my Humours that your Wife left us, dissemble the Matter as much as ye please: But may I never obtain Mercy, nor enjoy that Comfort from ye I expect, if e're to my knowledge I did any thing that shou'd give her any disgust against me. I always believ'd you respected me, but now you ha' given certain proof of it; for your Father has been telling me within, how far you prefer my Reputation to your Love: And now I design to return ye the like Complement, and let ye know how highly I esteem such Dutifulness. I believe, my dear Son, 'twill be better for both your Satisfaction and my Reputation, if I retire into the Country with your Father, as I've fully resolv'd; so my Presence will be no Eye-sore to ye, nor any pretence for your Wife's staying away.

Pam. Pray, Madam, what d'ye mean by this? Shall her silly Freaks drive you into the Country? It must not be; nor can I endure to ha' the envious World say, *'Twas done through my Wilfulness, and not your good Nature*: Besides I wou'dn't for e're so much ha' ye, upo' my account, banish'd the Enjoyment of your Friends, Relations, and all the Diversions o' the Town.

Soft. Truly (Son) I've now but little Relish of these Enjoyments. Time was indeed when I had my fill of 'em; but now I'm quite weary o' those Gambals: At present my chief Care is to keep my Age from being a burden to others, that so they mayn't wish for my end. Here I find I'm despis'd without cause, and 'tis time to retreat: By this means I
fancy,

fancy, I shall cut off all cause of Discontent, clear my self of hard Suspitions, and humour 'em all : Therefore pray let me avoid those Scandals we Women generally lie under.

Pam. How happy am I upon all accounts, were it not for this ; since I ha' such a Mother and such a Wife !

[*Aside.*

Soft. Good, dear Boy, as the Case stands, try to make shift with one inconveniency. If other things go according to your mind, and your Wife is as I take her to be, grant me this one request, my Child, and have her home.

Pam. Ah! I'm very unhappy.

Soft. And I too : For I'm as much concern'd at it as you can be, my dear Child, for the Soul of ye.

Laches appears, and goes up to 'em.

Lach. So Wife, I over-heard all your Discourse just by here. 'Tis Policy to comply freely with the Occasion, when you know Force would follow else.

Soft. May it succeed well.

Lach. March into the Country then, and there we'll both bear with one another's Humours.

Soft. I hope we shall.

Lach. Go in then, and pack up what things you'll have occasion,—— I'm fix'd.

Soft. I shall obey your Orders.

Exit Softrata.

Pam. But, Sir! ——

[*Concernedly*

Lach. Well, Pamphilus.

Pam. Will ye send my Mother into the Country ? By no means.

Lach. Why not ?

Pam. Because, Sir, as yet I'm not resolv'd what to do with my Wife.

Lach. How ! What should ye do but take her home again ?

Pam. *aside.*] That I would with all my Heart, and can hardly perswade my self not to do't: But I'll not brake one Jot o' my measures, but ev'n take that course I think most con-

convenient.—— [To Laches.] I presume, Sir, they'll be better Friends, if she stays where she is.

Lach. That's more than you know : However 'tisn't a Pin matter to you whether they be Friends or Foes, when once your Mother's out o' the way. The truth on't is, we old Folks are no good Company to the young ones ; and therefore we had ev'n as good go our way. In short, *Pamphilus*, your Mother and I are become By-words t'ye, *The old Man, and the old Woman.*—— But yonder comes my Brother i'th' Critical minute. Let's give him the meeting.

Enter Phidippus on the other side of the Stage ; Laches moves towards him.

Phid. to Philumena within.] Troth, Daughter, I'm angry with you, and very much too ; for in sober Sadness 'twas a very scurvy trick ; tho' your Mother's forcing ye be your pretence, yet I'm sure she had no such excuse.

Lac. O Brother, you're come at the best time i'th' World.

Phid. Why so ?

Lach. What answer shall I give 'em, or now be able to keep this Secret ! [*Aside.*

Lach. You may tell your Daughter, my Wife's going into the Country, so she needn't be afraid to come home to her Husband.

Phid. Poh ! Your Wife's innocent of all ; 'tis my Wife that's the Broacher of all this,——

Pam. Nay, then the Case is alter'd. [*Aside.*

Bbid. —— And has caus'd all this ado, Mr. *Laches*.

Pam. Let 'em cause what ado they please, so I don't take her home again. [*Aside.*

Phid. Now, *Pamphilus*, I wish nothing more, if it can be brought about, than that there may be a lasting Alliance between us. If you are of another mind, pray take the Child however.

Pam. He knows o' that too : I'm past all hope.

Lach. The Child ? Prithee what Child ? [*Aside.*

[*Hastily.*

Phid.

Pbid. Why we have a Grand-Son, Brother: For my Daughter, when she left your House, was big it seems; and I ne're so much as knew of her breeding till now.

Lach. Good, introth, as I'm an honest Man; I'm heartily glad 'tis born, and your Daughter well.—— But what a strange sort of a Woman is your Wife *Pam*? What odd kind of Fancies she has about her, so long to keep things in the dark from us? I vow I can't say how unhandsome it looks.

Pbid. Truly, Brother, I'm as little pleased at the Proceedings as you.

Pam. My Mind was in suspence before, but now 'tis fix'd; since she's to bring a Brat with her that's none o' mine.

Lach. Come, come, *Pam*, 'tis too late to stand shally, shally.—— [Aside.]

Pam. I'm ruin'd, —— [Aside.]

Lach. I've often wish'd for that happy day of having one to call you Father. 'Tis come at last, Heavens be prais'd,——

Pam. —— Beyond Redemption. [Aside.]

Lach. —— Take home your Wife, without any more grumbling.

Pam. Truly, Sir, had she been minded t'have had Children by me, or t'have been still my Wife, I'm certain she'd ne're ha' conceal'd what I understand she has. Now, since I plainly see she has withdrawn her Love from me, I don't believe we shall ever agree well hereafter: Why then should I take her again?

Lach. Poh! The young Girl did all by the Mother's Perswasion; And is that such a strange thing? D'ye expect to find any Woman i'th' World without their Faults? Han't Men their Failings too?

Pbid. Well! Look to't your selves both of ye, whether ye think to have her or leave her: I can't answer for all that my foolish Wife does: For my own part, do what you will, you shan't find me unreasonable on either side: Mean time what shall we do wi' the Child?

Lach. A wife Query, introth! Let the Business go which way it will send the Child hither, since 'tis his, that we may nurse it as ours.

Pam. Shall I bring up that Child that the Mother takes no care of ?

Lach. What's that you say ? Not bring it up *Pamphilus* ? Good-now shall we make away with't ?—— Why this is down-right madness : Upo' my Life I can hold no longer. Now you force me to say what I wou'dn't have said before your Father-in-Law. [*Pamphilus weeps.*] —— D'ye think I don't know what all this snivelling, and what all this Disorder means ?—— [*In another tone.*] First ye pretended, *You con'dn't have her home because of your Mother* ; She promises to leave the whole House to your selves : Since that Excuse won't hold good now, forsooth, *The Child's born without your knowledge.* You're mightily mistaken if ye think, I don't know what you hanker after : How long did I wink at your keeping a Miss, in hopes at last of bringing ye over to a Wife ? How patiently did I bear your lavish Expences that way ? I ply'd ye, I entreated ye to marry ; told ye 'twas high time, and by much perswasion, you did. Then you obey'd me, as your Duty oblig'd ye to do : But now you're in with your Whore again ; and to pleasure her, will ruine your Wife. I plainly see you're relapsing into your old course of Debaucheries. [*Angrily.*]

Pam. Who I, Sir ?

Lach. Yes you ; and let me tell ye 'tis base to invent Shams, to quarrel with your Wife, that when once she's out of sight, you may the better live with your Strumpet. Your Wife was sensible o' this ; Or what reason had she to leave the House else ?

Pbid. He has hit upon't ; certainly that's the reason.

Pam. If you please, Sir, I'll give it upon Oath, that 'tis nothing so as you imagine.

Lach. For shame, take home your Wife then, or give us a better reason why you won't.

Pam. 'Tisn't convenient at this time.

Lach. Take care o' the Child then ; that I hope is in no fault : We'll consider o'th' Mother afterwards.

Pam. *walking on one side.* I'm miserable on all sides : My Father has so wofully gravell'd me, that I can't tell how to turn my self.—— I'll ev'n step out o' the way since I shall do but little good by my being here. I believe, they'll hardly bring

bring up the Child without my order, especially since my Mother-in-Law will second me in the thing.

[*Aside.*]

Pamphilus *steals off.*

Lach. D'ye steal away? What? Give us no direct Answer?—D'ye think he isn't crack-brain'd?—Well! 'tis no matter, Brother, send the Child to me, and I'll bring it up.

Pbid. With all my Heart.—I don't wonder if his Wife ben't pleas'd with these fine doings; Women are fretful Pieces, and can't away with such Affronts. This is the Cause o' their Quarrel; my Wife told me on't her self, but I wou'dn't mention it before him, nor wou'd I believe it at first; but now 'tis as clear as the Sun; I perceive now he's a down-right Marriage-hater.

Lach. What should I do i'th' Case? What would ye advise me to?

Pbid. What? Why, first I think 'tis best for us to go to his Mils: Let us first discourse her calmly, then charge her home; and if that won't do, let us threaten her severely, if ever she has any thing more to do with your Son.

Lach. I'll follow your Advice.— [*Goes towards his own House.*] Soho within there.—

Enter a Boy.

Step over to my Neighbour *Bacchis*; and tell her I'd speak with her presently.—

Exit Boy

And I must desire you, Brother, to stand by me in this business.

Pbid. Ah, Sir, I've often told ye, and am still o' the same mind, that I desire nothing so much as that the Alliance between us may be lasting, if it be possible to bring it about; and I hope we shall do't.— But would ye ha' me here when she comes?

Lach. No ; you may go and provide a good Nurse for the Child.

Exit Phidippus.

Enter Bacchis on the other side of the Stage, with two Waiting-Maids, and Laches's Boy.

Bac. entring.] I'll be sworn 'tis no small matter, that makes Mr. *Laches* send to speak wi' me now. But introth, I'm mightily mistaken if I don't guess at the business.

Lach. to himself.] I must take special care, that my Passion don't hinder me from gaining upon her, according as I wish ; nor make me do that in haste, which I may repent of at leisure.— I'll accost her, — Mrs. *Bacchis* your Servant.

Bac. Yours, good Mr. *Laches*.

Exit Boy.

Lach. Troth, I don't question but you somewhat wonder, why I sent to speak with ye.

Bac. And really when I consider my self, I am afraid least the Scandal of my Trade should be to my prejudice ; for as to my behaviour in it, I defie the World.——

Lach. If it be so ; you've no reason to be afraid o' me, Woman ; for I'm of those Years that a false Step is not so easily pardonable in me ; therefore am the more cautious to do nothing rashly. If both now and ever you do what ye can justify, 'twould be very unhandsome in me to do ye any injury, and very unjust since ye don't deserve it.

Bac. Upo' my Word I'm extreamly oblig'd to ye for that : For after an Injury's done, begging of one's Pardon is but small amends.— But pray, Sir, your Pleasure.

Lach. I hear you entertain my Son *Pamphilus*.——

Bac. interrupting.] Sir, ——

Lach. Hear me out.— Before he marry'd, I wink'd at your Amours.—— [*Here Bacchis is going to speak.*] —— Hold ! I han't spoke all my Mind yet.—— Now he's marry'd, you'd do well to look out a more constant Lover in time. For *Pamphilus* will not always ha' the same Inclinations, nor troth you the same Beauty.

Bac

Bac. Pray, Sir, who reports this?

Lach. His Mother-in-Law.

Bac. That I entertain him?

Lach. Yes, you: For that reason has she taken home her Daughter, and would privately ha' made away with the Child she has by him.

Bac. Sir; If I knew any thing more Sacred than an Oath to convince ye, I'd freely offer it t'ye, that I had never any thing to do with your Son, since he marry'd.

Lach. Thou art a dainty Wench! But can ye guess what further Favour I'd desire of ye?

Bac. What is it, good Sir?

Lach. Only to step just in there, [*Pointing to Phidippus's House.*] and offer the Women within upon Oath to satisfy them, and clear your self of all.

Bac. I'll obey you, Sir: But in good earnest, there's never a one in my Circumstances would ha' don't, or shown her Face before a young marry'd Woman upon such an account: But I scorn to see your Son scandaliz'd upon a false Story, or be undeservedly thought inconstant by such as should have a better Opinion of him. He has done me many a good turn, and now I'll do him one.

Lach. Your smooth Tongue has made me conceive a more favourable Opinion of ye; for 'twasn't only their Surmises, but I thought as bad of ye my self too.— Since I've now found ye otherwise than we took ye to be, pray see that you prove still the same, and you may find a Friend of me: But if ye don't,— Well, I say no more for fear of disobliging ye.— This I'll advise ye, that you'd rather try what I can do as your Friend, than as your Enemy.

Bac. I'll do my best, Sir, to satisfy ye.

Enter at a distance Phidippus with a Nurse.

Phid. to the Nurse.] I won't see ye want any thing, but you shall ha' freely what my House will afford; but when you've eat and drank sufficiently, pray let the Child suck its Belly-full,

Exit Nurse.

Lach. See, there comes our Son's Father-in-Law: He has got him a Nurse for the Child.—, Brother! here's Mrs. *Bacchis* swears by all the Gods.—

Pbid. Is that she.

Lac. Yes.

Pbid. Troth, these sort of Creatures care little for the Gods, and the Gods as little for them.

Bac. Take my Servants here, rack the Truth out of 'em, if ye please. The Business is now on foot, and I'm oblig'd to reconcile Mr. *Pamphilus* and his Lady; which if I do, I shall get me Credit enough by being the only Person of my Profession, that would have undertaken such a Business.

Lach. *to Phidippus walking on one side.*] I find upon Examination that our Wives were mightily out i' their Conjectures: However let's make use o' this Woman now, for when your Wife once perceives her mistake, she'll quickly be pacify'd; but if *Pamphilus* be angry 'cause his Wife was brought to Bed privately, that's a trifle, he'll soon be satisfy'd: And E'dad I can see nothing i' this business that's worth falling out about.

Pbid. Troth, would it were so as you say.

Lach. Examine her your self, since she's here, she'll satisfy ye I'll engage for't.

Pbid. What need all this? Don't ye know my Mind already i' this Matter? Let her but satisfy the Women and I'm content.

Lach. *goes to Bacchis.*] Troth, Mrs. *Bacchis*, I must desire ye to be as good as your Word to me.

Bac. Would ye ha' me go in, Sir, about this Business?

Lach. Yes; and satisfy them, that they may believe it too.

Bac. I will, Sir; but I am sure to be no welcome Guest there: For a young Woman, parted from her Husband upo' this account, is a mortal Enemy to a Courtesan.

Lach. They'll be your Friends, when once they know on what Errand you are come.

Pbid. I'll pass my Word for that too, when they come to know your Business: For you'll clear them of a Mistake, and your self of all Suspicion.

Bac.

Bac. Alack-a-day, I'm so ashamed to look Madam *Philumena* i'th' Face.—— [To her Maids.] Come both of ye after me.

Exeunt Phidippus, Bacchis, with
her two Maids.

Laches alone.

What could I ha' wish'd for more than what has happen'd to this Woman, that she might procure her self Friends without costing her any thing, and do me a kindness into the Bargain: For if in reality she has withdrawn her self from *Pamphilus*, it will be very much to her Interest, Reputation and immortal Honour. For this one Act will for ever oblige my Son, and gain her our Friendship.

Exit Laches.

The End of the Fourth Act.

A C T V.

Enter Parmeno at a distance.

O' My Conscience this Master o' mine counts my labour worth nothing; he wou'dn't else send me thus upon a Fool's Errand as far as the Tower; where I've loyter'd away a whole day in gaping for *Callidemides*, the *Myconian* Friend. There did I sit all day like Simpleton, asking every body that came by, *Pray, Sir, said I, are you a Myconian?* No, says he. *Is your Name Callidemides?* quoth I. No, quoth he: *Are you acquainted with one Mr. Pamphilus?* All answer'd i'th' Negative. O' my Soul there's no such Man in the World. Faith, at last I was damnably out o' Countenance, and fairly slunk away.—

Enter Bacchis and her Maid.

But what's the meaning of *Bacchis's* coming out of our Father-in-Law's? What has she to do there?

Bac. O *Parmeno*! You cou'dn't come in a better time. You must run for your Master *Pamphilus* in all haste.

Par. What for?

Bac. Tell him, I'd pray him to step hither a little.

Par. To you, Madam?

Bac. No; to his Lady.

Par. What's to do there?

Bac. Nothing about you; therefore don't be so inquisitive.

Par. Must I say nothing else.

Bac. Yes, tell him that Madam *Myrrhina* challenges the Ring, which he formerly ga' me; and says 'twas her Daughters.

Par.

Par. I understand ye : Does the business require such haste ?

Bac. Yes, indeed : He'll be here in a trice, when you tell him of it. — What are ye asleep ?

Par. Not in the least ; nor I suppose an't like to day ; for I ha' spent it already in running and trapesing all o're the Town.

Exit.

Bacchis alone.

What great satisfaction has my coming procur'd Mr. *Pamphilus* to day ? How many Blessings have I brought him ? And how many troubles have I freed him from ? I have sav'd him a Son, which his Wife, his Mother, and he were thinking to make away with ; recovered him a Loving Wife, whom he was just upon casting off ; and clear'd him from the unjust Suspensions of both his Father's. — This is the Ring [*Shewing a Ring on her Hand.*] That has procured him all this good Fortune. For now I remember about ten Months ago, he comes one Evening alone to my House, much out of Breath, and much in Drink : It almost put me into a Fit ; *Prithee my dear Pam (said I) for Love's sake, why so strangely disorder'd ? Where got ye this Ring ? Prithee tell me.* He pretended to mind something else ; at that, I grew more suspicious, and urg'd him to tell me : At last my Gentleman confesses, *That coming along the Street he had forc'd a young Woman he knew not ; and in struggling took the Ring from her. Myrrhina* spy'd it just now on my Finger, and ask'd me how I came by't ? I told her the whole Story ; upon which out came the Discovery, that *Philumena* was the Party he made bold with, and this the Child he got then. — Introth I'm glad I should be the occasion of so much Joy to him, tho' others o' my Trade would never ha' been so ; for it never makes for our Interest to have our Sparks fond of Matrimony : But upon my Honesty, the smell of a little Pelf shall never make me do a base thing. Indeed, I had a very free, jolly, pleasant Spark of him, whilst 'twas allowable ; and this Match happen'd ill for me, I must needs say : But my comfort is, I've done nothing, that I know of, to deserve so great a Misfortune. 'Tis but Justice to bear some Inconveniencies from him, that has been so good a Friend to me.

Enter

Enter Pamphilus and Parmeno at a distance.

Pam. *to* Parmeno.] — Good *Parmeno*, have a care you give a clear and evident Proof of this Business; and that you don't, only for a moment, make me believe my self extremely happy.

Par. That Care's over.

Pam. For certain?

Par. Yes, for certain.

Pam. I'm in Heaven if it be so.

Par. You'll find it so, I'll warrant ye.

Pam. Prithee, not so fast.—— I'm afraid you tell me one thing, and I think 'tis another.

Par. Well, Sir.

Pam. I think you told me that my Mother *Myrrhina* discover'd her own Ring upon *Bacchis's* Finger.——

Par. Right.

Pam. — And the very same I formerly presented to her; and 'twas she bad ye run, and tell me on't: Wasn't it?

Par. Yes, she did.

Pam. Who alive then is a happier and finer Fellow than I? What Reward must I bestow on thee for this kind Message? What shall I? What? I can't imagine.

Par. But I can, Sir.

Pam. Prithee, what?

Par. Just nothing at all: For I can't see any thing either in the Message or Messenger that will turn to your Advantage.

Pam. Shall I suffer thee to go unrewarded, that hast rescu'd me from the Jaws of Death, and brought me to Life again? Surely thou canst not think me so ungrateful.—— But hold! there walks *Bacchis* before their Door, waiting for me I fancy.—— I'll go to her.

Pamphilus goes up to Bacchis, Parmeno keeps his distance.

Bac. Mr. *Pamphilus*, your Servant.

Pam. *Bacchis*! My sweet *Bacchis*! Thou hast made me my Dear!

Bac. There's good News for you, Sir, and I'm heartily glad on't.

Pami

Pam. Your Actions speak it.—— I see you are still Mistress of your old pleasant way, so that your Presence, Discourse, and Conversation will always be charming, where-e're you go.

Bac. And you, Sir, as I hope for Mercy, are still Master of your old sweet Temper, and pleasant Humour: The World can't shew a more accomplish'd Gentleman than you, *Mr. Pamphilus.*

Pam. Ha— Ha— He.— This to me, *Bacchis*?

Bac. You have made an excellent Choice of a Wife, *Mr. Pamphilus*; I never, that I know of, saw her till now: I vow, she's a lovely Creature.

Pam. Are ye in earnest?

Par. Let me perish, Sir, if I ben't.

Pam. But pray, did ye tell my Father any thing of this Business?

Bac. Not a Word.

Pam. Nor need ye, not so much as a Syllable: I don't desire this should prove like a Comedy, where the whole Plot is discover'd to ev'ry Body. Here only those that should, know all; but those that shou'd not, know nothing, but shall still be i'th' dark.

Bac. Nay more, I'll give a further Argument how easie 'tis to conceal it; for Madam *Myrrhina* told her Husband, she was satisfied with my Depositions, and believ'd you innocent.

Pam. Best of all: I hope all things will succeed according to our Wishes.

Par. *comes behind and plucks his Master.*] Pray, Sir, maynt I know what good Office I've done ye to day? And what you two are debating upon?

Pam. No, Sirrah.

Par. But I guess tho. —— I rescue him from the Jaws of Death? How did I do that?

[*Aside.*

Pam. Little dost thou think, *Parmeno*, what a piece of Service thou'st done me to day; and from what Troubles thou hast freed me.

Par. Your Pardon for that, Sir, I know't well enough, and did it on purpose.

[*Fawningly.*

Pam. So I fancy.

Par.

Par. D'ye think poor *Parmeno* shall let a day go over his Head without obliging his Friends?

Pam. Come on then honest *Parmeno*.

Par. I'll follow ye, Sir.

*Exeunt Parmeno, and Bacchis with
her Maids following.*

He turns to the Spectators.

By my Soul, Gentlemen, I've done more good to day, without knowing it, than ever I did designedly in all my Life.— I hope we ha' pleas'd ye.

Exit.

The End of the Mother-in-Law.

R E-

REMARKS

UPON

Terence's Comedies.

Remarks upon the Fair Andrian.

ACT I.

PAG. 1. Lin. 5, 6. *You'd ha' care taken of these things.] Nempe ut curenter recte hac.* The Word *Curenter* is by some thought to be a Term proper to Cookery ; but where Authors differ, in this as also in other places, we make use of general Words to avoid Errors.

Pag. 3. Lin. 6. *The Fool's noos'd, he is smitten.] Certè captus est, habet.* This is an Allusion to the constant Phrase of the Gladiators, and consequently the Beauty of it is lost in our Language.

Ibid.

Ibid. Lin. 18, 19. *For he that has to do with such sort of Cattel]* *Nam qui cum ingeniis Conflictatur ejusmodi.* This *Conflictatur* is a Word very fine and significant; admirably alluding to all the Shocks and Assaults that a good-natur'd Man is expos'd to in bad Company; and cannot be easily render'd into English.

Pag. 4. Lin. 36. *For had you blam'd him for saving her out of the Flames, what would ye ha' done if he had thrown her in?]* *Nam si illum objurges, vitæ qui auxilium tulit, quid facias illi, qui dederit damnum aut malum?* This Sentence is so odd, as will hardly admit of an accurate Translation without too much flatness; therefore we have rather kept to the Author's Design, than to the close Signification of the Words.

Pag. 7. Lin. 7. *And you sent to Bridewel.] In pistrinum, into the Grinding House; That being then the most common Punishment for Slaves. Our calling of it Bridewel, is only the changing of a Custom, by the same reason that we afterwards call Forum, the Change, and also Piazza, because 'twas a Publick place of Commerce and Resort. The like Liberty we have taken in other places.*

Pag. 8. Lin. 1. *They're resolv'd to bring it up.] Decever unt Tollere.* The Word *Tollere* signifies taking off the Ground; This being an Allusion to a common Custom in those days of exposing their Children, therefore has more in it than a Translation can express.

Pag. 9. Lin. 12, 13. *Some damnable Roguery i'th' bottom on't.] Aliquid monstri alunt.* That is, the Woman has got some monstrous Imperfection, as a Wooden Leg, some foul Disease, or the like, which her Friends very industriously smother. Some think that this is a Proverbial Allusion; the Meaning whereof we have lost; but that we leave to Criticks.

Pag. 10. Lin. 28, 29, &c. *My Pamphilus! you see, &c.] Mi Pamphile! hujus formam, &c.* These dozen Verses in the Original may serve to give the Reader a Taste of our Author's Excellency in moving the Passions whenever there is occasion.

A C T II.

TIS observ'd that *Charine* and *Byrrbie* were added by our Author, and not taken from *Menander*; or else *Philumena* must have went unprovided, and so have given some disgust to the Audience. This *under Plot* of *Charine* does not only serve to make all end well, but also to hasten the *main Plot*, and keep the Stage from Languishing.

Pag. 15. Lin. 4. *Never a Governante.*] *Matronam nullam-Matrona* was a Person, that always assisted in Weddings, and had a particular Employment about the Bride, as the *Aruspex* had about the Bridegroom. Non-observance of old Customs are allowable in Translations of this nature.

Pag. 16. Lin. 20. *So that you needn't brake a Fot of your own Measures for fear of his altering his Mind.*] *Nectū ea causa minueris hæc quæ facis, ne is mutet suam Sententium.* 'Tis a very hard Passage; therefore we have done it in as general Terms as we could perhaps, *You mustn't leave your old ways, lest Chremes should have a better Opinion of ye,* might be somewhat more intelligible.

A C T III.

PAg. 20. Lin. 31. *Your Farce wasn't well tim'd Mr. Rogue.* *Non sat Commode divisa sunt temporibus tibi, Darve, hæc.* This is an Allusion to the Theatre, and is the same as if he had said, *Your Incidents were not well prepar'd.* The Translation comes short of the Original, because the Rules of the Stage were then more strictly observ'd.

Pag. 21. Lin. 4. *In the first place let her be well bath'd.*] It was their constant Custom in Greece, for a Lying-in Woman to be immediately put into a Bath.

Pag.

Pag. 27. Lin. 9. *What d'ye deserve for your Pains?*] *Quid meritis?* This is an Allusion to the *Athenian* Custom of saying, *Quid meritis*, to Condemned Persons, whose Pains were augmented or diminished according to the Answer they gave; Therefore the Grace of this Expression is quite lost in our Language.

ACT IV.

Pag. 32. Lin. 20. *Take some of those Herbs there.*] *Exars hinc sume Verbenas tibi.* It was usual for the *Athenians* to have an *Altar* at the corner of each Street, daily cover'd over with fresh Herbs; and according to all Probability, the same *Altar* that was meant here. But this same Word *Altar* was not so necessary to be taken notice of in a Translation.

Pag. 34. Lin. penult. *Many creditable Women.*] *Aliquot fuerunt Liberæ*; that is to say, *Free Citizens*, for Slaves among them were no Witnesses. The Phrase, *credible Women*, is more agreeable to our Customs and Language, and also the Person's Character that speaks it.

Pag. 36. Lin. 8. *Why, I was told that our Chrysis liv'd somewhere down that Lane.*] To make *Crito* speak here like a plain Country Fellow, we believe is neither contrary to his Character, nor his Habitation, nor yet beneath the Dignity of our Author.

ACT

A C T V.

Pag. 39. Lin. 25, 26. *For he looks as grave as an Alder-man, and talks like a Judge.*] *Tristis severitas inest in Voltu, atque in Verbis fides.* Madam D'acier commends this as one of the most elegant Lines in all Terence.

Pag. 40. Lin. 3. *Trust him up immediately.*] *Sublimem hunc intro rape.* The Word *Sublimem*, signifies the usual Prison for Slaves, on the top of the House; which is more than our Word *up* means, or indeed, more than a Translation ought to take notice of.

Ibid. Lin. 16, 17. *Let him be ty'd Neck and Heels, like a Beast as he is.*] *Quadrupedem constringito.* It was a Custom for the Athenians to tie several Criminals Hands and Feet together like a Calf. We have done this Passage according to our own Customs, as we do many others of the like Nature.

Pag. 41. Lin. 3. &c. *Only thus much let me beg of ye, that you wou'dn't believe that I suborn'd this old Man, &c.*] *Pamphilus* had all the Reason in the World to endeavour to bring *Simo* and *Crito* together, that so he might clear himself of such a Scandal as his Father very reasonably imputed to him. And this was all the young Gentleman's Design, but the Poet had a far greater, which the Audience cou'dn't so much as suspect: Namely, the Discovery of *Glycerie*, which comes in very naturally.

Pag. 45. Lin. 17, 18. *Pam. Ah, Sir, 'twasn't well done. Sim. I'm sure I order'd it to be well done.*] *Pam. Pater, non rectè victum est. Sim. Haud ita jussi.* The meaning here is very doubtful; but there's certainly a playing upon the Word *Rectè*; and not being able to find a better, we took this.

Pag. 47. Lin. 4. *Send Company to remove her to ours.*] Among the Athenians, their Lying-in Women were usually well enough to go abroad in a days time.

 Remarks upon the EUNUCH.

ACT I.

Pag. 52. Lin. 8, 9. *What? Go to her? When a Rival's pre-
ferr'd? My self refus'd? Even Entrance deny'd me?*] *Egone
illum? Quæ illum? Quæ me? Quæ non?* These Words ex-
press a great Passion, consisting chiefly in the acting.

Pag. 53. Lin. 11, 12. *And went an even pace.*] *Ac pariter
fieret.* The Word *Pariter* is a Metaphor taken from the Pair-
ing of Horses in a Chariot, where both bear an equal
share; therefore not to be so finely express'd in *English*.

Pag. *ibid.* Lin. 33. *Mum, mum for that.*] *Potest taceri hoc.*
Madam D'acier observes, that this is the most malicious Say-
ing of *Parmeno's* that could be. 'Tis as much as to say, *Your
Mother was a Whore, and I've nothing to say against it.* And
this appears from her removing from place to place, the com-
mon sign of such People in those days.

Pag. 57. Lin. 1. *Whose Brother I hope I've in a manner found
out.*] Our Author's Contrivance is very remarkable, for so
ingeniously keeping *Thais* from speaking any thing of *Cbremes*,
Pamphila's Brother; till *Parmeno* and his Master were gone: A
thing which (if discover'd) would have spoil'd the whole
Plot.

A C T II.

Pag. 58. Lin. 17. *How, Sir! What three live-long days?*] *Hui! Univorsum triduum?* The Word *Univorsum*, by reason of its immediate following of *Totum*, has a peculiar Grace and Signification which our English Tongue will not reach to. Madam D'acier is content to repeat the same Words, but we have try'd to give it a lift.

Pag. 53. Lin. 35. *To tell your Father that he must not fail to be at the Court.*] *Nuncios Patri, advocatus mane mibi esset ut meminerit.* The Word *Advocatus*, here signifies a Pleader, a Solicitor, or perhaps a Witness, and sometimes only a Friend. But in a Translation there was no need of being so particular.

Pag. 66. Lin. 6. *Ay, but my Bones will be jumbled for't.*] *At enim isthac in me cadetur faba.* As much as to say, *My Body must be their Threshing-floor.* Criticks differ about the Meaning of it: But however 'tis an Allusion, and a Proverbial Saying which would sound but indifferently in a close Translation.

A C T III.

Pag. 71. Lin. 10. *You'd be content to lick a Groat out of a Close-stool for a Flaggon of Ale.*] *E Flama petere te cibum posse Arbitror.* It was a Custom among them to throw Victuals into the Fire after the dead Body; and 'twas reckon'd one of the meanest things in the World to eat that, and the greatest Affront to be told of it. Therefore to come nigh the Original here were to lose more of the Grace of it than we have now.

Pag. 75. Lin. 28. *But what God, &c.] At quem Deum? Qui templa cæli summa sonitu concutit.* This is a very lofty Passage, taken as *Donatus* says, from *Ennius* in his *Tragedia*, and neatly fitted for this place.

A C T IV.

Pag. 77. Lin. 20. *Whips her Gold, and Jewels into this Casket.]* These were certain Ornaments that the Laws of *Athens* forbid *Conrtesans* to wear publicly in the Streets.

Pag. 78. Lin. 5, 6. *'Tis better to be almost distanc'd, than to be quite thrown out of the Race.] Certe extrema linea amare, haud nihil est.* This is an Allusion to their Custom of Chariot Races, where the Racers were rewarded according to the Marks or Lines they first arriv'd at.

Pag. 86. Lin. 4, 5. *Had we but a Mortar now to play upon 'em under the Covert-way; one Bomb would make 'em scamper.] Fundam tibi nunc nimis vellem dari, ut tu illos procul hinc ex occulto cæderes: Facerent fugam.* The Liberty we have here taken is only changing of a Custom; perhaps a Squib or Cracker might have done as well; *Gnatho* being somewhat upon the Droll with the Captain.

Pag. 88. Lin. 2, 3. *Take your Army into Quarters of Refreshment i'th' Kitchen.] Domi focique fac Vicissim ut memineris.* This Passage is admirable in the Original, and its Beauty can't be preserv'd in our Tongue, which consists in the Words *Domi focique*, and the Verb *Memineris*, 'Tis an Allusion to Generals bidding their Souldiers (upon all desperate Attempts) to think on their Houses and warm Chimneys at home, which were taken for the chief Blessings of a Souldier; and the Word *Memineris* was then their constant Word of Encouragement, which also is lost in our Tongue.

ACT

A C T V.

Pag. 93. Lin. 18, 19. *Faith I'll be even with you for your Rogueries, &c.*] It was excellently contriv'd of Terence, to make *Parmeno* and *Pythia* perpetually to quarrel and hate one another. For upon this depends the whole Action. By this means old *Laches* (who comes upon the Stage purely by accident) is brought into *Thais's* House, and the *Catastrophe* wound up with the greatest Address imaginable. This is a remarkable Instance of his admirable Art, in bringing about his *Incidents* contrary to the Expectations of the Audience.

Pag. 101. Lin. 2, 3. *Here's to the fleecing and jeering the Cully to death.*] *Hunc comedendum & deridendum vobis propino.* The Grace of the Word *Propino* cannot be kept up in our Tongue. *Propinare*, Περνίβειν, properly signifies (according to their Customs) to taste or drink a little first, and then give the Cup to another. *Gnatho* alludes to this, and after an ingenious manner turns the use of the Word from drinks to other things. As much as to say, *Gentlemen I've had the first Soup of this Blunderbuff, now you may take the rest.* Some Copies have *Prebeo* instead of *Propino*, but the Nature of the Verse shews that to be false.

Remarks upon the Self-Tormenter.

A C T I.

IT has been much doubted in what place, and at what time the Scene opens. To clear that as short as possible, it ought to be observ'd, that *Cbremes* coming home pretty late one Evening, just by his House he meets with *Menedeme*, who had his Working-Tools upon his Shoulders, as being just come out of his Field, and there they began their Discourse together. That the Scene was by *Cbremes* and *Menedeme's* Doors, and not in *Menedeme's* Working-Field, appears from *Clitipho's* coming out of *Cbremes's* House at the latter-end of the first Act, and by a great many other Circumstances afterwards: And that it was late is plain from Pag. 106. Lin. 1, 2. — Or come home never so late at Night, there you're at it, digging, &c. Now the Scene opens after this late time.

Pag. 106. Lin. 12, &c.] *And therefore you may take what I say either by way of Advice, or by way of Enquiry; that if what you do be well, I may do so too; if ill, I may divert you from it. Vel me monere hoc, vel percontari puta; rectum est, ego ut faciam; non, ut deterream:* These two Verses are very fine and elaborate, and the Grace of 'em seems peculiar to the Latin Tongue. Here *Ego ut faciam*, answers to *percontari*; *te ut deterream*, to *Monere*. Besides *percontari* is an Allusion to the Marriner's Word, when they fathom the Sea, and consequently better than our Word *Enquiry*.

Ibid. Lin. 33. *Don't tire your self so.*] *Ne labora.* Most have thought that *Menedeme* was working in his Field at this time, and *Chremes* by saying *ne Labora* desir'd him to leave off. But this mistake appears by what has been said before. So that this *ne Labora*, was as much as to say, *Don't weary and burden your self with the great weight of these Tools.*

Pag. 108. Lin. 32. *This is Bacchus's Day.*] *Dionysia hic sunt.* The *Athenians* had many Feasts of *Bacchus*, but two above all the rest, one in the Spring, and the other in Autumn. Now this it seems was that in Autumn, call'd *Dionysia in agris*, the place where this Scene lay.

A C T II.

Pag. 116. Lin. 30. *We'll have her to your Mother's.*] Upon this Sentence depends the main Plot; and truly here is an admirable Contrivance through most of this Scene, not only to bring about *Syrus* or *Clitipho's* Designs most ingeniously, but also the *Poets*, which was the Discovery of *Anti-phila*.

Pag. 119. Lin. 31. *I can scarce contain my self old Boy, &c.*] In this all the common Books are in an Error, in making this to be spoken by *Clinie*, whereas indeed 'tis *Clitipho*, who doesn't go off the Stage, as 'tis generally believ'd, but only hides himself.

A C T III.

Pag. 122. Lin. 34. *With a great Luggage of Golden Trappings.*] *Ornatas veste, atque Auro.* It was the Custom among their Courtelans to have Servants to carry their Finery for 'em, which was commonly such as the *Athenian* Laws forbade them to wear publickly. Some think that *Ornatas*, &c. signifies her Maids fine Cloaths, but this has no probability.

Pag. 125. Lin. 7, 8. *You're Heart of Oak.*] *Aquila Seneſtus.* The *Latin* is a Proverbial Allusion to the Strength and Vigor of Eagles, who never die before they are old, and then they are always drinking. For this reason have we taken a Proverb of our own, us'd upon Fuddling occasions.

Pag. 126. Lin. 17. *I don't use to fail, Sir.*] *Non est mentiri meum.* The Sense of this place seems to have been mistaken by most People.

Pag. 131. Lin. 19, 20. *That, if she dy'd, she might ha' carry'd away some Token of our Kindness.*] This Passage is grounded upon an old *Heathen* Custom of those Times; for they believ'd it a very great Crime for a Child to die, without possessing some part of its Parents Goods.

Ibid. Lin. 21, 22. *So you sav'd the Child's Life, and bad your own Humour into the Bargain?*] *Conſervasti te atque illam.* This is a difficult Passage, but the former Remark helps to explain it; so it is Paraphrastically thus, *Besides the saving of your Daughter you've had the Satisfaction of discharging your Conscience in not parting from her empty-handed.*

ACT IV.

PAg. 134. Lin. 2. *Yes, for I was by at the Discovery.*] This Passage plainly shews *Syrus* went in with *Cbremes* and *Sostrata*, and so left the Stage clear; consequently the Fourth Act must needs begin where we have made it.

Pag. 138. Lin. 8. *Clinie has told his Father, that Bacchis is your Son's Mistress, &c.*] This is the beginning of a cunning Artifice, chiefly to amuse *Cbremes*, and the more ingeniously to bring in what he says, Pag. 139. Lin. 7, 8. *But for the Money I told ye your Daughter owes to Bacchis, &c.* and likewise to create a Pretence for *Clinipho's* carrying the Money himself, without which the Cheat might have been discover'd too soon.

ACT V.

PAg. 143. Lin. 5. *This same Assistant, Counsellor, and sage Director o' mine.*] *Sed hic Adjutor meus, & Monitor, & Premonstrator.* These three Words, *Adjutor*, *Monitor*, *Premonstrator*, are taken from the Theatres, signifying such as teach and prompt the Actors. We have given the natural Sense, but their Beauty consists in the Figurative Sense, for which we want suitable Words; only *Prompter* might perhaps have done well enough, if we had made one Word serve for three, as the *French Lady* in effect has done.

Pag. 147. Lin. 14, 15. *I'll be bang'd if the Rascal dare ha' serv'd a poor Friendless Widow so as he serv'd me.*] *Viduae muliori*, where lies the Emphasis. Widows among the Ancients were look'd upon as the most shiftless, helpless Creatures of all; therefore the force of *Viduae mulieri* is much weaken'd in our
 Lan-

Language. *The meanest Slave upon Earth, would have better come up to the Original.*

Pag. 149. Lin. 4, 5. *For my part I don't believe you are any of their Son.*] Here is an excellent Contrivance of Terence, in making Cyrus propose such a business to *Clitipho*, as to question his Parents; which does not only much heighten the Character of *Clitipho*, but most dextrously and naturally brings all to an end in due time.

Pag. 50. Lin. 28. *What because he's so like my new-found Daughter?*] *Quod filia est Inventa?* This is a very difficult Passage, and if we had come nigher to the Original, we could have scarce made it Sense, however not clear and intelligible.

Pag. 151. Lin. 23, 24. *No! tho' you had sprung out of my fertile Brain, as Pallas they say did from mighty Jove's.*] *Non, si ex capite sis meo natus, item ut aiunt Minervam esse ex Jove.* This may be thought too lofty for Comedy, but if we consider it proceeds from *Chremes's* extream Passion, we shall see 'tis not only fine but also natural. Upon this account *Horace* in his *Art of Poetry* lays down this Rule;

*Interdum tamen & vocem Comedia tollit,
Iratusque Chremes tumido delitigat ore.*

Ibid. Lin. 33, 34. *I'm asham'd to name the filthy Word before your Mother.*] The Greeks and Romans were oblig'd both by their Religion and Policy not to mention any thing that so much as savour'd of obscenity before their Wives.

Pag. 153. Lin. 4, 5. *That Carrat-pated, Wall-ey'd, Pimple-fac'd, Hook-nos'd Creature?*] *Rufamne illam virginem, cesiam, sparso oro, adunco naso?* Here is a Happiness in our own Language, which in Composition of Words far excels all other Languages that are known to these Western parts of the World; the Greek indeed surpasses it.

 Remarks upon the BROTHERS.

ACT I.

PAg. 157. Lin. 5. *That went to bring him home.*] *Qui adversum ierant.* *Adversum* is an extraordinary proper Word in this place; for Waiting-men were call'd *Adversitores*. Our Tongue seems to want a good Word for it, except the *Usher* will do, which is not so proper in this place neither.

Pag. 161. Lin. 24. *He told me he would take up and marry.*] Here *Micio* discovers a very material thing to the Audience, and knows little of it himself. For as yet *Eschine* had not told him whom he design'd to marry. This seems to be a neat Cast of our Poet's Skill.

ACT II.

PAg. 162. Lin. 16, 17. *San. I'm a Woman-Merchant. Esch. A Cock-Bawd you mean.*] *San. Ego Leno Sum.* *Esch. Scio.* These Women-Merchants had peculiar Priviledges in *Athens*, and were Persons of some Repute; but because such People are more scandalous among us, we have taken the Liberty of translating *Scio*, according to the Notion we have of those Creatures.

Pag.

Pag. 163. Lin. 30. *D'ye know who I am, Sir?*] *Nostin' qui sim?* These Words have a peculiar Meaning in the Original, which is lost in the Translation. For *Nosti me?* and *Nosti qui sim?* Are the usual and common Words between Debtors and Creditors at the Bar. Therefore *Sannio* in saying *Nostin' qui sim?* Did in effect say, *Do I owe you any Money, Sir?*

Pag. 165. Lin. 15, &c. *I hear my Master and you have had a kind of a Scuffle.* *San.* *A Scuffle d'ye call it? Never was the like surely.*] *Cum Hero nescio quid concertasse?* *San.* *Nunquam vidi iniquius concertationem comparatam.* The Grace of the Original consists in the Words, *Concertasse*, and *Comparatam*; the first being a proper Term to imply an Equality between *Eschine* and *Sannio*; and the latter a Word borrow'd from the Gladiator's measuring their Swords; the Beauty of both which is lost in the Translation.

Pag. 167. Lin. 27, &c. *He has taken upon himself all the Curses, Scandals, Love Matters, and Miscarriages that belong to me.*] *Eschine* in taking all upon himself, design'd purely to oblige his Brother; but the Poet design'd it to bring about the main Incident, (*viz.* *Eschine's* Marriage.) most naturally and dexterously. This Under-plot of *Ctesipho* and the *Musick-Girl* is admirably woven into the Main plot; and is an excellent Instance to shew how useful and beautiful an Under-plot may be, and still preserve the *Unity of Action*.

Pag. 168. Lin. ult. *I'll march home with Plenty of Provisions.*] *Convortam me domum cum obsonio.* Here *Syrus* speaks as great as he can, for the Word *Convortam* belongs to Magnificence, and Triumph; which is almost lost in our Tongue: Indeed, the Word *March* would have been better, were it not now us'd upon every slight and trivial account.

A C T III.

Pag. 170. Lin. 29. *Pish! Don't trouble me whoever you are.*] *Madam D'acier* says, that the *Greeks* took delight in staying the Slaves in the Streets, and amusing 'em, that so their Masters

Masters might beat 'em for loytering, when they come home. It seems *Geta* thought that *Sostrata* served him so.

Pag. 171. Lin. 17. *He'd put the Infant on his Father's Knees.*] It was a constant Custom among the Greeks, whenever they had a Child, immediately to put it upon its Grand-father's Knees; probably to give them the Pleasure of seeing themselves live again in a new Race.

A C T IV.

Pag. 181. Lin. 2. *The first that reports it.*] *Primus porro obnuncio.* This Word *Obnuncio* is very proper, it signifies the telling of ill News, and is always taken in a bad Sense. We have no Word to answer it in our Tongue that we know of.

Pag. 183. Lin. 23. *Make this day as long as I can.*] *Hunc producam diem.* The Word *Produco* is a Funeral Term, and has a double Signification. Perhaps it might have been as proper to have said: *I'll bury this Day in Pleasures.*

Pag. 187. Lin. 22. *But I'm afraid you don't mind your own Concerns, &c.*] These dozen Verses in the Original most admirably shew the gentle Chidings of an indulgent Father; and there's scarce a Word but deserves Consideration, each of 'em making so deep an Impression upon a generous Mind.

Pag. 190. Lin. 35. *And thou, pretty Child, wilt bobble out the Hay among 'em too?*] *Tu inter eas restim ductans saltabis.* This Phrase, *Restim ductans*, is an Allusion to their old way of Dancing, but whether with a Rope, as the Word *Restis* seems to imply, or with joyn'd Hands, metaphorically so call'd, we leave to Criticks in Antiquity. We have translated it nighest to our Customs, and *Demea's* Character.

Pag. 192. Lin. 21. *He'll be no welcome Reveller.*] *Comissatorem haud sane Commodum.* The Word *Commissator*, properly signifies one a little in drink, that goes in Masquerade to some new Company, and surprizes them with his sudden and unexpected coming: So that this is much more expressive than our *Reveller*.

ACT V.

Here our Author seems not so clear in distinguishing his *Acts* as in other places ; for tho' we have follow'd Madam D'acier in making the Fifth Act begin at *Parata à nobis sunt*, yet we think we might with as much, or more reason have made it begin at *Defessus sum Ambulando*. The common Books are undoubtedly all false in this Point.

Pag. 194. Lin. 21. *Many Observations may be made, Brother, upon two Persons doing the same thing, &c.*] Here Micio is hard put to't, which makes him talk a little obscurely. In truth, Micio, thro' most of this Scene (tho' in very few words) says all that can be said to excuse his Nephew's Extravagancies : And Terence's Conduct is excellent in this place, making Micio aswage his Brother so plausibly, and with so much colour of Reason, when the Case would bear it so ill.

Pag. 197. Lin. *Antepenult.* *Bid Babylo tell out half a hundred Guinea's quick.*] Interpreters seem much puzzl'd to find out who this Babylo is. Whether it be Micio, or a Banker, or any one else, 'tis not material ; and whether this Money is for *Eschine*, *Ctesipho*, *Syrus*, or *Sannio*, the Humour is still the same, and as well carry'd on.

Pag. 200. Lin. 28. *And took care of a Debauch i'th' Morning for 'em.*] *Apparare de die Convivium.* Demea mentions this as an unusual thing, because the Romans had their Feasts, great Entertainments, &c. always in the Night ; and to make a full Meal before that time was scandalous.

Remarks upon the Tricks of Phormio.

A C T I.

P Ag. 205. Lin. 8, &c. *All that this poor Fellow now by starving himself, has bit by bit, with much ado, scrap'd together out of his pityful Allowance must go at one Swoop; People never considering the Pains it cost him the getting.]*

Quod ille unciatim, vix, de demenso suo, suum defraudans Genium comparfit miser, id illa univversum abripit, baud existimans quanto labore partum. These three Verses and a half are extream fine and elaborate; All as far as *Miser* is an exact and regular Climax, almost every Word having a considerable Emphasis. After that, the Word *Abripit* answers to *Contradictur*, five Lines before; *Univversum*, to *Unciatim, vix, and de demenso suo*, and *baud existimans quanto labore partum*, to *suum defraudans Genium*, and *Comparfit miser*: So that our Translation may well fall short of it.

Pag. 208. Lin. 1. *Would have made her very disagreeable.] Hæc formam extinguere.* The Word *Extinguo*, is an excellent Word in this place, belonging properly to Beauty, for the Word *Forma* by its Derivation is observed to signifie Light, Flame, Heat.

Ibid. Lin. 36. Antipho was perswaded, the Business done, the Cause try'd, we Cast, and he marry'd.] Persuasum est homini; factum est; Ventum est; Vincimur; Duxit. This is very concise and comprehensive in the Original. But yet oftentimes (as in this Passage for instance) our Tongue has a Happiness equal to the Latin in shortness of Expression; and where there is a Composition of Words, Superior.

A C T

ACT II.

WE have made the Second *Act* begin at *Adeone rem rediisse*, dividing the first *Act* of the common Books into two, and joyning the *Second* and *Third* into One. For 'tis plain there's a *Cessation of Action*, and the *Stage clear'd* at *Da hoc Dorcio*: But there's neither at, *Sed eccum ipsum video in tempore huc se recipere*; All which Verse Madam D'acier, to make a *Cessation* more likely has left out, when there was no other occasion but that, for her doing so.

Pag. 213. Lin. 17. *And let not his buffing and bectoring dash you out of Countenance.*] *Ne suis te Irutus servi victis protelet.* The Word *Protelet* is a Term borrow'd from the Husband-men, and signifies the spoiling or breaking of a Furrow by crossing it with a Plough. The Beauty of it lies in the Figurative Sense which is lost in our Tongue.

Pag. 216. Lin. 5. *Sir, if my Cousin Antipho had committed a Fault to the Prejudice either of his Honour or Estate, &c.*] Here is a remarkable Instance of our Author's Closeness and Solidity of Sense, in making *Phearie* here, and *Geta* soon after, to say so much in a bad Cause, and that in so few Words too.

ACT

A C T III.

Pag. 222. Lin. 6. *I say Stilpho, as if you didn't know him.*] 'Tis very remarkable that *Phormio* should speak so important a Truth unknown both to himself and *Demipho*. The Poet makes it an ingenious Preparation to the Probability of the Concealment and Discovery of *Phanie*; tho' *Phormio's* Design was quite otherwise.

Pag. 225. Lin. *Out-beetor'd your Father.*] *Confutavit verbis Senem.* The Word *Confuto* is a proper Term in Cookery, us'd commonly for pouring cold Water into a Pot that boils over: Perhaps we might ha' render'd it more properly — cool'd the Old Man's Courage.

A C T IV.

Pag. 230. Lin. ult. *To take me to my Heels.*] *Ut me excutiam.* *Excutio* signifies to shake, and *Madam D'acier* says, 'twas Customary for the Greeks and Eastern People, to shake their Cloaths at the Door of the House they went from.

Pag. 233. Lin. 10, 11. *I've been hammering upo' the same thing, and fancy I've thought of an Expedient.*] *Geta's* Expedient was the putting *Phanie* upon *Phormio*. Here are four several Designs in it. *Geta's* design was to cheat the old Men of their Money. *Demipho's* and *Chremes's* design was to part *Antipho* and *Phanie*, in order to marry him elsewhere. But the Poet had a double design; First, naturally to bring about *Phanie's* discovery in due time; And secondly, to make the old Men and *Phormio* fall out, the natural Consequence being the adjusting of *Phedrie's* Concerns, and making all end well.

A C T V.

PAg. 241. Lin. 5. *We shou'dn't have out-run the Constable.*] *Ita fugias, ne preter Casam.* This is one of the most difficult Passages in all *Terence*, and Interpreters very much differ about it, some making it *preter Casam*. The most probable Meaning seems to be Paraphrastically thus: *Go where you please, so you keep your Eye upon your House, and give Rogues no advantage over you.* If our English Proverb, *Out-run the Constable*, should not answer it in all respects, 'tis more our Unhappiness, than our Fault.

Pag. 251. Lin. 8, 9. *They make towards me like a couple of Bullies to bector me.*] *Hi gladiatorio animo ad me affectunt vinum.* This is a Metaphor taken from the Roman Gladiator's, who went with a Resolution either to kill or be kill'd. If we had made it, *They make towards me like bloody-minded Fellows that will neither give nor take Quarter*, it might perhaps have been nigher to the Original. But such a Liberty as ours is allowable where we have neither Custom nor Words to express it closely.

Pag. 254. Lin. 16. *I'll serve him the same sauce, I'll warrant him.*] *Faxo Tali eum mactatum, atque hic est, infortunio.* The Word *Mactatum* is borrow'd from their Sacrifices, and properly signifies *Magis auctum*. The Grace of it consists in the Figurative Sense, and the Comical joyning it with *Infortunio*; which is lost in our Language.

Remarks upon the Mother-in-Law.

A C T I.

PAg. 260. Lin. 8, &c. *Ab! What pity 'tis, that I had not that Youth and Beauty of yours, or you those Sentiments of these Matters that I have.*] *Eheu me miseram!* *Cur non aut isthæc mihi ætas & forma est, aut tibi hæc sententia.* These two Verses are very fine, and extream hard to be equall'd in a Translation. To have made it more like the Original, perhaps this might have done better: *Ab, what pity 'tis, I han't your Youth and Beauty, or you but my Discretion.*

Pag. 261. Lin. 28. *Mr. Pamphilus was 'ist' very height of his Passion for Mrs. Bacchis, when his Father began to be earnest with him to marry, &c.*] This is the beginning of a most material Narration, which may be reckon'd one of the best in *Terence*; especially if we consider the ingenious Preparation for it in the first Scene, and the Reasons *Philotis* had to enquire after this Business. *Parmeno* designs it purely for his Master's Vindication, which seems as necessary in this place, as the Spectators Information.

Pag. 263. Lin. 16. *The old Gentleman lives retir'd in the Country, and seldom visits the Town.*] *Nam senex rus abdidit se, huc raro in urbem Commecat.* This is a very material Circumstance in this Narration; and what makes it still further remarkable is the extraordinary Propriety of Terms. The Word *Abdidit* implies a perfect Retirement, or an entire Retreat: and *Commecat*, notes him a great Stranger to the Town.

Ibid. Lin. 21, 22. *When all on a sudden the young Woman began to hate the old One most mortally, without any Quarrel or Complaint on either side.*] This Passage (tho' not perfectly true, but only believ'd by *Parmeno*) serves excellently to keep the Audience in suspense to warm 'em, and make 'em eager to know the Event of these things.

A C T II.

Pag. 265. Lin. 7, 8. *And you forsooth must start up, and confound all, by your ill-condition'd Humours.*] *Tu sola exorere, qua perturbes hæc tua impudentia.* The Word *Exorere* in this place, is of great force, and signifies raising great Mischiefs and the like; in which 'tis us'd by *Virgil* in his fourth *Enead*,

Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor.

We have no Word to answer it fully in our Tongue that we know of.

Pag. 267. Lin. 15, 16, 17. *She vow'd by all that's good, she wasn't able to endure the House while her Pamphilus was away.*] This confirm'd *Laches* in the Suspicion of his Wife's Fault; The Consequence of which, was her offering to go into the Country to clear her self: And this occasion'd *Pamphilus's* frivolous Excuses; and these encreas'd the old Mens Suspitions of his Infidelity; which brought about the whole Discovery. The close and natural Dependance of each Particular of this Plot is very remarkable.

A C T III.

Pag. 269. Lin. 1. *Was ever Man so perplex'd in his Love as I?*]

Nemini ego plura acerba esse ex Amore homini unquam oblata credo quam mi. Donatus's Observation here is remarkable, "That the Passions in this Scene would have been too Sublime and Tragical for Comedy, were the Words *ex Amore* left out. But *Love*, it seems is a Passion predominant among ordinary, as well as great Men, and consequently its Emotions are natural here.

Pag. 271. Lin. 24. *But Heavens forbid it.*] *Quod te, Æsculapi, & te, Salus, ne quid sit hujus oro.* This was a Religious Custom in those days, which we didn't think necessary to take notice of in a Translation.

Pag. 272. Lin. 25. *Nothing at all, Madam.*] *Rectè, Mater.* We know of no Word in our Language that can reach this Word *Rectè*, which in this place is very proper, signifying, as Donatus observes, a refusing to answer a Question without any Offence or Incivility to the Person that asks it.

Pag. 273. Lin. 18. *But immediately I perceiv'd her Ailment.*] *Philumena's* Labour was a very surprizing Turn of the Stage, which did not only serve to introduce these moving Passions which follow'd, but also to quicken the Audience, and make 'em eager to know the Event.

Pag. 280. Lin. 20, 21. *May be some body inform'd you that they saw him going to or coming from his Mistress.* This Passage, and that above, Lin. 4, 5. in the same Page is an excellent Preparation towards the old Mens Suspicions of *Pamphilus's* Infidelity, which afterwards caus'd the meeting of *Bacchis* and *Myrrhina*. This was hinted at in the last Remark of the Second Act; where 'tis very observable that the Poet had prepar'd a Remedy, before the Audience so much as suspected the Disease.

Pag. 181. Lin. 14. *Only when the Fellow left her, he forc'd a Ring off her Finger.*] These Words are very important, tho' they seem to be spoken accidentally, as were those in the last Remark; the Poet design'd 'em to prepare that remarkable Narration of *Bacchis's* in the last Act, where the whole Plot is unravell'd, and the Mystery discover'd.

A C T IV.

Pag. 282. Lin. 1. *I know well enough, Pamphilus, you suspect 'twas long o' my Humours that your Wife left us, &c.*] *Sostrata's* offering to go into the Country was design'd on purpose by *Terence* to leave *Pamphilus* without excuse, when he refus'd to take home his Wife: So that by this means the old Mens Suspicions might be heighten'd and confirm'd, and they might have all the Reason in the World to send for *Bacchis*, as they did. And indeed every little Incident promotes and tends to that Design.

Pag. 285. Lin. 12. *Since she's to bring a Brat with her that's none o' mine.*] *Cum eam consequitur alienus Puer.* *Donatus* observes, this is a Metaphor borrow'd from Young ones following their Dams. The Word *Consequitur*, is a proper Term for that purpose, so that here is a considerable Beauty lost in the Translation.

Pag. 287. Lin. 18. *What? Why, first I think 'tis best for us to send for his Miss, &c.*] The two old Mens Design here in sending for *Bacchis*, was very material, and sufficiently apparent to the Audience; but the Poet's design was more material, and cou'dn't be foreseen by the Audience. In this the Beauty of Incidents does chiefly consist.

Pag. 290. Lin. 25. *Let her but satisfy the Women, and I'm content.*] Upon *Bacchis's* going to *Myrrhina* and *Philumena* depended the ravelling of the whole Plot. But that this might be done without the least bungling, and with all the probability in the World, the Poet has contriv'd ev'ry Instrument and ev'ry Scene so as to promote it, and give fair Pretexts for so doing.

A C T V.

THE *Fifth Act* must certainly begin where we have made it, for the Stage was not clear'd before. *Terence's Skill* is remarkable in making of this Act so very short; for else the Spectators would have soon languish'd and grown cold after the *Discovery*, having nothing more to expect. And so they would have done notwithstanding, had not the meeting of *Pamphilus* and *Bacchis* been somewhat more jocose and pleasant, than is frequent in *Terence*.

Pag. 292. Lin. 4, 5. *Where I've loyter'd away a whole day in gaping for Callidemides.*] These Words are not to be taken in a literal Sense, for then the *Theatral Action* would have lasted considerably above a day; whereas it does not last seven Hours, as may be prov'd from many Circumstances.

Pag. 293. Lin. 9. *What great Satisfaction has my coming procur'd Mr. Pamphilus to day? &c.*] This is the beginning of an excellent Narration, and the most material that could be; being the *unravelling* of all. It is remarkable for three Excellencies: First, *Bacchis* came not here to make this discovery to the Audience, but only to go home: Secondly, after she was here, she did not stay for that purpose, but only for *Pamphilus*. And Thirdly, she spoke it in so few Words, and said such things before and after it, as made it seem to be purely *Accidental*.

Pag. 295. Lin. 2, 3, 4. *So that your Presence, Discourse and Conversation will always be charming, where're you go.*] *Ut Voluptati Obitus, Sermo, Adventus tuus, quocunque adveneris, semper fiet.* This is very fine in the *Latin*; and that which chiefly hinders our Translation from reaching it, is the different Signification of the Words *Obitus* and *Adventus*; The first signifying an *Accidental*; the second, a designed Meeting. We have no Words to answer them fully in our Language that we know of.

Ibid.

Ibid. Lin. 19, 20. *I don't desire this shou'd prove like a Comedy, where the whole Plot is discover'd to ev'ry body, &c.* 'Tis very remarkable that the Mystery of this Play is known but to very few of the Actors, a thing very uncommon either among the Ancients or Moderns; but here it was undoubtedly the best way, since it so well sav'd *Pamphilus's* Credit.

We have been a little more particular in showing our Author's Management of this *Plot*, that we may let People know, that there is great *Art*, much *Plot*; and excellent *Contrivance* in that which is reckon'd the very worst of his Plays. And it is certainly the worst, if a mean *Subject*, want of *Variety*, few *Intrigues* and *Incidents*, and want of *Under-Plots* can make it so.

F I N I S.

